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COLLIER'S—THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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Collier's

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The Richest Hill on Earth

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

MRS JOAN ...HARGROVE 12
417 E MADISON 2'969
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Feb 6 1937

"Si, Señor . . . any coffee planter would understand *that* about whiskey"

"SO THIS plantation is where my favorite coffee comes from."

"Si, Señor—and yet, no."

"That's a funny answer. What do you mean?"

"*You see, Señor—that coffee of which you are so fond does not come from this one plantation alone. And there is a very good reason why this is so. Every coffee has its own particular claim to distinction. Each excels in some special quality, and only by blending the finest of these coffees is it possible to achieve one coffee that is truly glorious.*"

"Now I get it—and how right you are! The same thing is true of this whiskey you get from the United States. For Four Roses isn't just *one* fine whiskey. You see, they take *several* straight whiskies—each outstanding for some particular virtue: *aroma* or *body* or *smoothness* or *flavor*. And then they skilfully blend these several fine whiskies together so as to combine *all* their virtues in *one* noble whiskey. That's Four Roses—and you'd search the wide world over to find a whiskey that can match it for smoothness and flavor!"

* * *

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore, also make Paul Jones (92 proof), Old Oscar Pepper brand, and Mattingly & Moore (both 90 proof)—all blends of straight whiskies.

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies—94 proof

We believe Four Roses is America's Finest Whiskey, regardless of age or price

I DON'T GIVE A HOOT ABOUT ALL YOUR CLINICAL COLD TESTS...
"...what will Listerine do for MY Sore Throat?"

WHEN your life is being made miserable by a cold, your interest in scientific facts about this disease is apt to be at low ebb.

You want relief and you want it rapidly; and highest medical authorities say that neither can be promised with absolute certainty. *For no single remedy,* whether it be vaccine, vitamin, drug, or treatment, *has ever been proved infallible.*

Why Gargle With Listerine Antiseptic?

Beginning in 1930, we opened an annual series of Clinical Cold Tests under medical supervision. This repeated research uncovered results which were definite and clear-cut: *Those who gargled regularly with Listerine Antiseptic had* fewer *colds . . . and got rid of them* faster *. . . than non-garglers!*

Note that this does not mean that every gargler escaped colds entirely; or that you can. But note also that it does establish, as a scientific probability, the fact that you can materially cut down your chances of catching cold . . . and materially reduce the severity of the colds you do catch . . . by repeated daily gargling with Listerine Antiseptic.

It is wise, therefore, to guard against the Common Cold and Simple Sore Throat by guarding against infection. Listerine helps you do so by sharply reducing, on the surface of the mouth and throat, the germs associated with such illness.

During bad weather or after exposure, gargle with Listerine Antiseptic at least several times a day. At the first threat of rawness in the throat, gargle every two hours. Prompt action may "abort" the cold and save you much needless suffering. If the condition continues without relief, be sure to consult your doctor.

LISTERINE
LISTERINE
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY ST. LOUIS MO
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY

All surface germs which it reaches are almost instantly destroyed by full-strength Listerine Antiseptic. It kills not only one type of germ, or two; but any and all kinds associated with the Common Cold and Simple Sore Throat. And there are literally millions of such germs in the mouth.

Tested and Approved
Serial No. 4602
by
Good Housekeeping Bureau
Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

A Habit That Is Good For You

For years, long before Listerine Antiseptic was ever advertised in national magazines or newspapers, many millions of bottles were purchased solely on the prescription of physicians. Dentists likewise directed patients to use Listerine in case of oral disorder.

No one can say how many millions of these people have continued the regular use of Listerine as a daily hygienic habit. For, what else gives such a satisfying feeling of well-being in the mouth as Listerine? Just a swish, and the taint of food debris and smoking disappears. Tongue and teeth seem washed clean. Musty mouth gives way before the good clean taste of Listerine.

This rinsing and gargling is good for you, too, because full-strength Listerine reduces surface germs to minimum. The actual bacterial reduction, in one series of laboratory tests, averaged 92.9 per cent fifteen minutes after using Listerine.

One caution: When you ask for Listerine Antiseptic, be sure you get Listerine, if you want *the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste.*

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Collier's
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Associate Editors

Next Week

THERE was a kind of magic in Noel Anders' playing. The boys in prep school recognized it, and before Noel was through college he was famous. And Linda Farrel, there was magic about Linda, too, a magic of rhythm that no one could forget who had danced with her or seen her dance. Because there was music in both their souls, their love was headlong; because music can't be the whole of life, their marriage was tempestuous. Its dramatic course is described by Samuel Carter III in a distinguished short story.

MEXICO has been increasing its vocabulary. Recently it came upon the word "expropriation" and to celebrate the discovery put it on its statute books, looking forward with glee to applying it to some $3,000,000,000 worth of American-owned property. Then a stubborn fact bobbed up to mar this verbal magic: *most of this property—the mines, the mills, the wells—would be useless without Yankee skill.* Owen P. White describes the future of "Your Money in Red Mexico."

WHISKY JOHNNY, they called him, the last of a long family gone to seed. But the family name was Bartlett, and Bartletts had been making heroic history in the Orient for six generations. Whisky Johnny, child of today, was no exception. Sidney Herschel Small recounts his mad dash to Macao with the lovely Erica to catch the "Orient Packet."

THERE'S no one in Hollywood more important or less considered than the "Script Girl." Sometimes they get tired of telling inquisitive strangers just what a script girl does. One of them got so tired that she wrote it down, and we present it next week—a close-up of the movies.

SOMETIMES international relations have been damaged by inept hands. You will be relieved to know that Anglo-American friendship (at least in the area of Nassau harbor) is in the competent control of Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan. Their strategy is reported by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan in "Fists Across the Sea."

THE way of the transgressor is brief and disastrous when Detective James Lee is on his trail. In "Hangman's Knot," by Hugh Wiley, the astute Chinese-American scores another swift and decisive triumph.

OTHER contributions come from Bertram B. Fowler, T. R. Ybarra, Ernest Haycox, Kyle Crichton, Octavus Roy Cohen, Quentin Reynolds and others. See for yourself.

This Week

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February 6, 1937

Cover by Earl Cordrey

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●

Any Week

YOU mustn't get the idea that we believe everything our correspondents write. For example, we doubt that this great nation could include a new congressman who upon being assigned an office asked: "Where's the dormitories at?" Yet Mr. H. Malcolm Bloer of Washington assures us that it's a fact. "When told," says Mr. Bloer, "that congressmen were required to furnish their own sleeping quarters, some going so far as to live in hotels, this legislative giant got indignant, saying: 'Well, I always thought everything was free to congressmen.' "

AND we don't believe that "vast numbers of Americans will be shocked to learn that sassafras is rapidly disappearing in our country." This statement is made by Mr. Joseph F. Mindenhall of Rutland, Vermont. When young we were compelled to swallow quantities of the stuff when the first spring thaws arrived. But if the rest of the country feels as we do about sassafras they're not going to be shocked by such glad tidings. "Unless the government acts quickly," warns Mr. Mindenhall, "this will be a country without sassafras."

IF OUR government makes a single move to prevent the United States from becoming sassafrasless, we shall be strongly tempted to join General T. Lombard Balche of Chicago, Illinois, and "blue-picket" somebody. The general is the "Chosen, Elected and Natural Organizing Head of the Eternal Vigilantes." The Eternal Vigilantes, the general says, is recruiting one million men and women who, "at a moment's notice, will drop whatever they are doing and, donning electric-blue uniforms, rush to Washington or any state capital and blue-picket." Just when and what we'd have to blue-picket is not clear. But for two dollars we can have all the necessary information. Uniforms will cost ten dollars. All we have to do is send the general twelve dollars and fight sassafras savers.

SPLENDID opportunities like that have been available on this earth for twelve hundred and fifty million years. In one form and another. We assume that, anyway, from a communication from Miss Letitia Cockran of Cincinnati, Ohio. Miss Cockran rushed from a meeting of the Geological Society of America, where she heard Dr. Alfred C. Lane of Tufts College report that life has existed that long on the earth. "The awful thought struck me," says Miss Cockran, "that this terribly maltreated old mud ball we live on may keep right on supporting life for another twelve hundred and fifty million years in spite of such great minds as Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, the Archbishop of Canterbury and you."

MOREOVER, business is continuing to revive. It promises to be fairly lusty when it fully comes to. First-hand evidence was had by Mr. Ed H. Kirschman of Baltimore, Maryland, who got it from a Pullman porter who brought him east from St. Louis. As Mr. Kirschman was leaving the train he asked the porter "how things were going." And the porter said: "Well, suh, I'd say they was goin' up some. I ain't had to change a dime after brushin' off a passenger for near fo' months now."

AND a Mr. Koslik who, as a WPA worker, helped build the new zoo in Central Park, New York City, has just been in to tell us that the cages and general layout are so beautiful that even the hippopotamus blushed when it saw its new quarters. "The lions don't roar no more either," said Mr. Koslik. "They lisp."

THIS, according to Miss Josephine Rabbly of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, happened in Washington. A young man in one of the complicated bureaus was attacked while at his desk (we almost said "at work") by acute indigestion. Someone called for bicarbonate of soda. Before the soda could appear the young man was taken to a hospital. Nobody thought to countermand the order. But the purchase order, having gone into the tremendous machinery, went slowly on its way. From desk to desk, bureau to bureau, office to office it went, gathering signatures, seals, supervisor stamps and approvals. Three weeks later, ten cents' worth of bicarbonate of soda was delivered to the office where the young man had worked. Nobody knew what it was for. Finally the mystery was solved. Then they began to investigate the whereabouts of the young man. Five days later they found out.

HE had died.

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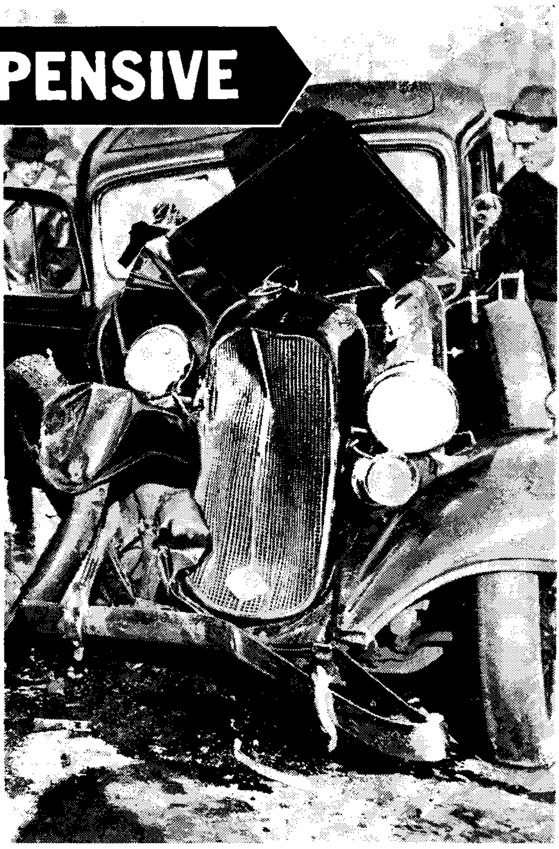
NO WONDER SOME CAR INSURANCE IS EXPENSIVE



(Above) This is what happens to reckless drivers. Liberty Mutual saves money by refusing to insure reckless drivers.

(Left) This is the careful type of driver insured by Liberty Mutual. Careful drivers have few accidents. That's why Liberty Mutual can sell car insurance at lower cost.

How Careful Drivers can get

CAR INSURANCE AT LOWER COST

RECKLESS DRIVERS should pay more for car insurance. Their accidents are frequent, and losses to the insurance company are heavy.

But for careful drivers it's a different story. Because they have fewer accidents and fewer losses, they are entitled to get car insurance at lower cost. That's the reason we insure careful drivers only.

A MONEY-SAVING PLAN as simple as A.B.C.

A. **We insure careful drivers only**

B. **Careful drivers have fewer accidents**

C. **Fewer accidents mean fewer losses to pay—hence your insurance costs less**

YOU PROFIT IN 7 WAYS

1. You do not have to help pay for costly accidents caused by dangerous, reckless drivers.

2. By dealing direct with Liberty Mutual you avoid paying high selling costs.

3. Savings from insuring careful drivers and dealing directly with policyholders are returned to you in cash dividends, which have amounted to 20% of premiums every year since 1912.

4. You secure unquestionable protection. Assets—$43,214,946, Liabilities—$34,311,680; Surplus funds, including investment and contingency reserves—$8,903,266. (June 30, 1936.)

5. Liberty Mutual service from coast to coast is as close as your telephone.

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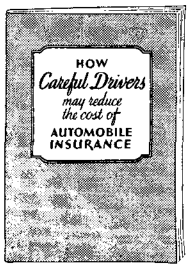
Mail the coupon below today for this new and important 20-page illustrated booklet which explains the Liberty Mutual Plan. This booklet should be read not only because it shows how 140,000 careful drivers are saving money, but also because it tells how these people are helping to prevent accidents. With your copy we will send an estimate of the saving you may make by insuring your car with Liberty Mutual and details of our convenient Deferred Payment Plan. You are cordially invited to clip and mail the coupon now—no obligation.



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TODAY, at a cost which is unbelievably small, you can make your car run like new. Yes, even though the cylinder walls are so "out-of-round" that your car is logy, and is pumping oil badly, Ramco Spring Piston Rings will immediately restore lost compression—stop oil pumping—give your motor "new car" snap and power.

So perfectly are these amazing rings engineered that they exert the proper pressure on cylinder walls at all speeds. Not only seal the motor completely for maximum efficiency, but totally eliminate piston rock and slap.

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Ramco Spring Piston Rings are a proved success. Have successfully restored new car pep, power, and oil economy in millions of cars.

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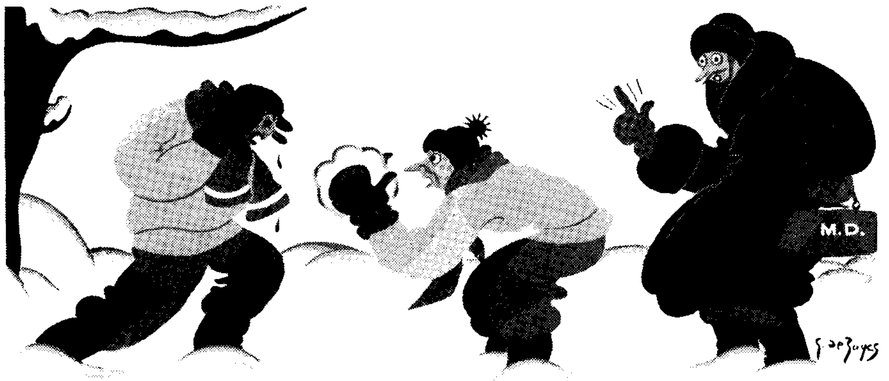


Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The ignorance of those who freely give medical advice, without having had medical training, is typically illustrated by their treatment for frostbite. Virtually all will recommend the application of snow or ice-water to the partially frozen ears, fingers or toes. And this is the worst thing that can be done for frostbite.

★

Eskimo dogs, when traveling in the winter through country having little or no game, have to be fed on large pieces of frozen walrus, which they gulp down whole. But they enjoy and thrive on this fare, despite the fact that for an hour afterward they have to lie down and shiver while the meat thaws out and begins to digest.

★

The courts of 33 states in this country today admit evidence that has been obtained in a manner contrary to law. Of course the illegality of such evidence is not condoned. It is simply ignored. The other 15 states, however, feel constrained to observe the laws of search and seizure.

★

In the churchyard of Brightling, Sussex, England, is a stone pyramid, about 35 feet high and 25 feet along each side of its square base. In the center of its one bleak and black room sits "The Squire" in his favorite armchair, protected from claustrophobia—even in death.—*By Helen Darrah, New York City.*

★

About 75 years ago many "stylish" American gentlemen maintained a manly appearance through the use of a false chest, and achieved a reputation for smartness through the ostentatious ownership of a personal quill toothpick, the handle of which, when made of gold and encrusted with diamonds and rubies, cost as much as $1,000.—*By Jane Cannon, Chicago, Illinois.*

Although England is an advocate of free speech, censorship is widespread, even extending to the news agent on the corner. If, in his opinion, any newspaper or magazine on his stand contains a "dangerous" story, he tears out the pages from all of his copies. That is why, before the abdication of Edward VIII, many American publications reached their English readers in a mutilated condition.

★

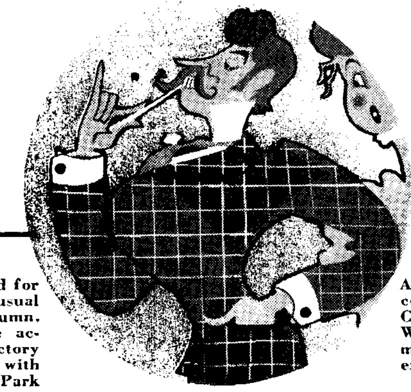
The Staithes Beck Viaduct in Yorkshire, England, is now equipped with a new type of anemometer, a device for measuring wind velocity, which serves a unique purpose. When a gale from the North Sea, to which this bridge is fully exposed, reaches a dangerous force, the instrument rings bells and sets signals which stop all trains from crossing the structure, as they might be blown off the tracks.—*By Daniel R. Hinckley, Nashville, Tennessee.*

★

India still contains 300,000,000 "pure" Hindus who live in constant dread of pollution by their 60,000,000 "impure" Untouchable brothers. One of these low castes, containing many wealthy families, pollutes by touch. Others contaminate when they come within distances ranging from 4 to 64 feet. An orthodox Hindu, so defiled, must take a ceremonial bath immediately.

★

Some years ago a wealthy New York woman was expensively cured of her habit of collecting souvenirs. On leaving a famous restaurant one night, she slipped a $75 percolator under her ermine coat, unaware that its alcohol lamp was still lighted. Within a block her hired hansom was ablaze. The damage amounted to $7,000, which included, among many things, the cost of her coat and a new cab—and compensation for the loss of the horse's tail.



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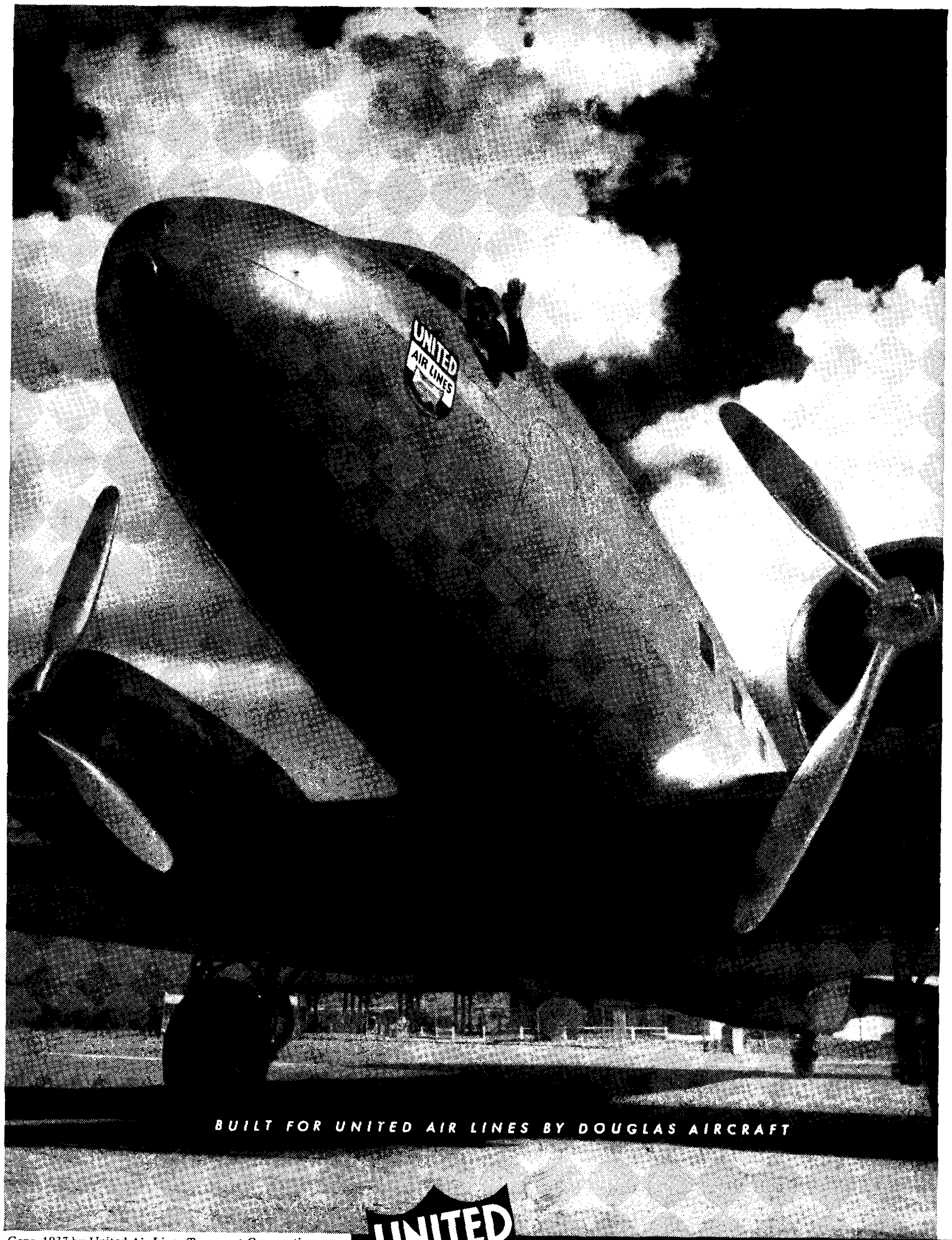
United *presents the new* Mainliners



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Today's triumph in air travel! The fastest deluxe air transport fleet in the world!

THEY'RE the BIG NEWS of 1937 in air transportation! United's $3,000,000 fleet of giant new Mainliners! Built for United Air Lines by Douglas, these new Mainliners rank as the most powerful passenger landplanes in the United States and set a new standard of luxury, service, speed.

United's Mainliners are now going into service . . . 21-passenger day planes are already flying 2-hour non-stop San Francisco-Los Angeles schedules. Deluxe lounge-type Mainliners offer a 3 hour 55 minute non-stop Chicago-New York flight; and a faster, finer coast-to-coast service will shortly be flown with these ultra-modern transports. New 1937-type sleepers also will soon fly overnight coast-to-coast.

Picture the luxury of these 190-mile-an-hour *skylounge* Mainliners! In a cabin designed for 21 seats are 14 deep-cushioned, full-swivel chairs, custom upholstered in rich fabric. You ride in the quiet atmosphere of a beautifully-appointed club lounge!

Thus, United's 1937 equipment program establishes an unprecedented range of luxurious travel facilities, and provides the greatest choice of service ever offered by any airline: Twenty-eight deluxe Mainliners by Douglas for faster, long-distance service at peak traffic periods; equally fast 10-passenger Boeings for United's frequent, convenient inter-city schedules.

And remember this: Back of every flight is United's 100 million miles of experience.

★ FACTS ABOUT UNITED'S MAINLINERS ★

HIGH SPEED—212 m. p. h. Cruises 190 m. p. h., 1500 miles without refueling.

SIZE—Wing span, 95 ft.; length, 64½ ft.; weight, 12 tons fully loaded.

CREW—Three pilots—2 veteran pilots and latest type automatic pilot. Stewardess.

POWER PLANT—Two 1150 h.p. 14-cylinder WASPS. Can climb 9,000 ft. and sustain flight on one engine.

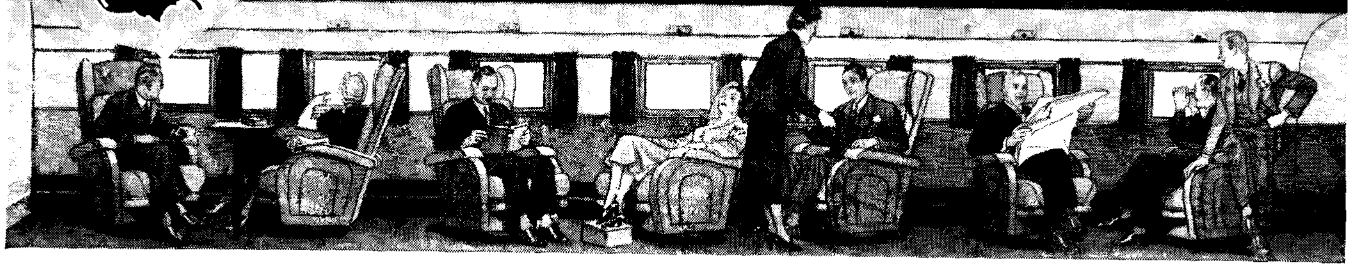
SPECIAL PASSENGER FEATURES—Air in cabin changed every minute. 70° in cabin when temperature outside is 20° below. Quieter than a Pullman.

FLYING AIDS—Multiple radio facilities, constant speed propellers, automatic mixture control, de-icers.

UNITED AIR LINES

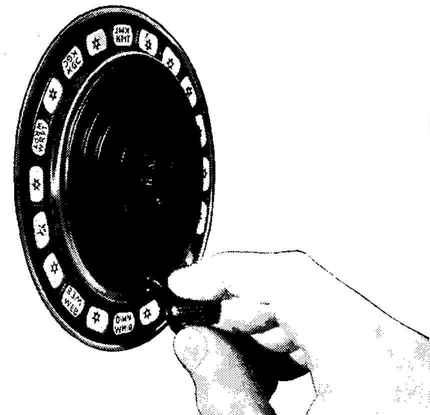
UNITED AIR LINES

FASTEST, SHORTEST BETWEEN THE EAST AND MOST PACIFIC COAST CITIES



★**THE SKYLOUNGE MAINLINER**—14 deep-cushioned, swivel chairs in a cabin as large as that of the 21-passenger day plane! Unusual visibility . . . deluxe appointments! Individual tables. Real silver, china, linen. Complimentary meals, more delicious than ever!

★*Ask at any United Air Lines Office, or at your Travel Bureau, for reservations or literature. Plan that next coast-to-coast or inter-city trip via United.*



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On the very day an Automatic Tuning Philco is installed in your home, every member of your family acquires the tuning skill of a radio engineer! Your Philco dealer's installation expert simply asks what stations your family listens to regularly, inserts their call letters at the proper points . . . and from then on you can forget "numbers." A flick of your finger . . . and CLICK . . . there's any station on the Automatic Tuning Dial! Your job is done.

Philco's Magnetic Tuning is already in swiftly silent operation back of the dial, completely hidden from human view! Magnetic Tuning circuits . . . designed and perfected by Philco engineers . . . complete the tuning process with electrical precision, and keep the program perfectly tuned as long as you choose to listen.

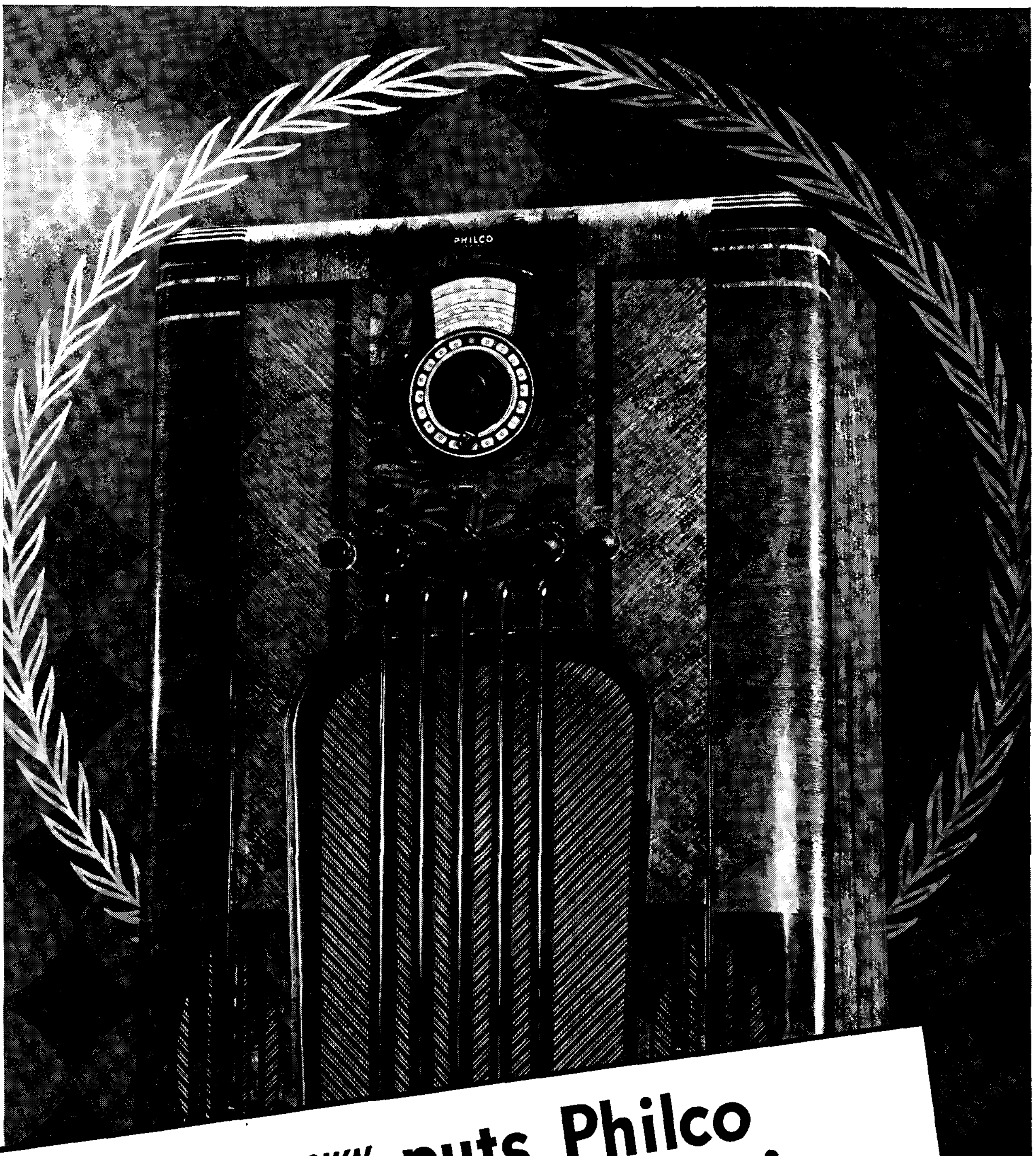
What about stations not on the Automatic Dial?

While you will probably use Philco Automatic Tuning at least 90% of the time, there will be times when you want other American stations . . . as well as stations overseas. To get American stations you simply tune the regular way . . . foreign stations *by name*. Once you have located the station . . . either at home or abroad . . . Philco Magnetic Tuning will give you the greatest possible accuracy . . . assuring the most perfect reception and finest possible tone.

Philco Automatic Tuning is available in a complete range of models from $100 to $375. Other Philcos range from $20 to $600. No matter which you choose, if it's a Philco, it's supreme in its price class.

PHILCO

A Musical Instrument of Quality



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Night clubs like the Rocky Mountain (above) in Meaderville permit the women to gamble side by side with their men

Butte is a wide-open town for the men, but not for the women, who are banned from the big-money roulette games

The Richest Hill on Earth

By Walter Davenport

Once you could hear a pin drop in the 2,500 miles of shafts and galleries that undermine the city of Butte. Now they're a beehive of activity, and the copper that comes out of them, transmuted into silver, flows and surges through the city streets raising merry hell. Here's Butte's prosperity, gaudy, Western, rough-and-ready, but all in a spirit of fun

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY VALENTINO SARRA

SHE seemed very glad to meet us. At least, the informality of her greeting did not indicate that she was offended. All we had said was: "Pretty popular place, isn't it, ma'am?" And she replied: "Hyya, toots!"

With eighteen or twenty others we were hanging around the lone house-broken roulette wheel in Mr. Curley Darragh's keno joint in Butte, Montana, skeptically feeding four-bit pieces to the insatiable double-O and hopefully, yet unavailingly, playing quarters on straight colors. Mrs. Goe, impatiently fluffing her hennaed hair with magenta-tipped fingers, pushed us away from the wheel.

We were to learn that she was not motivated so much by a desire to rescue us from bankruptcy as to take advantage of a stranger's ear. Everybody she knew in Butte had heard her inveigh against her pet injustice. What she hungered for was a new audience. And we were that. Mr. Darragh's place used to be a movie theater—the Liberty. Now it was a keno shop, crowded from row AA to row ZZ with women stubbornly and unjoyously trying to align five called numbers on their cards for prizes of twenty-five, fifty and even two hundred dollars. We had happened in simply to look on for a while at what to us seemed to be an unusually dull form of gambling with the house enjoying forbidding odds. But Mrs. Goe was bent upon a little ten-cent relaxation and free conversation. Every seat was occupied.

"It's getting on toward five o'clock," she said. "There'll be seats soon. Half of these dames have to hustle home to cook supper for their miners . . . or else. Do you smell anything?"

Part of the Shopping Tour

We had noticed a decidedly boarding-house odor but, being a stranger, had said nothing. It came, for the most part, from the baskets, shopping nets and paper parcels resting on the laps and at the feet of the gambling ladies. A few analytical sniffs assured you of the presence of salt pork, fish, vegetables, fruit, butter and dry goods. The place was much too warm anyway. The gamblers had fortunately done their shopping before calling at Mr. Darragh's, although this happy foresight was adding nothing desirable to the air they were breathing.

But all this had nothing directly to do with Mrs. Goe's grievance. Just to convince us that she was made of sterner stuff than the habitual squawker, she told us that she was the granddaughter of that grand harpie of the early mining camps—Mrs. Martha Jane Canary of Salt Lake, Cheyenne and Abilene of the sixties, better known as Calamity Jane, the gunwoman who loved Wild Bill Hickok. Mrs. Goe said that her name was Mary Canary Goe. Our applause pleased her.

"So you think Butte's an open town, do you?" she said, fluffing her back hair until her veil-bewhiskered hat was rakishly askew. "Well, don't be a sucker all your life. Do you see that mob of dames in there playing ten cents a card in the hopes of taking twenty-five or fifty dollars off Curley Darragh? Well, most of them dames would be in the M. and M., Walker's, the Board of Trade or even down at the London, tough as the London is, if this was a real open town.

"Anyway," she said, straightening her hat, "if this was an honest-to-God open town like you think and the Main Street places like Walker's wasn't for men only like they are, they'd have crap tables, blackjack, poker, chuck-a-luck, faro and that there *panguingui* game for the women too instead of just skill ball, dart throwing and such keno games with a trained wheel now and then. And it ain't that us women here in Butte are sissies either. It's because they think if they give us anything but a ten-cent keno game there won't be any pork chops on the supper table. Well, let me tell you something: When some men I know come out of some of them Main Street joints they ain't got enough money to buy a picture postcard of a pork chop.

"Of course," she said, reaching far out and smoothing down her hips, "women can play anything out at Meaderville. But there's nothing doing at Meaderville in the afternoon. Besides you gotta take a taxi or have your own car to get out to Meaderville and it's way off the shopping route—in the suburbs. You can't drop in the Rocky Mountain Club, the Arro, the Spanish Village or any of them Meaderville joints like it was the A. and P., Hennessey's store, Woolworth's or other shops. The only places us women's got to rest our feet after shopping is some keno joint. Open town? Nuts!"

With Prosperity in Its Hair

Mrs. Goe had worked herself into quite a lather, perspiring freely and dropping odds and ends of wearing apparel and a few small parcels. We helped her all we could because bending over was no trifling matter for Mrs. Goe, who groaned like Man Mountain Dean when she tried it and grew very red in the face. So we retrieved her fur scarf twice, her pocketbook several times, and politely assured her it was no trouble at all, at all.

"Let them stoop who can stoop," she said philosophically, brushing off her breast plateau. "With everybody getting ready to hold a war in Europe and God knows where else, Butte's got prosperity in its hair. And you'd think with all the money they're making Butte would be opened up a little. You'd think they'd give the women a break. In Main Street they'll tell you we're wide open and that it's a man's town. Well, it ain't. If this was a real open town, Mercury Street would be like Fourth of July instead of—"

Yet if we went on with Mrs. Mary Canary Goe she would tell the whole story of Butte and its prosperous revival. Moreover, she'd tell it in her own way, which is not the way we prefer to tell it. Furthermore, what she had to say about Mercury Street could hardly be set down here even if it is but a wraith of its former glory, the nymphs who made its yesterdays' ceaseless carnival having been shooed out of its parlor windows and back into a noisome warren known and demonstrated as Venus Alley.

Butte, resisting with all its waning strength the inexorable encroachment of an enervating civilization, is still a mining camp, although much fat has accumulated over old sinews. It even sports a red-leather-and-monel-metal cocktail lounge, the only relation of which to the red-mike dives surrounding it and holding the fort against the new and softer social order is that it's illegal. We've been around a lot but we can't recall at the moment any community trying as hard as Butte to be openly and zealously illegal. Ask any of the saloon and gambling-shop proprietors. Ask the bouncers.

"Illegal? You're damned tootin' we're illegal. And we're going to stay illegal. Butte don't want nothin' legal but cash. There're only a few men's towns left. And we aim to stay one."

Prosperity returned to Butte last October. And it is increasing day by day with every war and rumor of war and with every rise in those peaceful arts which use copper. Prosperity returned to this, The Richest Hill on Earth, just in time to stop the tongues of those who were consigning the chemical-bitten settlement to history as just another ghost town, abandoned by the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, the mammoth which is at least nine tenths of the reason for Butte. It chills you to think what would happen to Butte were Anaconda to decide one day that mining the hill is too expensive and were to devote all its tremendous energies to its other mines in Utah, Nevada, Arizona, Mexico and Chile.

But Butte is the log-cabin birthplace of great Anaconda. As such the little town, spread like a molting toupee on the pate of a metallic hill, is cherished for its memories as well as its still-flowing wealth. More than five thousand men, seventy per cent of them American-born, are hacking away in 2,500 miles of galleries and tunnels beneath its streets. To supply an awakening demand for copper they are grubbing out something like 25,000,000 pounds of it a month. Butte's contribution to copper may have amounted to 250,000,000 pounds in 1936, which is 50,000,000 pounds more than in 1935. When we were there the figures had not been verified but Anaconda assured us that we wouldn't be far wrong if we gave you these.

Then, in December, Butte's mines, the smelters at Anaconda and the refineries at Great Falls were being operated at eighty per cent of their capacity. Today it is much nearer one hundred per cent—and tomorrow it probably will be. For Anaconda's fortunes are ascending again and with them the fortunes of the workers. They'll tell you that it is not at all impossible that within the year Butte may be producing a million pounds a day as it did during the Great War. And just copper. Increasing her wealth will be the by-products—gold, silver, cadmium, zinc, arsenic, lead, sulphates and phosphates to mention but an important few.

But we are concerned here chiefly with the revived prosperity of the workers and what they're doing about it. We shan't even pretend to tell the story of the Anaconda Company, a lurid tale of millions fighting millions, of knife and gun, of legislatures bought and sold like cattle at auction, of all the strong sins of strong men. It is nothing to shoot at in a few pages. The company's balance sheets are dry essays on wealth and empire. The miners wouldn't read them if they could, their interest stopping at the bottom of the first page, where it says that the weekly pay roll in the Butte district is $240,000 and rising like thermometers in spring.

Their return to prosperity is none of your ephemeral stuff made of bonuses, slices of profits and divisions of surpluses. It's a solid thing based on good wages and with every prospect of increasing continuation. Today nine mines are disgorging ores as fast as satisfied sappers and engineers can pry them loose—aided by mechanical devices and safety appliances that make the old-timers sneer at their sons.

A Bad Place for Labor Fights

Under an agreement reached with the unions last October, after months of labor troubles when both sides got so tough that they all but cut their own throats just to prove something or other, every man working below ground gets at least five dollars and twenty-five cents for his eight-hour shift. Expert craftsmen—blacksmiths, boilermakers, machinists, masons, electricians, structural iron workers, and the like—get about a dollar and a half more. And all of them get fifty cents additional per day every time there is an increase of one cent in what the company gets for copper. Since that agreement was made copper has risen from nine cents, ten and a half, to eleven cents a pound. Naturally nobody is willing to predict how far the price is going to ascend, but you can get any guess you look for—fifteen, eighteen or even twenty—the miners themselves being the most optimistic. Particularly if such vainglorious statesmen as Mr. Hitler, Mr. Mussolini, Mr. Stalin and the Japanese General Staff manage to work up a war and Congress permits us to turn calamity to profit.

To understand what is going on in Butte today, now that she's in the money again, you must know a few things about her precedents and isolation. Mrs. Goe's complaint is not badly founded.

Butte's a man's town, hairy as an old goat, its love calls sung in tuneless, reverberating bass, its popular heroes the original Dead Dicks, Goliah Reillys, Tincup Joes, Clubfoot Georges, Sleepy Sams and other triggermen and gamblers of her youth. Aside from such nose-thumbings at state and local laws as she indulges in without outside assistance, there is a noteworthy absence of crime as the big cities know it. And when you consider that there are enough uncloaked, illegal bars, gambling halls, bordellos and other depots of sin to do a city of first dimensions, the absence of organized crime provokes inquiry. The reason is not obscure.

This Richest Hill on Earth (an appellation which may have been more apt ten years ago than now) is but a small hump in the wilderness on the western slope of the Continental Divide. The Rockies are her enemy-discouraging stockade. She is hundreds of miles from any city whose size might grant sanctuary to any raiding and fleeting bandit. Wander through the gambling halls and you get a shock that's softened somehow by a feeling of complete security. On the tables, in unlocked safes, in gaping apron pockets you behold stacks, masses and bags of silver dollars. Half dollars and quarters are shoved carelessly aside—so much chaff. The only money Butte regards as locally spendable is silver, although if you're a stranger—or particularly an Easterner—they'll break out packets of bills for you.

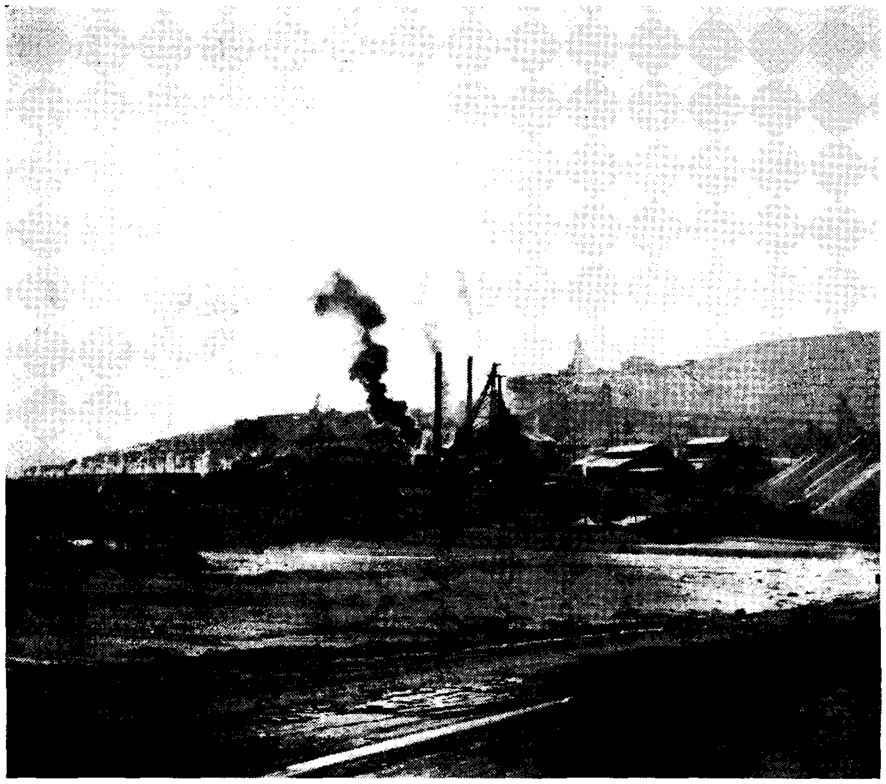
This array of silver is in itself discouraging for anyone with theft in his heart. You couldn't carry much. And if you could carry a couple of thousand of these shining cartwheels, where would you carry them to? The city bandit would die of exposure or starvation in the mountains. And local boys who might not be above a go at banditry are not only well known but they understand perfectly that their chances of getting away from the scene are so small as to make it an insane gamble. If you have any thoughts to the contrary you should see the gamblers and their patrons—to say nothing of the bouncers. In the M. and M. they told us how three bad boys, fleeing Chicago, had decided that it would be a splendid idea to stop off in Butte and, before resuming their flight to the Pacific Coast, knock off two or three of the gambling shops. After an exploratory tour of Main and Park streets the drugstore bad men returned hastily to the railroad station. In Seattle, a reception committee of ten cops asked them why they had spent so little time on The Richest Hill on Earth.

"Because," was the reply, "a guy doesn't have to travel so far from home to commit suicide."

Safety in isolation is not Butte's only defense. The ghosts of such vigilantes of territorial days as Neil Howie, John X. Beidler, John Fetherstun, William F. Sanders and the Honorable Charlie Bagg still ride the mountain passes. Their spirit still polices the mining camps. Crime, Butte assures you, does not flourish where doors are open and no secrecy prevails; therefore, open the bars and gambling rooms, and the hell with the legislature. Also that is why, little by little, Butte is squeezing the life out of its bagnio district, depriving the ladies of the comfortable boudoirs and gaudy parlors which lend enchantment. Modern Butte's most spectacular crimes have been hatched and had their beginnings in the red-light district, not in the gambling shops.

Even in such unrefined surroundings as the London, a malignant dive with a tobacco-shop front but no bar, order of a sulky sort is maintained. A bland, split-lipped Chinky, Ming-hi, sits like a dyspeptic Argus at the portals. We did not have the pleasure of seeing Ming-hi do his decorum-compelling stuff but had to be satisfied with the assurance that he could throw a hatchet or a knife so accurately that his target was never killed, just lastingly maimed. When we called, the London's crap tables were surrounded two deep by Chinese and Negroes. One of the black players had just made five winning passes in a row and an awed and envious silence prevailed. Even the chatter of Yung Chang, the banker, had ceased —Ve'y gooood shaaaampeeen—taaaka st'ong man th'ow eighta ah Decaaata—Ve'y gooood eighta for a waita—t'y anotha an' heeees b'otha—Ve'y goood—goood time, goood time, goood time, p'osp'ous New Year t'all.

More than five thousand men, seventy per cent of them American-born, hack away in 2,500 miles of galleries and tunnels beneath the streets. And, after eight hours underground, these lads are ripe for a bit of relaxation



Butte is the birthplace of great Anaconda (right), producing a quarter billion pounds of copper a year. Today the mines operate at almost one hundred per cent of capacity. Butte residents forecast a million pounds a day

The Butte miners prefer to patronize places like the Board of Trade (one of whose faro banks is shown on the opposite page), wherein the scene is reminiscent of the days Butte mourns and is struggling bravely to reproduce

At roulette, you may buy twenty dollars' worth of markers. When they're gone, you must step aside, give yourself an airing and implore your lucky stars to turn on more power. Then you may return to try your luck later

The black winner was worth two looks. He was very thin with narrow shoulders and a long animal-cracker head. His double-breasted coat, like his trousers, much too short and tight, was laboriously buttoned. In his left buttock pocket, every line standing out in bold relief under the taut cloth, was an enormous revolver. To have got at it he would have had almost to undress.

Fantan, chuck-a-luck and policy were to be had at the London. Also by doing a bit of negotiating with a third Chinky you could place a bet on a horse anywhere in the United States. In the rear of the London, near a row of benches, innocent games of checkers were being played by the brokers—the brokers being six or eight damaged souls who had lost all their money but were not without hope. It was still early, you see. Later some of the brokers would wander down to Venus Alley and find out how business stood. The benches were occupied by the hopeless but for some reason tolerated ones—the dehorned stiffs and the hop-heads. A dehorned stiff is the dolorous relic of denatured-alcohol drinking. They cook and dilute the stuff until some of the poison is gone. You'd die at once, of course; but we assure you that these stiffs were still alive. We talked to a couple of them. They talk like men who were just reviving from a shock of Joe Louis' left.

We hadn't meant to get so far off the track. All we had intended to say was that even in the London there was no disorder. And it is but fair that we add that the London is not a fair example of Butte's gambling shops. It serves only the dregs. The miner likes his glitter and takes pride in maintaining illusion. In the places he patronizes—the M. and M., Walker's, the Board of Trade, and so on—the scene is reminiscent of the days Butte mourns and is struggling bravely to reproduce.

In those resorts you see the ten-gallon hat, the bearskin cap, the buckskin breeches (with fringes), the doeskin vest gauded with beads and, of course, unbuttoned. Long hair, sometimes plaited, chin whiskers, burnsides and massive yellow diamond studs adorn various and sundry gentlemen. We even saw one buckaroo with a single-action revolver swinging free from his buckskin hip. All they needed were lights and cameras and a few mascaraed, marcelled and manicured pioneer women carrying incubator babies behind covered wagons and you'd have suspected Hollywood.

But there are no women in the Butte gambling shops. And the boys assured us that there were going to be none. Mrs. Mary Canary Goe was more than right: She was going to keep right on being right. And go right on with her feminist war whoop until she wore out her larynx. No women. Among the social relics which still flourish in Butte is the lip-service rendered to what used to be called chivalry. You are not told this in so many words but one of the gamblers let us in on the secret.

"I've been working dealing faro for twenty-eight years. To begin with, faro's a man's game. I mean a grown man—no kids. Besides faro I've banked wheels, dealt poker and all the rest. Outside a few cuttings and shootings—all happening afterward and off the premises, mind—I never saw no trouble in a gambling house when women weren't allowed. Women are always trouble. Let a woman get in trouble in a gambling house and the next thing you know her kids are in trouble. And when that happens the home is liable to bust up. Keeping women out of the gambling rooms is only fair to the women who got to take care of the home. Besides no lady has any business hanging around crap tables and the like. Butte likes its women to be ladies."

We reminded him of the keno houses—Curley Darragh's, for example.

"Oh, well," he said after some thought, "no lady is going to neglect her family and stop being a lady for a ten-cent racket."

Of course there are people in Butte who think the town would be better off if there were no gambling shops and bars. But they're not very eloquent. You'll find such persons back of the shop counters. They'll open the subject by saying that business is excellent and that the miner as well as the white-collar employee of Anaconda is a free spender. And then they add, somewhat timidly, that business would be even better if the spending were limited to the legitimate. But in such sentiments there is less enthusiasm than you might expect.

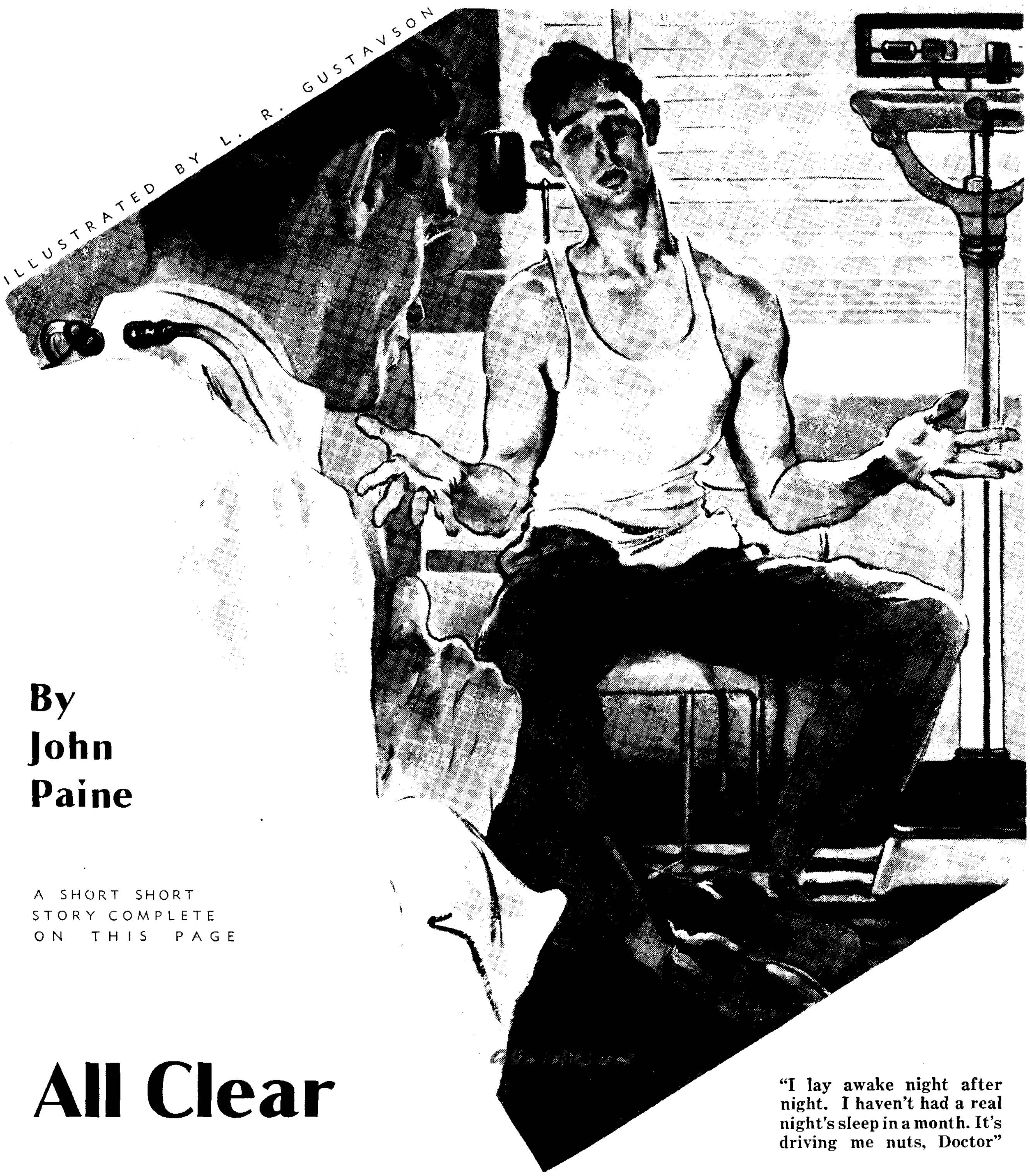
You see, the miners are a rough crowd. After eight hours in underground caverns, some of them four thousand feet deep, these lads are ripe for a bit of relaxation. For the greater part they are not the kind who can be satisfied with a schooner of beer, a bag of popcorn and an hour of Hollywood loveliness. Deny them the sort of amusement they

(Continued on page 53)

All Clear

By
John
Paine

A SHORT SHORT
STORY COMPLETE
ON THIS PAGE


ILLUSTRATED BY L. R. GUSTAVSON

"I lay awake night after night. I haven't had a real night's sleep in a month. It's driving me nuts, Doctor"

THE first thing Dr. Hartigan noticed was the expression in the young man's eyes, a desperate, bewildered look. At the end of the examination he was glad to be able to report that everything was in order.

"If you have been worrying about your health, Mr. Paulson, put your mind at rest. You are as strong as an ox."

Howard Paulson paused in the business of getting himself dressed and faced the doctor. The look of trouble on his face deepened. It was almost a haunted look.

"I ought to have told you in the first place why I came to you, Doctor. Only I thought it was sure to be pretty serious and you'd see for yourself. I can't sleep, Doctor. I lay awake night after night, twisting and turning and looking at the clock and watching *for it to get light. I* haven't had a real night's sleep in a month. It's driving me nuts, Doctor."

Sunshine fell through the Venetian blinds and threw a slitted pattern on the office door. Outside, city traffic rumbled by. Paulson arose and stood awkwardly in the middle of the room, staring at Hartigan. Finally he spoke again:

"Now that I've told you what's wrong, don't you want to take another look?"

Dr. Hartigan unhooked the stethoscope from around his neck and laid it carefully on the desk in front of him. "No," he said. "I have examined you and you are all right—physically. Your insomnia must spring from some other cause—some mental strain or worry, something you have on your mind."

Paulson relaxed and smiled. "It's certainly funny to hear you say that, Doctor, because right now I haven't a thing on my mind. Not a trouble in the world. A while back, six months ago, I was in trouble. But that's all washed up. I'm sitting pretty now—only I can't sleep. There's got to be a reason."

"I agree with you there," said the doctor, "and I should like to help you find it. But I repeat, physically there's not a thing the matter with you."

PAULSON'S *thick, scarred fingers finished* dealing with his tie and he sat down opposite the doctor, resting his hands on the desk. "There's got to be a reason," he said again pleadingly. "It's not natural for a man not to sleep. It gets you. It drives you nuts."

"Have you ever suffered from insomnia before?"

"Yes," Paulson said. "For a little while before the trouble I was talking about I couldn't sleep. But that wasn't the same. I kept hearing a tapping sound then. It would wake me up suddenly and then I couldn't get to sleep. I got over that though."

"How?" the doctor asked. "Did it just stop of itself?"

"No, Doc, it didn't. I found out what it meant and did something about it. Then it stopped. I don't hear it any more now. I just can't sleep. I can't even get to sleep."

"Tell me about the tapping," Hartigan ordered.

"You think it might help you find what's wrong?"

"It might," said the doctor.

"I think you're wrong, Doc. There couldn't be any connection. But I'll tell you anyway. I'll tell you just the way it happened so you can see what a crazy *thing it was. But it wasn't me that was* crazy, you'll see that.

"I was living in Portland, Doc, and I got married there. Eileen, the girl's name was, and I was crazy about her. Anything Eileen wanted was okay with me. Well, I moved to Frisco to a new job and I took Eileen along. She didn't like it much at first, not knowing any people. She didn't like the house I rented near the Heath and Burrish bottling works, where my job was. She said she was lonely and she quit singing—Eileen had always been a great hand at singing.

"Well, I liked the new job fine, but I couldn't stand it to see Eileen so sad. So I asked some of the boys from the works to drop in. And they did. That cheered Eileen up a lot. She laughed and joked with them and had a fine time. Even my boss, division head, stopped in one evening. He was real polite to Eileen. It made me feel good. And pretty soon Eileen starts singing again.

"ABOUT a week after that, division head calls me into his office. He's a nervous sort of man and he sits at his desk with a pencil in his hand tapping away on the top—tap-tap, tap *tap* tap, like that, loud enough so you could hear it over the clatter of the machines. 'Paulson,' he says, 'I have good news for you. You get a raise, beginning next week. It means night shift, but it's five dollars more a week.' Well, for just a minute I'm surprised. Heath and Burrish don't usually pay more for night work. But then I think what the hell, five bucks is five bucks.

"I go home and tell Eileen and she says what a smart guy I am and everything is fine. But next day I'm standing in the shop, not doing anything, and I got a wrench in my hand. I'm thinking about Eileen—sort of daydreaming—and when I come to I hear the wrench going clink-clink, clink *clink* clink, against a piece of pipe. 'That's funny,' I think, 'I never did that before.' Then I remember that's how division head was tapping with his pencil.

"It seems silly, Doc, but that damn' tapping got into my head and I couldn't get it out. I'd hear it at the works; I'd hear it in my sleep and it would wake me up. I'd heard it when I was walking along the street. It was driving me nuts."

PAULSON paused, his face twisted in distress.

The doctor carefully framed a question: "Did you dislike this man who was your boss, this division head?"

"Dislike him? No, not then. I liked him fine. It was this damn' tapping I disliked. It was awful, Doc. It was like having a music box inside your head that couldn't play a tune—almost a tune, but not quite. It was so crazy I didn't want to talk about it.

"Then one day I found out. It was one afternoon and I had just woke up. Eileen is in the next room sweeping. She's humming as she works, so low you can hardly hear it. I call to her to let her know I'm awake and she comes into the bedroom with a cloth tied round her head. 'What was that tune?' I say, because I haven't heard enough to tell what it is. She puts her hand up to her throat quick as a flash and for just a second she looks white. Then she laughs and says, 'Why, Howard, you know that song.' And she sings it. It goes like this." Paulson leaned back in his chair and whistled through his teeth.

"Do you get it, Doc? *Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking.* That's what the tapping was. That's what division head was tapping out when he called me into his office to put me on night shift. It's a song Eileen used to sing a lot when we was first married."

The doctor stirred uncomfortably. "You mean that made you suspect—"

"Sure, I suspected. But that wasn't *enough. Next night I come home early* and caught them."

"Well, then, I don't understand—"

"Neither do I, Doc. It's all over now. All cleared up, and still I can't sleep. It's not as if either of them was alive. I could understand a guy not sleeping then. But they're not, neither one of them. Maybe you read about it. The jury sprung me. I'm all in the clear now with nothing to worry about. And still I can't sleep. Crazy, isn't it, Doc?"

PHOTOGRAPH
FOR COLLIER'S BY
VALENTINO SARRA

Jefferson High, Lafayette, defeats Delphi in Indiana's round of high-pressure competition

Indiana Madness

By Kyle Crichton

Other states play basketball; in Indiana it's a state religion. Come and see, if you like, but don't crack any jokes about it

THE state of Indiana is nuts. Politically it has always been slightly on the wacky side, but in that respect it has lots of competition. Where the matter shows now is on the subject of basketball, which has been made a state religion. The didos which go on out there are enough to make your eyes pop.

Where I first got the notion was from the brakeman on the Big Four out of Chicago. He was from Indianapolis and the minute we passed Kankakee, Illinois, he sidled over and harumphed a couple of times and finally asked me whether I thought Frankfort was going to repeat. Instead of being honest and saying I didn't know, I hemmed and hawed a little on my own behalf, trying to stall until I could get clear whether he referred to Frankfort, Kentucky (which I happened to know about, having a cousin living there), or some horse named Frankfort which was in the winter books of the Derby, but it turned out that he meant Frankfort, Indiana, and the high-school basketball championship.

"Me," I said importantly and a little disapprovingly, "I'm worried about Spain."

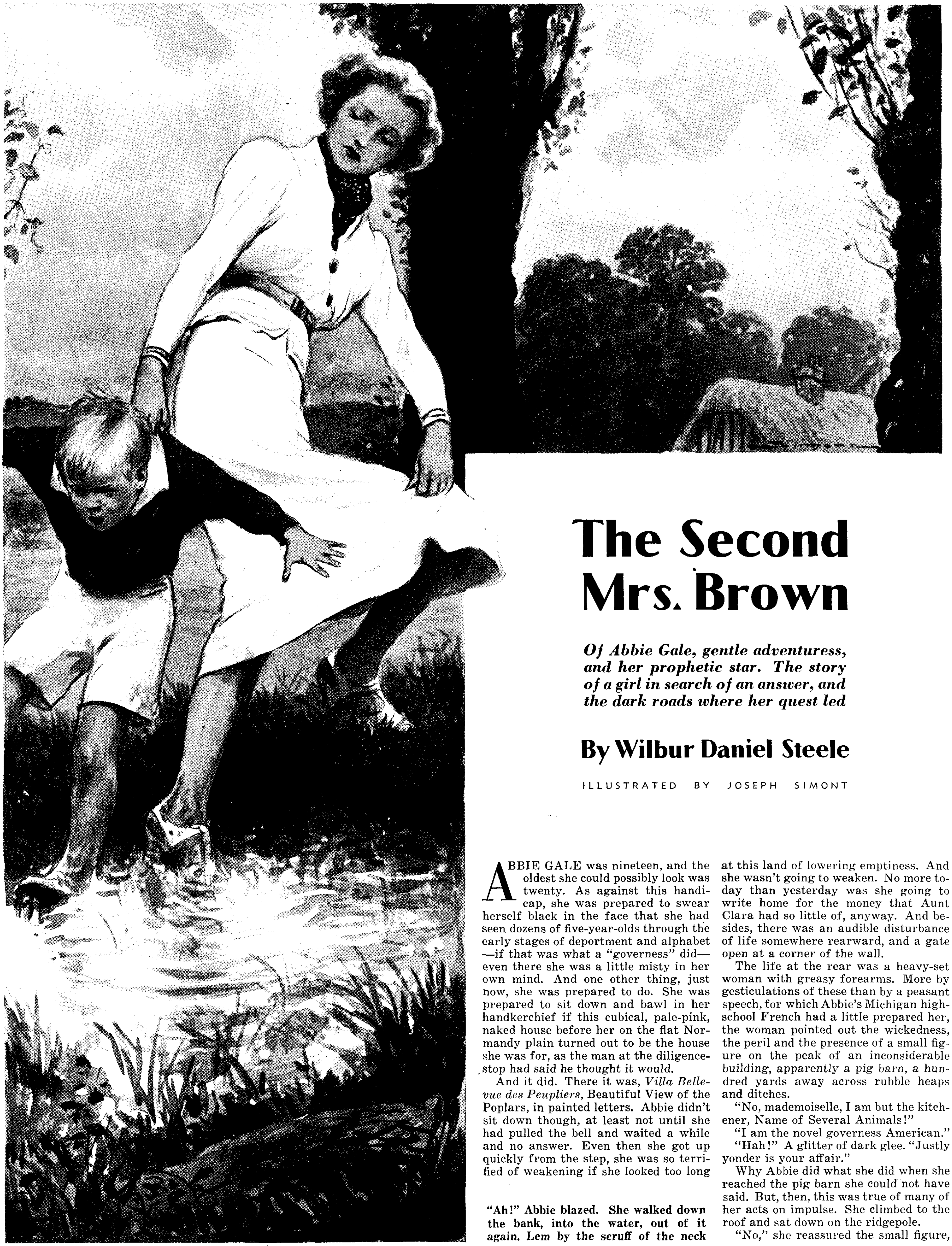
The usual course in gags like this is for the fellow to ask what sort of team Spain has, but he was a bright man and said that was sure a bitter war over there and then went back to discussing Frankfort and a man named Everett Case, who was the Frankfort coach and a gentleman who seemed to be continually getting into hot water through his activities.

Things were no better when I got off at Lafayette and I looked up Gordon Graham of the Journal and Courier, who had once skinned me to the quick for having written an article on basketball without mentioning Indiana. Through Graham I got in touch with Ward (Piggy) Lambert, coach of Purdue, whose teams have won the Western Conference title nine out of the last eighteen years.

"Don't try kidding Piggy," Graham suggested. "He takes his basketball seriously. He gets so excited during the close games that they've hired a man to sit by him on the bench and grab him when he starts out on the floor to brain somebody."

Mr. Lambert on first appearance was disappointing. He was a quiet gentleman who began discussing the subject with all the dispassion of a scientist addressing a guinea pig, but as the talk waxed hotter I began to detect that well-known Indiana glint in the eye. When we got back as far as Mr. Lambert's start as an athlete, which was at Crawfordsville around 1900, an outsider was privileged to see what basketball means in Indiana. It is obviously not only a religion and a business but a definite

(Continued on page 38)



"Ah!" Abbie blazed. She walked down the bank, into the water, out of it again. Lem by the scruff of the neck

The Second Mrs. Brown

Of Abbie Gale, gentle adventuress, and her prophetic star. The story of a girl in search of an answer, and the dark roads where her quest led

By Wilbur Daniel Steele

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH SIMONT

ABBIE GALE was nineteen, and the oldest she could possibly look was twenty. As against this handicap, she was prepared to swear herself black in the face that she had seen dozens of five-year-olds through the early stages of deportment and alphabet—if that was what a "governess" did—even there she was a little misty in her own mind. And one other thing, just now, she was prepared to do. She was prepared to sit down and bawl in her handkerchief if this cubical, pale-pink, naked house before her on the flat Normandy plain turned out to be the house she was for, as the man at the diligence-stop had said he thought it would.

And it did. There it was, *Villa Bellevue des Peupliers*, Beautiful View of the Poplars, in painted letters. Abbie didn't sit down though, at least not until she had pulled the bell and waited a while and no answer. Even then she got up quickly from the step, she was so terrified of weakening if she looked too long at this land of lowering emptiness. And she wasn't going to weaken. No more today than yesterday was she going to write home for the money that Aunt Clara had so little of, anyway. And besides, there was an audible disturbance of life somewhere rearward, and a gate open at a corner of the wall.

The life at the rear was a heavy-set woman with greasy forearms. More by gesticulations of these than by a peasant speech, for which Abbie's Michigan high-school French had a little prepared her, the woman pointed out the wickedness, the peril and the presence of a small figure on the peak of an inconsiderable building, apparently a pig barn, a hundred yards away across rubble heaps and ditches.

"No, mademoiselle, I am but the kitchener, Name of Several Animals!"

"I am the novel governess American."

"Hah!" A glitter of dark glee. "Justly yonder is your affair."

Why Abbie did what she did when she reached the pig barn she could not have said. But, then, this was true of many of her acts on impulse. She climbed to the roof and sat down on the ridgepole.

"No," she reassured the small figure,

"I'm not afraid and I don't need to hang on to the cupola."

"But then sit crossways."

"I am not a contortionist. I always ride a roof side-saddle. What is your name?"

"But it's so high down if you fell!"

"It is not either high down. It is a very low house and it smells. What is your name?"

"Lem. . . . It is not either a house; it's a ship."

"God forbid!"

"Here comes a wave."

"Double God forbid!"

"Mamma has been on a ship. She's been on lots of ships. I saw the ocean once but I don't remember."

"I saw it once and I do. Ugh!"

"You don't like to be on the ocean?"

"There's nothing I'd like better, if it was getting me back to America."

"What's America?"

"It's where you were born, isn't it?"

"Was I? . . . Here comes a huge one—hang on tight!"

"Tightly. It's an adverb. If I'm to be your governess!"

"I can whistle. Want to hear me?"

"Do you call that whistling? Listen to this."

"You don't seem like a nurse."

"I keep telling you, *governess*."

"There he comes. We'd better go."

"Do you mean the man with the ox-cart full of fertilizer and his fists in the air?"

"We'll go, and I'll show you to Mamma."

When they were down, Abbie said firmly: "No, now, don't run. We'll go in a dignified way."

He took her in, past the cook, to the salon.

"Mamma, here she is."

THE lady in the high-backed chair across the room neither answered nor turned her head. She sat with her back to the window, facing a picture framed on the wall, a dusty ship in trouble on a flyblown ocean.

Then Abbie tried: "Mrs. Brown? My name is Abbie Gale. I've been sent by the American Girls' Employment—"

Halfway through the sentence and halfway across the floor she stopped abruptly. She turned around. "Now, Lem, you go out into the hall." She put a hand down between his shoulder blades and propelled. "That's a good boy, you wait out there." She shut the door and sat down for a moment on a near chair. It was nearly dark in the salon. And there was that rented-villa smell of gilt and tiles.

Abbie got up and went across. She made herself touch the woman's temple, bend and study the wide-open eyes. She laid her fingers on the nearer of the two wrists. When she was certain, she went out into the hall.

"Where is your father?" Lem indicated a door opposite. "You run out with the cook—and you might send her in here."

As the boy made as if to go she rapped on the door.

"You don't do that," he said. "You walk right in."

It was even darker in this room than the other, because the shades were lower drawn. A man lay on a bed.

"Mr. Brown? . . . *Mr. Brown!*" Did nobody in this house ever answer anybody? "Mr. Brown—your wife—you *must* wake up!"

"He is awake." It was Lem speaking, in the doorway. "You have to put your ear down."

Bending, Abbie saw that it was only the eyeballs that moved, they and one difficult corner of the mouth. The sounds that came out were so small and so muzzy that Abbie had to put her ear down.

The queer, painful, syllable-by-syllable diction of the paralytic: "Is she—gone?"

"Yes," said Abbie. "Her heart."

Three months.

Abbie figured it out on paper, using as a basis the bare tourist-class fare and ten per cent for errors and accidents. Three months was a shorter prospect than she had dared hope. But she was being given more than the stipulated wage, because she helped in minor ways with Mr. Brown, major care of whom fell to a doctor's assistant from the neighboring town. Certain hours of the morning and evening this man was in attendance; at other times Abbie was supposed to be in and out as she could manage.

SHE dreaded those times. The sense of something alive watching her through peepholes in a dead wall filled her with unease.

She read to him all she could, naturally; it kept her eyes occupied, and part of her mind. The other part was always on Lem, wondering when she would have to drop the book and run, either to the rout or the rescue of that infant terrible.

"I'm not a bad boy," he would say; "I'm obs'nate. What does obs'nate mean?"

"Did you ever in your life have a good spanking?"

"No, I haven't. May I have?"

Having been born of a Quaker line, and passed her public-school years at the height of the untouchable era, Abbie was up a stump, aghast. There was nothing to do but side-step, lamely.

"Never you mind, you'll have me here only five weeks more to bother you."

"Why, Abbie, you don't bother me. Really and truly you don't."

Abbie brooded about that. All the rest of the afternoon and through dinner she brooded. She had expected Lem to be taken aback by realization of how the time grew short, and there he had hardly heard that part of it at all. And she put the idea of spanking away from her. She kept it away for five weeks, wanting a day. The day she was leaving, quite of a sudden, as much to her own astonishment as to Lem's, she took him over her knee.

IT CAME about in this fashion. They were out for a farewell walk. Suddenly Abbie cried to Lem, "Don't chatter so!" Then, "And stop darting. Come away from that ditch! What do you think you are doing?"

"I am standing in this ditch, in the water, in my shoes. And I'm going to keep on doing it. So!"

"Ah!" Abbie blazed. "So?" She walked down the bank, into the water, out of it again, Lem by the scruff of the neck.

"So now you're going to get a good one."

It was astounding how much good it did for both of them. Just after, the world was nearly black under the storm clouds. Abbie held her breath until Lem let his go. He didn't bellow; it was too eerie a sound to be called a bellow. She had to move quickly.

"No, you don't—you give me that rock!"

"I won't—I—I—I'm going to kill you, I'm going to!"

"No, now, there, please—stay here—put your head here—and don't fight, please—and *please* don't gasp so. . . . There, Lem, there. . . . That's right, darling. . . . Only don't *sob* so—"

"Ab—Abbie—Abbie . . ."

"Try and not sob so. I say I'm sorry."

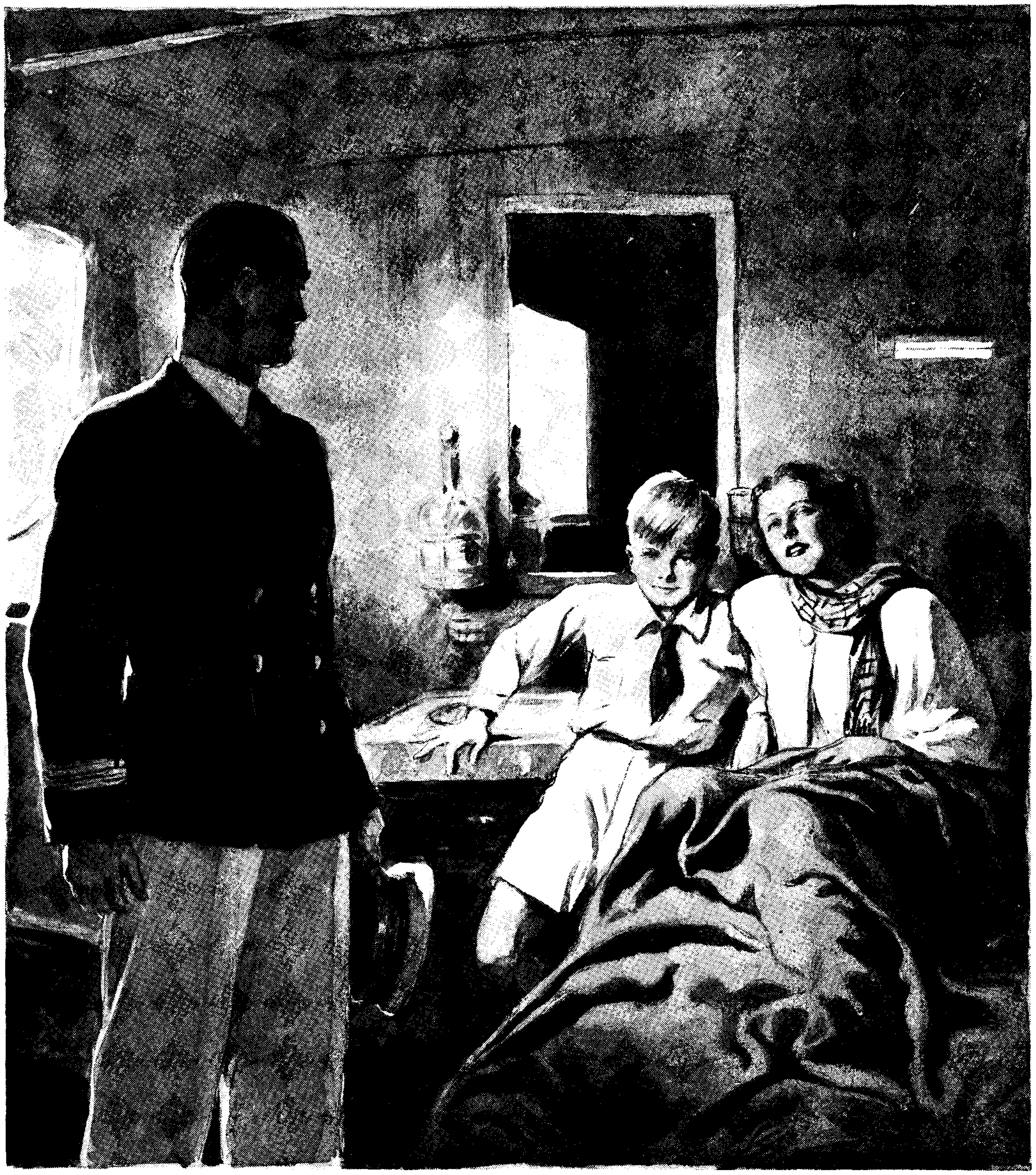
"No—I'm sorry. I'm so bub-bad, Abbie."

"You're not. I am. I'm the bad one."

"You're not either the bad one. I am."

"Lem—let's—now, well, Lem, won't you whistle for me?"

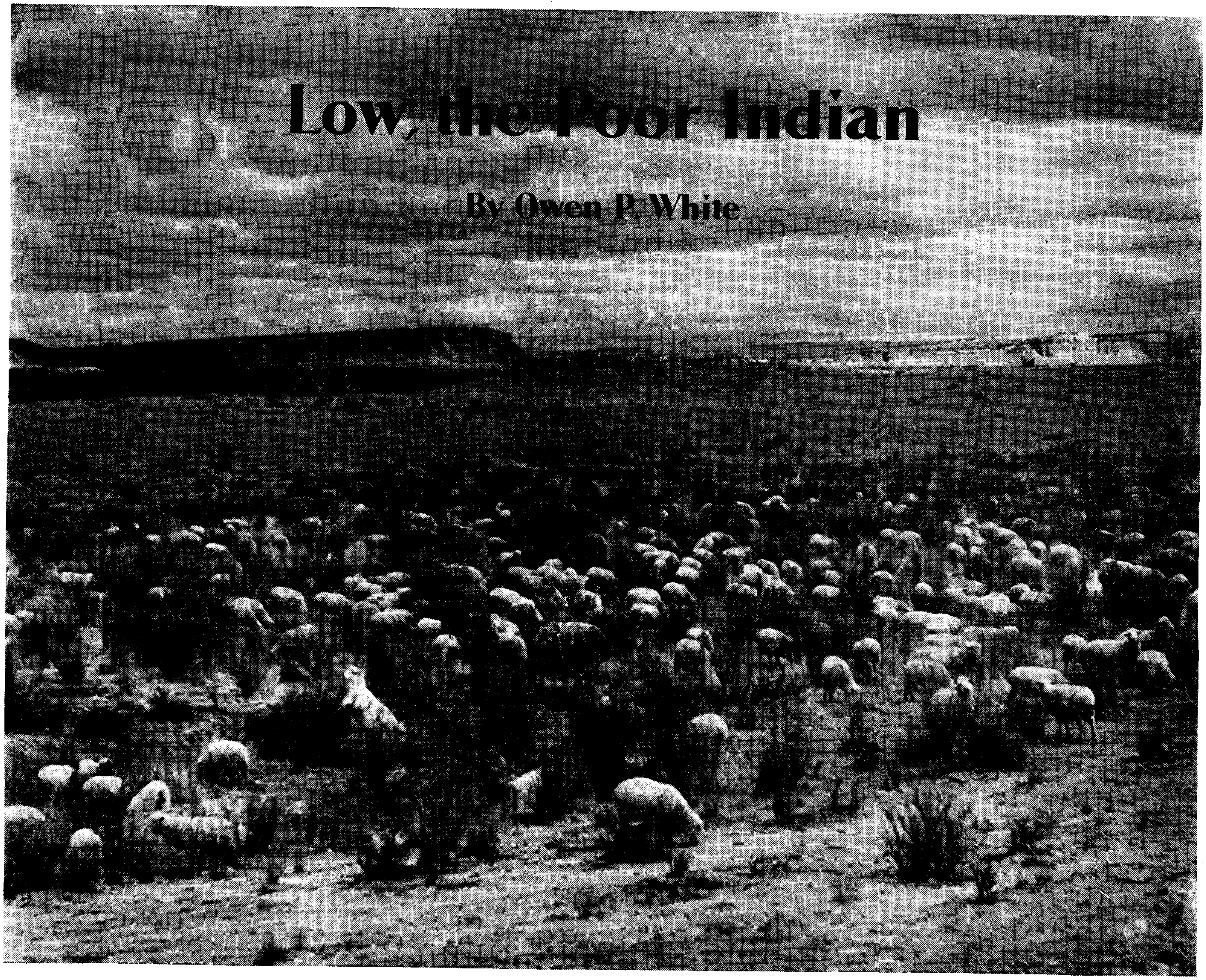
(Continued on page 58)



"I have never found him anything but quiet and respectful. It must be the way he's being treated," Abbie said

Low, the Poor Indian

By Owen P. White



Sheep grazing and lack of soil-erosion control are destroying thousands of acres of grassland

MARIO SCACHERI

Nine thousand human beings are threatened with slow death in our Southwest if Congress doesn't do something for them. It's all the fault of greedy stockmen and politicians who are still playing that old paleface game—plundering the Indian, who can't protect his own rights

OUT in New Mexico, bounded on the north by Colorado, on the east by the Jicarilla Apache Reservation, and on the west by that of the Navajos, lies a huge No Man's Land, almost as large as Delaware and Rhode Island combined, which is now headed straight for hell. Unless something is done quickly it soon will get there. But this land was not always as it is today.

Prior to President Theodore Roosevelt's time this tremendous area was a happy country, which annually produced plenty of grass, plenty of mutton and plenty of prosperity. Within a few years conditions changed. Down from the north, from Colorado, drifting slowly across the winter pasture of the Navajos, consuming it during the day and bedding down wherever they happened to be at nightfall, came vast herds of sheep belonging to white stockmen. To the Navajos, who carefully tend their small flocks and pen them every night, this was a menacing procedure. Before a winter was over these herds would drift as much as three hundred miles from their home ranches in Colorado. (They do that yet.) This meant that as they were driven back they would eat up all the spring grass along another route.

Since all their grass was threatened with destruction, the Navajos went to Washington to protest. Fortunately Theodore Roosevelt, who was both stock and soil-erosion conscious, saw their point and did what he could to remedy the situation. He issued an executive order in 1907 which added substantially all of today's No Man's Land to the already existing Navajo Reservation. That fixed everything. With the land as part of an Indian reservation the white stockmen could be kept out of it so that the grass again grew, the lambs were again fat and frolicsome, and the Navajos again rich and happy.

But not for long. Distressing events were slowly brewing. New Mexico was on its way to statehood. Albert B. Fall and other men of his ilk were preparing to enter politics. Rumors that there was oil in the Navajo country were being whispered around and the white stockmen were already sitting on their heels and picking their teeth with their bowie knives as they waited for Theodore Roosevelt to get out of the White House. When he got out, the stampede for Washington started. It was successful. The oil men, the politicians and the livestock barons of New Mexico brought so much pressure to bear on President Taft that that gentleman, probably much bewildered by it all, restored New Mexico's No Man's Land to the public domain, or rather gave control of it back to the white stockmen, by rescinding the Roosevelt order.

Immediately, down from the north again came the invading sheep armies of the whites to eat up and tramp out the grass belonging to the reds. This was too much for the Indian Bureau to endure peaceably, and so, in an effort to hold for the Navajos at least a part of the reservation that had been created for them, it began to allot lands to the Indians and give them patented titles thereto. This was a fine idea, maybe, but the execution of it was very poor, because, apparently, what the bureau did was to stick 3,800 pins in a map with one hand, draw 3,800 Navajo names from a hat with the other, and make no effort whatever to bring the individual Indians and their respective allotments together.

Mrs. Joe Hollowhorn, for example, whose husband had just recently perished in an altercation with a white sheepherder over some grass rights, in 1911 unexpectedly received from the government a paper with a big red seal on it. The trader told her this was her patented title to a square mile of land. But where was it? Mrs. Hollowhorn, who with her three papooses had no way of getting anywhere unless they made it on foot, lived far to the north. Her land lay far to the south, 150 miles away perhaps, and with her meager knowledge of the meaning of such cabalistic signs as the N. E. ¼ of the S. W. ¼ of Sec. 23, Twsp 11, Range 9 East, did she ever find her home? Maybe so and maybe not. Most of them did but to this day, after twenty-five years of search, there are still Navajos in No Man's Land who are still trying to find out where they live.

But what of the ownership of all the land in No Man's Land? Here is a statement of it. It contains 2,154,550 acres, which is owned: 49 per cent by the Navajos, 21 per cent by the United States, 16 per cent by the Santa Fe Railroad, which got it as a subsidy when it built its lines, 7 per cent by the state of New Mexico, 4 per cent by white homesteaders, 3 per cent by the Arizona and New Mexico Land Company, and exactly *no per cent at all* by the white stockmen whose wandering herds eat the grass off practically all of it. All these ownerships, like those of the Navajos, are scattered helter-skelter, a section here, a section there and one yonder, so that it is utterly impossible for any one interest to protect itself.

Nor can anyone else protect anybody. The United States can't because it has no police authority in New Mexico; the Indian Bureau can't because the land is no longer part of a reservation, and New Mexico can't because . . . well, it can't because, to be honest about it, it hasn't the courage to do anything displeasing to a dozen big-hatted, high-booted, romantic-looking stockmen, whose pockets are very deep, whose trigger fingers are very nervous and whose political influence is so elastic that it stretches easily from Santa Fe to Washington.

Thus for twenty-five years No Man's Land has been a land without mastery, save the mastery of those stockmen, and what have they done to it? I went west to look it over and find out. When I got to Mexico Springs, which is *within* the boundary of the present Navajo Reservation and is where the Soil Conservation Service has been working for a year and a half on a 43,000-acre land-rescue project, the grass was belly-deep to a horse. It was a veritable sheep's paradise. A sad contrast is found only a few miles to the east and just *outside* the reservation, where the white stockmen rule. There I saw a very dirty, very weary-eyed Navajo girl of about fourteen herding a handful of miserable-looking sheep across the dry, barren earth. The whole country looked as if it were not quite one jump ahead of the desert. Nor, it occurred to me as I turned and looked back at the diminishing figure of the little Navajo girl, is that all. As land dies, people who are nailed to it, who cannot move away, die with it. They die slowly, unhappily; they are unaware that they are dying, and . . .

Dead End in a Barren Land

But just at this point in my thoughts, when the dim trail I had been following for miles suddenly rounded a low hill and came to an abrupt dead end at a dilapidated Navajo hogan, I learned that I was lost. But what of it? Being lost in a country you are trying to explore anyhow is a good way to see a lot of it, and so, quite cheerfully, I got out of the car and walked around to the far side of the hogan where, seated just within her low doorway, was an old woman of maybe seventy, weaving a blanket. She grunted a greeting; I grunted one in return and handed her a few cigarettes. Then, finding that she could speak English, I sat down and had a visit with her. Briefly, here is her story, and as it is also the story of most of No Man's Land it impressed me deeply.

"For twenty days," she said, "we have had nothing to eat except corn meal, and now that is about all gone. There are nine in my family. Last winter we had no meat at all. But, yes, we did. A Mexican gave us a thin old ram that had been killed in a fight and we ate that. No, we were not always so poor. In 1918 we had plenty of sheep, but in 1925, a bad year, we lost some and then when the big snow came in 1932 we had to sell most of our breeding stock to the traders because we had no grass. After that, in 1934, the reduction order made us sell some more, we were hungry too, and we ate some, so that now all we have left is four sheep and ten goats."

The Navajos have been brought to poverty by lack of proper federal control of their lands. Left: A Navajo silversmith at work with his primitive tools. Below, left: Mealtime of a typical Navajo family. Below, right: An old woman spinning yarn for Navajo rugs

MARIO SCACHERI

"Do you rent your land to a white man?" I asked.

"I have to, because I have no stock of my own," was her answer. "I have eight allotments (1,280 acres) with a small reservoir which is rented for forty dollars a year. Already I have been paid half for next year."

I got up to go; the old woman started her weaving again, and I said: "But if you have no sheep where did you get the wool you are weaving into that blanket?"

"From our bed pelts," she replied simply. "I sheared the wool from our beds to make this blanket which I can sell to the trader."

"For how much?"

"Maybe ten dollars. Maybe six dollars."

"In cash, or in trade at his store?"

"In tin money. In *dinero seco,* which is no good anywhere else except in his store."

"And the white stockman who rents your land from you, does he pay you in tin money too?"

"Always. Always he pays us in tin money. He says that the trader's store does not belong to him but the Navajos do not believe it because he never has anything except tin money in his pockets with which to pay us for our land."

Nor is that old squaw's case an exceptional one. Before me now I have statistics, which I have verified as far as possible, which show that in one investigated section 102,000 head of sheep owned by white stockmen are being grazed on land sixty per cent of which is Navajo-owned.

About two years ago the Indian Bureau, with Senator Bronson Cutting's support, prepared a bill which was to wipe out No Man's Land by adding it permanently to the Navajo Reservation, thereby again placing it under federal control. Nobody in New Mexico at that time (except of course the stockmen who were so afraid of Cutting that they didn't dare chirp about it) objected to this measure. On the contrary everybody, including even the Honorable Dennis Chavez, who was then a member of the national House of Representatives, cheered so loudly for it that its passage was absolutely certain.

Apparently nothing but death could prevent the bill from becoming a law, and death did prevent it when Senator Cutting was killed in an airplane crash in Missouri. Anyone at all familiar with New Mexico politics can easily imagine what followed. I can shut my eyes and see it happening. I can see the stockmen get together in a huddle; I can see them descend *en*

(*Continued on page* 40)

No Heroes Wanted

The man who hired Durham said: "I just want pilots on my line. I don't want any heroes. Get to be a hero and you're through." But we don't always get what we want, do we?

By Francis and Katharine Drake

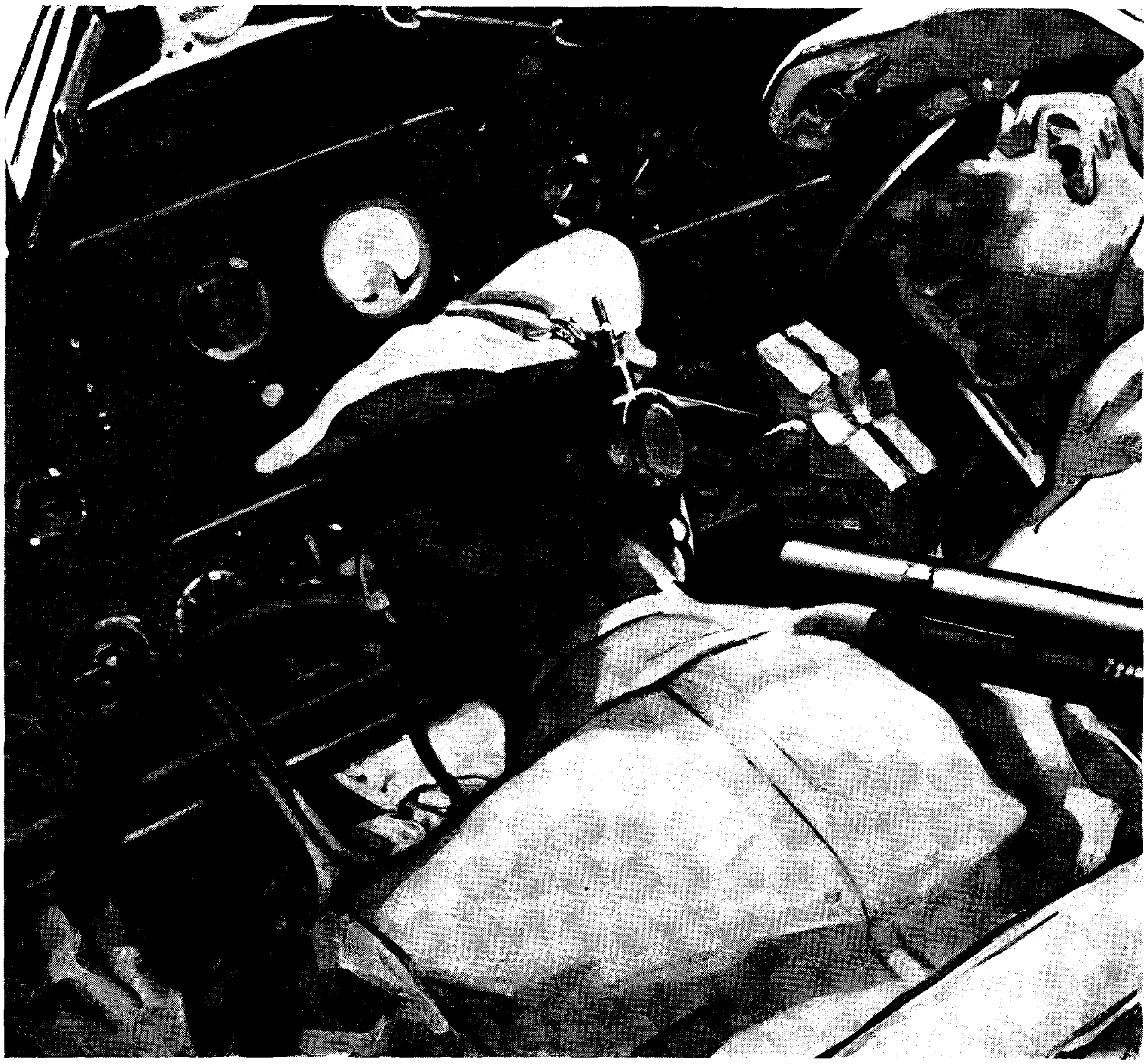
WHEN the Old Man hired me to go co-pilot on the haul along the Andes he didn't saddle me with any pep talk. He hired me and then he made an awning of his eyebrows, underlined it with his mouth and added:

"And get this, Durham: I just want pilots on my line. I don't want any heroes. You get to be a hero and you're through. That's all."

It was maybe four weeks later that I got the size of that remark. Maybe you read about it in the papers. A plane got hung up to a raft of fog above the foothills, with mail and fourteen passengers aboard, three names—a movie star, a syndicated columnist and an ex-president of Chile. The pilot smashed his radio antenna on a mountain, trying to get them down. It was that close. And was it news? Hero Pilot Saves All in Grip with Death. That was the way the column writer flashed it round the world.

"You didn't need to get into that jam," the Old Man said; "you're fired."

It isn't pretty flying country round Peru at any time, sort of a storm-at-sea effect, painted a dirty brown, and you know what they are, those dirty, barren waves: those are the foothills of the Cordillera. It's primitive all right, if you were raised, like me, in Brooklyn.



"Cooper's Mine," yelled No. 10. "Go quickly, pliz." He had a putrid accent but the words were clear

ABOUT this time I was co-pilot with Sam Balch. Sam was an Army man, older than most of us, and flying up and down the line with him, I often thought the kick the Old Man must be getting out of Sam. You knew he couldn't be a hero, just by looking at him. He must have weighed close on two-fifty, and he had a face that looked like a relief map of the section south of Lima. It had been bashed about considerable, and at first I thought it must have been a nasty crash, till someone told me that he got it playing football when he was a kid. There weren't but two things that could raise Sam's r.p.m. and one was food, the other was his corns. He had his shoes knifed open like a melon, toe to instep, just to give those corns a break.

Whenever he was hungry he began to groan. You could hear Sam groan above two Hornets. It rattled me at first and I would yell: "What's up, Sam? What's the matter?" and he would turn his head and look at me the way a dying camel looks and yell: "I'm *starving!*"

Or we'd be riding down the Desert of Sechura, the sky a gas flame, blue and shimmering, but hotter than a gas flame, and Sam would fidget with his feet and groan from that smashed mouth of his: "Rain." I got wise and I didn't argue. When Sam said "Rain," it rained. You couldn't fool those corns of his with sissy stuff like Radio Weather Data.

It was near Thanksgiving when the Old Man picked off Sam and me to fly a charter—some guys from a museum with a yen to visit Cuzco and the Incan pots and hardware. We were to dump them in Trujillo, night before Thanksgiving, so that they'd catch the boat for Panama. Gosh, was Sam sore? The way he felt about Thanksgiving dinners, well, it was the feeling people have for church.

"We can be back by four," I said. "Have Ella switch it."

"Four," Sam snarled. He had the kind of a pan a snarl belonged to. Like a jaguar. "There's a hundred million people eating their Thanksgiving dinners between one and two and I have mine at four. It just ain't patriotic."

The charter trip was easy. We spent three days at Cuzco, and riding back Sam caught a wind and kept it on his tail. I went back into the cabin and pointed out the aqueducts and Incan villages and the pre-Incan graveyards and the professors clucked away and scribbled in their little books and beamed. Funny, the kick it seemed to give them, peeking down at all those sandy blobs our folder captions "Inca Ruins."

I showed them all I knew. I showed them where the gold mines were and told them how, before the planes came down, the gold was brought across the mountains on a llama's back and each trip took them months. I showed them where Perquito and his brothers staged that massacre and robbed the llama train. Perquito was the classiest bandit in Peru. You never saw him, but even up in Brooklyn he was Page 3 news. The professors nodded, but you could see they didn't go for that so strong. They were just hipped on ancient history.

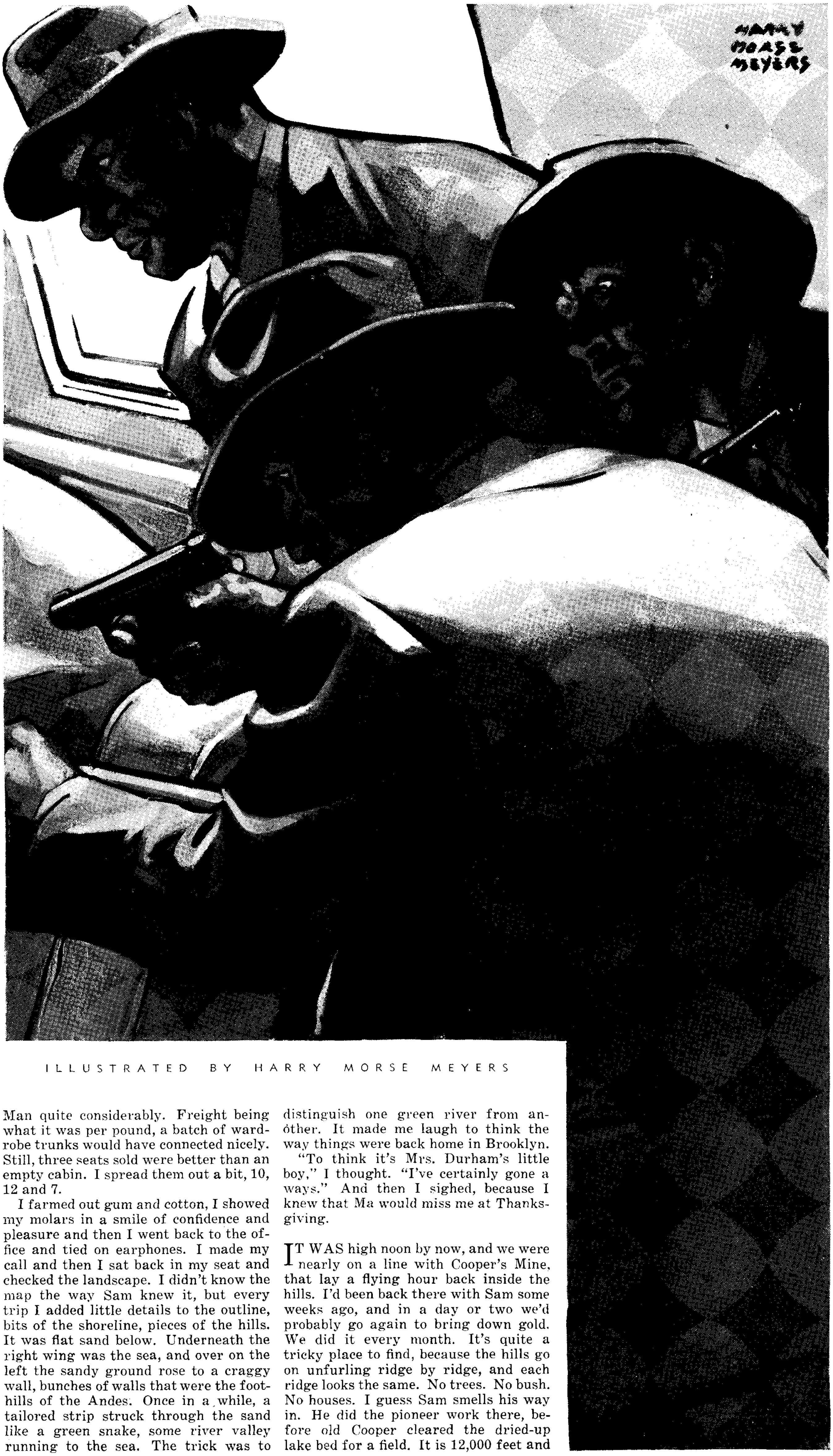
THE office radioed before we made Trujillo. The Old Man didn't like his ships to travel light, and if they did you could be sure the custom in the neighborhood was smaller than a toothcomb. Our orders were to pick up special passengers at Esperanto on the homeward haul, Thanksgiving morning. I passed the slip to Sam; he looked at it and groaned.

We mooched around Trujillo before supper. They were having a fiesta and I bought some firecrackers to help celebrate. Sam didn't seem responsive, so I put the crackers in my coat and bought a little bag of powdered incense which I gave to Sam for Ella. Ella was all gaga about incense. She could sit and sniff it by the hour.

Thanksgiving Day was like a nice new penny, all coppery and clean. Sam's face was almost happy. He stood and stared at the wild flame of sunrise on the sky line, and when he spoke his voice was hushed. It wasn't much above a whisper.

"Turkey," Sam said. "Giblets in goo. And chestnut dressing. Listen, if Ella didn't make a chestnut dressing, I'll file suit in the morning."

We took off. Sam pushed the wheel to me and I took over till we sighted Esperanto. There were three passengers and they were waiting. No little darlings, just three men, all glossy-looking South Americans. They hadn't any baggage and I knew that that would miff the Old



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Man quite considerably. Freight being what it was per pound, a batch of wardrobe trunks would have connected nicely. Still, three seats sold were better than an empty cabin. I spread them out a bit, 10, 12 and 7.

I farmed out gum and cotton, I showed my molars in a smile of confidence and pleasure and then I went back to the office and tied on earphones. I made my call and then I sat back in my seat and checked the landscape. I didn't know the map the way Sam knew it, but every trip I added little details to the outline, bits of the shoreline, pieces of the hills. It was flat sand below. Underneath the right wing was the sea, and over on the left the sandy ground rose to a craggy wall, bunches of walls that were the foothills of the Andes. Once in a while, a tailored strip struck through the sand like a green snake, some river valley running to the sea. The trick was to distinguish one green river from another. It made me laugh to think the way things were back home in Brooklyn.

"To think it's Mrs. Durham's little boy," I thought. "I've certainly gone a ways." And then I sighed, because I knew that Ma would miss me at Thanksgiving.

IT WAS high noon by now, and we were nearly on a line with Cooper's Mine, that lay a flying hour back inside the hills. I'd been back there with Sam some weeks ago, and in a day or two we'd probably go again to bring down gold. We did it every month. It's quite a tricky place to find, because the hills go on unfurling ridge by ridge, and each ridge looks the same. No trees. No bush. No houses. I guess Sam smells his way in. He did the pioneer work there, before old Cooper cleared the dried-up lake bed for a field. It is 12,000 feet and when you put her down you roll and roll and roll and it seems like you'll never stop at all. It's sixty days to go there on the hoof and sixty minutes in a plane, and either way the world is just a memory like last month's pay check.

I knew that Cooper's Gap, by which you get to Cooper's Mine, was on a little bit. Sam pushed the wheel at me and yelled: "I'm starving!"

HE TOOK some sandwiches, as thick as books, out of his box and started chewing. You'd certainly have said he hadn't seen a bit of food since spring. I felt the weight shift in the tail and automatically I noted "Wash Room," while I eased the nose down just a little bit to keep her balanced. She didn't balance, though. The weight was off again, nose-heavy. I turned my head. Just then the office door into the cabin opened.

No. 10 and No. 12 were standing there, both smiling, 10 with a sawed-off shotgun in his hands and 12 with fingers wrapped around a nasty little snub-nosed, blue-black job. I could see No. 7, looming up behind them, but I couldn't see enough of him to notice if he had a gun. I just took that for granted.

No. 10 rested the muzzle of his shotgun on my shoulder. It was cold and nasty underneath my ear and I could feel the goose-flesh push up through my skin. No. 12 had got his gun on Sam.

"Cooper's Mine," yelled No. 10. "Go quickly, pliz." He had a putrid accent but the words were clear. "Kip still!" This was to Sam. I saw Sam from the corner of one eye. His face was like a beet that had been roughly handled. What he was trying to do was speak and swallow at one time, with half a sandwich stuck inside his gullet.

"What's the idea?" Sam began to splutter. "What's the big idea?"

"Cooper's Mine," yelled No. 10 again. He leaned his glossy, saddle-colored face toward me. The muzzle gave a jab against my neck and I thought, Well, if that goes off, there won't be any head left.

"I never heard of it," I screamed. "I never heard of Cooper's Mine. Me, I'm from Brooklyn. I'm a stranger here." I kept right on my course.

No. 10 was smiling.

"Captain Balch," he yelled, "you fly, pliz. Cooper's Mine."

"LISTEN," Sam said. He'd got his voice back and it sounded like a bull sounds with the *banderillas* in him. "Listen, you guys. I got a dinner date in Lima. Thanksgiving and I got a date. Some other time."

"Ten seconds," No. 10 yelled back. "Then I keel him."

"Mrs. Durham's little boy," I thought, "looks like he's going places." The sweat was running in my eyes and blurring up the view, but I knew Cooper's Gap was overshot.

"Don't mind him, Sam," I screamed. "Keep going. Just keep going. You've got them cold. Don't think of me."

That was my moment. And maybe you think I didn't feel heroic!

Then Sam grabbed the wheel.

"Thinking of *you*," Sam roared, "I'm thinking of my dinner. Me, I'm starving."

He swung the big ship round. He headed straight for Cooper's Gap.

"Listen, you guys," Sam yelled, "I'll drop you down in Cooper's Mine. But we ain't staying. We got a date in Lima."

"Cooper's Mine, pliz," No. 10 said. He was still smiling. His hand came out and searched us for a weapon. He didn't find one. Professors didn't call for the artillery. There was a gun inside the flap beside the fire extinguisher, but naturally I didn't mention that.

It was an hour's ride over the hills, and every minute of that hour I tried

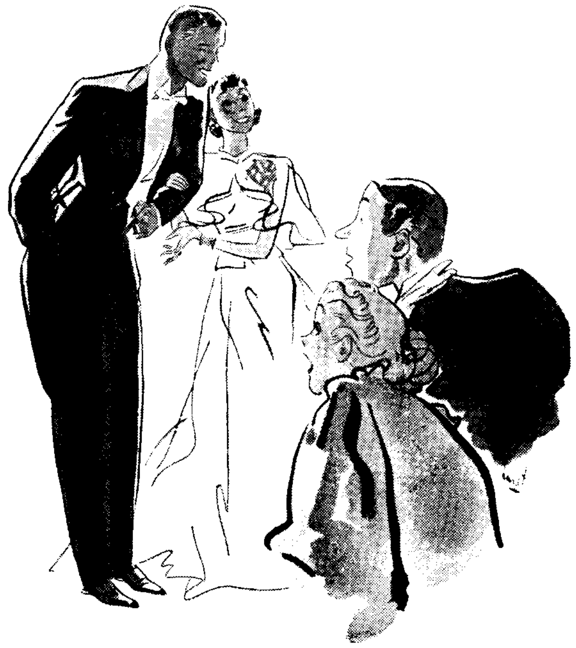
(Continued on page 51)

The next time the milkman approaches your house at four A. M. with all the stealth of an epileptic horse, contain yourself. The honest lad may be in love. We give you Dan Canavan and his Little Apple, Toodles

Life Begins at Dawn

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



When I introduce you, it will goof them

(Monday, January 11)

BODINE FARMS: Are you the same man or the new man? Because if you are the same man my husband called your office and complained about you and they said they would make a change. My husband is very fond of fresh boiled eggs, and your Select Mixed are getting something frightful, so they float, and besides if I can't get my deliveries on time I will make a change to Schnugg & Grady Dairy Co. My husband is not sleeping so awfully well, because he is in politics and a little nervous with excitement over the town election, and he likes to get up some mornings and make his own breakfast, and I must have my deliveries by 5 o'clock positive.

Mrs. Bewley: I am the new man. I do not understand how the old man was always late, unless because our business is growing like wildfire, and it will not occur again except for maybe the first few mornings when I am getting acquainted. I do not understand how you got an inferior egg, but once in a while an egg or so might slip by against every precaution of Modern Dairy Science. I sincerely promise it will never happen again, unless at this special season of the year, and I faithfully promise Bodine Farms Service and that means Plus. I am leaving your regular order of 1 Qt. A Milk and 1 Doz. Select Mixed; also 1 Doz. our Superba Whites to make up for the egg that might have offended.

(Tuesday, January 12)

Hello, Big B & E Man! What are you trying to put over on mamma? Lis-sen, big boy. You are the same fellow as always because I watched you out my window many's the morning, and I watched this morning because mamma said she got you fired. That's my window over the back porch. What's your name? I like your profile. Give a look up tomorrow morning so I can see your eyes. But lis-sen, big boy, you'll get a glass of water if you get fresh. Write Hello on this and put with the bottle.

Hello, you up there. Dan Canavan. What's yours? Light the light tomorrow morning.

(Wednesday, January 13)

Big B & E Man: Toodles is mine but not so hot. Yes, I will give you a peek. See me and make me up a nice name? Be brave and don't pass out. But no talkie! Papa is not sleeping so good and he gets up. Have to see me, do you? I bet all the potwallopers try to make you.

Hello, Morning Star! That was a stingy look. I'll tie a letter to the bottle tomorrow morning. Write me one too, you little red apple, and put in the bottle. Don't forget and not wake up.

Did we shell him! Till some ladies came out

(Thursday, January 14)

Milkman: What's the big idea of rattling the bottles like you done this morning when I am not sleeping so good already? Mamma told me to call your office and have you bounced off that wagon and I said I would, but I would not take a man's lifelihood. Now I will. Your Eggs are lousy too.

(signed) Jake Bewley.

Mr. Bewley: I am very sorry I disturbed you and it would not happen again. And thanks for not getting me bounced. Thanks a lot. I am very sorry if the eggs offend, and I will try and get you some very special ones next trip out. Some Extra Superba Whites.

Big B & E Man: Well, what's the verdict? I saw you laughing down there. I bet I was funny. I forgot I was setting a wave and I hopped up when I heard the bottles and I must have been a sight. In case you couldn't see me so good with the light behind me, I am a vivacious brunette, black eyes, black hair. Seventeen past, last year High. They do rumor, *entre nous,* that the Bewley child has heavenly props (legs to you) but I wouldn't know about that. Fond of light wines and heavy dancing. What's yours? Are you a bachelor or look I for another? Lis-sen, if there is a Mrs. Canavan! Otherwise I will be in Mead's drugstore eight o'clock Sunday night in a wine velours hat, off the face, dipped and a cerise feather. Sunday, January 17th. Fresh out of dates until. Make it? Don't wear your white coat.

(Friday, January 15)

Hello, Morning Star! I got your sweet note. That was a break. Because your pa put a note in the bottle too. He must have thought yours was just the order. I had to answer him first, so didn't put this in until today. Will I be in Mead's Sunday night? In droves. Absolutely there is a Mrs. Canavan. But about her big boy Dan. Yes, he is a bachelor, a Bachelor of Architecture too.

Yes, I am an Architect by rights and that is my regular Profession, though I do not work at it yet, there being no Architecture and building much around here. I got my Architect's Diploma last June from the famous Shamokin Correspondence College, equal to any College in the world. Did you catch our Commencement over radio? It was in the Shamokin Post Office and you must have heard our Prexy call my name, come louder and put my diploma in the mails. Did you? So I am just holding down this punk route till I get something in my regular Profession, but people don't seem to want to live in houses much these times. I can't imagine what my Profession is coming to, with people not wanting houses.

In case you could make that a little earlier—early to bed and early to rise is Yours with love and kisses—I will be in Mead's from six on. So, heart, pipe down, until Sun. Jan. 17th. (signed) Dan Canavan, B. A.

(Saturday, January 16)

Big B & E Man: I'll try and make it Six. I suppose now you want to hear about my funny family. There is I and my sister Lu and papa and mamma. Just now we are all in a state of Civil War, like the ressurection in Spain, over an Agitator to be in town soon. Papa is the big boss man in Politics in this burg, I guess you know, and he is up in arms about the Woman's Club inviting an infernal Agitator to speak before them a week from today. Papa says they are a shame and disgrace to the Nation to encourage an Agitator to come and stir up ignorant people. Papa means his side; he would not care if the Agitator stirred up the other side, but the Agitator is more against papa. Papa got mamma obstinate and she is sticking up for her Club and boosting for the Agitator, and mamma got papa obstinate and he says he will run the infernal Agitator out of town. So it is Civil War, how stupid.

I am thrilled to the bone. About you being really an Architect and not really a milkman at all. Though I must have had a hunch as I certainly would never let a mere milkman try to make me the way I let you try to make me. I know I am a snob.

I have just rung Chubby Harris and broke it off with him for Sunday night and borrowed Flissie—that is Chubby's car. I had Chubby on ice for Sunday, and he is a Phi Sig and a college man like you and quite dizzy about me, so you see you have competition, the life of trade. We'll need the car for after, to get away from it all. That is, if I still like you.

They have a collossal 5-course dinner in Tony's Old Tyme Tavern for 55 cents and a grand orchestra in the Terrace Room. Lu, my big sister, will be there with Ully Schmitt, her property, and when I walk you in an intriduce you as an Architect it will goof them. Don't wear your white coat. I will have a funny story ready, and you have one too, to spring for a laugh if they ask too many questions we can't answer. Or we will jump up and dance, hey, big boy?

Good Morning Star: Swell. White coat, nothing! It will be a white tie and tails if Levy can fit me. I am pretty big, and if there's any very swell function on for that night, particularly for mechanics, Levy's big suits are liable to be all out, as mechanics are liable to be pretty big.

I was hotted up about politics too, the last election being my first vote, and who cares now? Unless some lousy politician. Pardon me, I do not mean like your pa, understand. He is swell . . . I don't see you up there. I will try and wake you up a little.

(Sunday, January 17)

Milkman: Did I tell you once about rattling them bottles? All the good it did, you rattled them this morning worse. And if you got such a bad cough you got to cough till you wake up the whole house, take something. Take poison. (signed) Jake Bewley.

Mr. Bewley: Yes, I have a very bad cough, thank you, but I will get some cough drops after this. And try not to rattle. It is a racking cough and shakes me up. You might notice I only rattle when I cough. Thanks, Mr. Bewley. Thank you very kindly.

(Monday, January 18)

Hello, my Morning Star! But why is there no sweet note for me in the bottle this morning? Did my little red apple have a nice long sleepie this morning and not wake up when I rattled? Lean out the window tomorrow morning.

(Tuesday, January 19)

Milkman: Getting brash with me, are you? Any more such bright remarks and I will lean out the window one of these mornings and raise a red apple on your head with an alarm clock. And give you a nice long sleepie. You drunken driver. Or else you're whacky. I will ring your office and have you bounced off that wagon. Get bright, will you? Did I tell you about them bottles and coughing? You woke me up on the other side of the house and if I only got down in time I would have jumped down your throat. How can my little girl sleep right over you?
(signed) Jake Bewley.

Mr. Bewley: I am very sorry about you coming down and finding that note, as it was not meant for you, honest. I had it written out for a girl I knew on the route, but seeing your house and wanting to give you Bodine Farms Service got me nervous and I attached the note to your bottle. I was also upset thinking about an Infernal Agitator that is coming to town Saturday, January 23d. I can't help what you might think, but I think it is a shame and disgrace to the nation, and not only politicians but everybody ought to paste him. Excuse it this time, Mr. Bewley, please. Thanks.

(Wednesday, January 20)

Morning Star: Was my little apple surprised when she answered the phone this morning and it was her big B & E Man? I could not say much, not knowing who might be on the line, except to tell you I would leave the bottle around the corner of the house after this when it had something on it for you, so you will know where to look if the bottle is missing and be sure and get first crack.

Because your pa got first crack at the bottle on the back porch Monday morning, and I had a note on it for you, and did it slay him. He thought I was making free with him. So after this if the bottle is not on the porch, that means something for my little apple and look around the corner.

Well, my little apple, I have been thinking of you, you and you since Sunday night. And about up the road after in the car; was my little apple sweet! Your big sister Lu is a swell number too. How did she like the Architect? You got to hand it to Levy; two dollars for shirt, collar, tie and tails is some value.

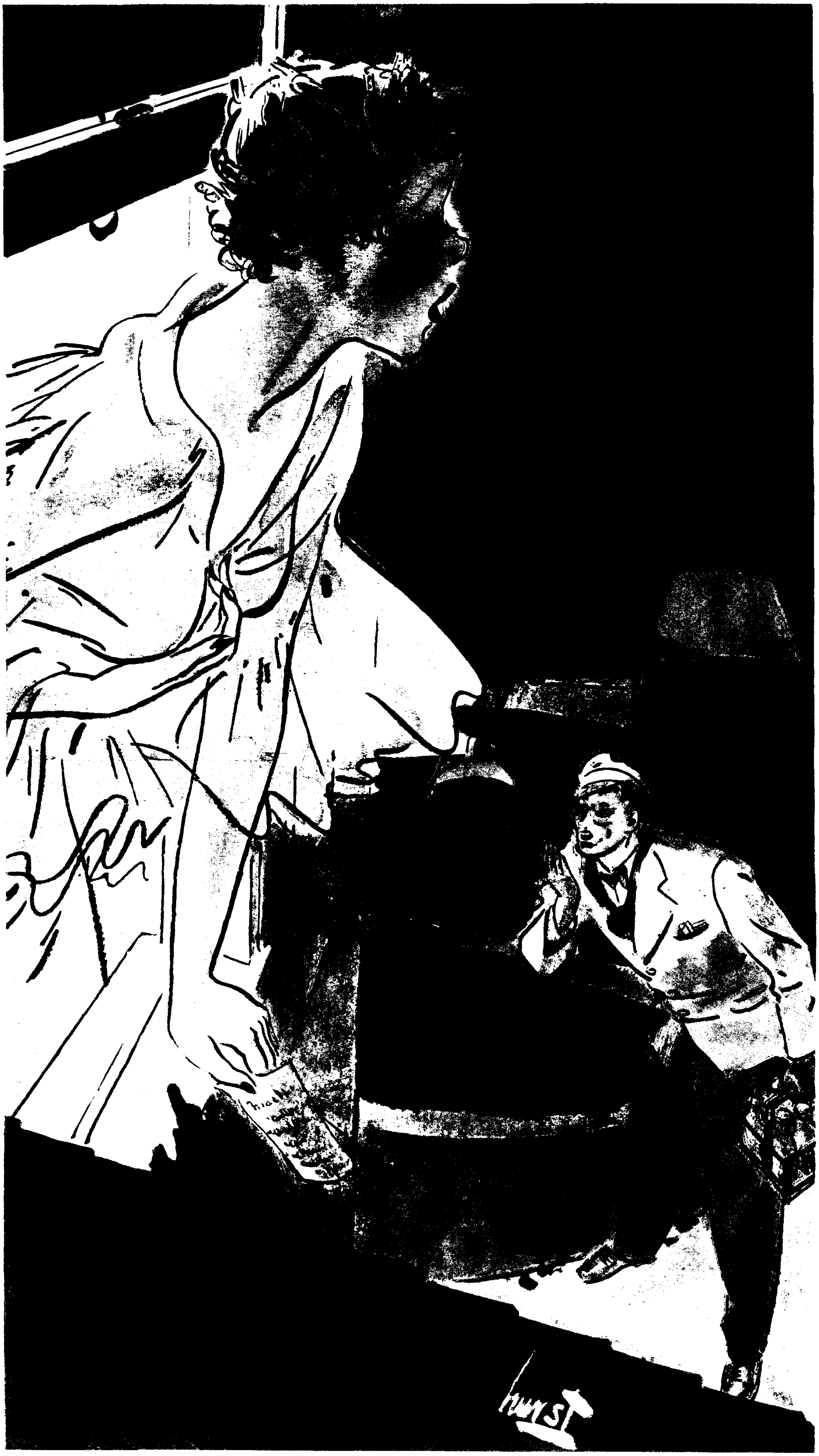
I thought there might be something stirring in my regular Profession last week. But alas.

I answered an ad for six draftsmen—that is a kind of Architect—skilled in small residence design, and I heard from the guy yesterday and he wanted me to come out to Gary for a personal interview and bring my Architect's Diploma. Well, that would be two bucks to and from and then the punk would take my name and let me know, and I will rather save the two bucks and give it again to Levy. I have had plenty personal interviews, and the guy only takes your name and says he will let you know, even when you got a Diploma as a Bachelor of Architecture, so I will let personal interviews slide till it is somewhere I can go and come for a dime. Hey, little apple?

But I have a grand idea for your pa. This will be good if it works!

I stopped at a customer's yesterday who is away for the winter and I picked up 1 Doz. Superba Whites that I left there last Thanksgiving because the customer is howling on the bill and claiming he did not get that 1 Doz. Eggs. Well, I am taking it on the chin for that 1 Doz. Eggs myself, and I will come around and deliver them to your pa at a personal interview Saturday evening after your supper and see can we be friends. Keep it open. Keep the door open

(Continued on page 41)



I saw you laughing down there. I bet I was funny. I was setting a wave and I must have been a sight

I Love You Again

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

JASON ROUNTREE, returning to New York after a Caribbean cruise on the S. S. Atlantis, falls overboard one night and is saved by a fellow passenger, Larry Wilson, who leaps boldly into the water and swims to his aid.

When Wilson (who is knocked unconscious by an oar) recovers, he does not remember the episode. Nor can he remember anything that has happened to him since 1928. And it is now 1936!

In his stateroom are letters bearing the postmark of a Southern town: Habersham. They are addressed to Larry Wilson (not George Carey, which was his name eight years before). Signed "Kay," they are very obviously from—*his wife!* On his dresser is the photograph of a beautiful girl. Kay? He is not certain.

So George Carey (now Larry Wilson) is confronted with a serious problem. For he realizes that it would be dangerous to tell his true story until such time as he is certain concerning his actions just prior to his shift in personalities. He does, however, take Rountree into his confidence.

As the events previous to his becoming Larry Wilson become clear to him, Carey remembers a startling and alarming fact: Just before he was struck by amnesia, he was carrying a pay roll of $25,000. What has become of the pay roll? What shall he do about Kay?

Rountree advises him to remain in New York while he investigates Larry Wilson's status in Habersham. Carey agrees. But then he receives a radiogram. "Duncan in desperate need of you," it reads. "I shall meet the ship in New York. All my love. Kay."

II

THE S. S. Atlantis left quarantine at eight o'clock and nosed up the bay through a chilly March haze. Passengers who, only two days since, had been frolicking on the broad decks in scanty bathing suits now appeared in furs and overcoats. They greeted one another with awkward formality, knowing instinctively that this was the beginning of the end—that already pledges of lifelong friendship were being forgotten; that in reality the cruise was only a pleasant—perhaps even memorable—interlude. Their own little world was merging into a larger and more important world; the relatives and friends who crowded the pier far up the North River were closer than any of these persons whom they had known for a brief eighteen days.

Larry Wilson left the office of the ship's surgeon. There was a great deal of adhesive tape on his fine, high forehead, but, startling as it seemed, it was less noticeable than the bandages which had swathed him until that morning. Garbed in well-tailored loose-fitting gray tweeds, he looked taller than he really was; his shoulders seemed broader.

His appearance on deck was the signal for numerous solicitous inquiries. People whom he was supposed to know but could not remember stopped him and shook his hand and patted him on the shoulder. They said, "Hi, Larry. How's our hero this morning?" They said, "Feeling better, old man?" They said, "We've been inquiring about you—ever since that night." They said, "Did we miss you! Honestly, the ship didn't seem the same after you passed out of the picture. . . ."

It was his first contact with the world in his new identity: in the identity which had been his for eight years but of which he knew nothing. His head was clear now. It no longer ached. For two days he had lain in bed thinking and thinking . . . and bit by bit he had pieced together all of the facts pertaining to his real self. He remembered all about George Carey: who he was and what he had done. Funny thing: It seemed like yesterday. This must be 1928; he must be twenty-two years old. And his clothes . . . he looked down at them and grinned: They belonged to another man. He couldn't rid himself of that feeling.

He had been doing other thinking, too. Desperate thinking. His thoughts had dwelt upon the woman who was waiting for him on the pier. He had looked often at the photograph on the dresser until every line of her face, every tendril of hair, had become familiar to him. Of course he knew that it might not be Kay; but sheer logic indicated that it was. She looked splendid, and her eyes had been following him about the room for two days as though to invite his trust. He experienced a guilty excitement and a sense of adventure which, however, was subordinate to his apprehension. He was afraid of the ordeal immediately ahead—fearful of meeting the woman who was a stranger to him but to whom he was not a stranger.

That was the thing which appalled him. He had heard of many cases where men and women who had not previously known one another had entered into marriage. But he was not doing that. He was about to meet a woman who already was his wife, a woman who had been his wife for almost two years—a woman who did not know, and could not be told, that she was not actually his wife.

HE HAD argued that point with Jason Rountree. It had been difficult, because Larry had a natural reticence about discussing so personal a matter. His wife was a stranger, but she was his wife, and there were topics which had to be skirted if one's sense of the esthetic was not to be offended. Jason, however, had been insistent. He begged and pleaded with Larry to adhere to his original course, to mark time until he could learn something about himself, and more about the situation which George Carey's disappearance—eight years before—had created. "A few days or a few weeks won't—will not—make any difference," argued Jason logically. "And just because you're honorable is no reason why you should be foolish."

Larry had considered every phase of the forthcoming meeting with Kay. From her letters—even from her wireless message—he had gathered that she possessed a sense of humor, and he had selected lightness as his armor. Keep things on a gay plane: That was his chief hope. Laugh about himself—treat his exploit as a joke. Parry her thrusts with smiles and badinage. It was the only course open, he reflected; and confessed that it would be difficult.

Long, strong fingers touched the adhesive on his forehead and he winced when the wound throbbed. That was his best alibi: His injury, nerve shock, recurrent headaches. . . . He squared his shoulders and walked forward, smiling away solicitous inquiries, greeting everybody with easy friendliness; saying little but saying it pleasantly. One or two persons looked after him when he had passed . . . and shook their heads. Nice chap, that Larry Wilson . . . but he was acting queerly this morning. Had he forgotten what happened in Martinique or Trinidad or Caracas? It was just a hint—the faintest imperceptible suggestion—but Larry was conscious of it. He told himself, "Watch your step, Mr. Wilson. Watch it every minute. One word can trip you."

Jason Rountree detached himself from the crowd on the observation deck. He looked shorter and more angelic in a tan camel's-hair overcoat which was belted around his ample waist, and his pink cheeks glowed from under a tan felt hat. The gold-rimmed glasses were on the bridge of his nose, bravely flaunting the black grosgrain ribbon which was Mr. Rountree's ultimate pride. Jason approached Larry with firm, short steps, and beamed at his young friend.

"YOU look swell," he exclaimed enthusiastically.

Larry smiled. "I'm feeling better."

"Scared?"

"Terrified."

"Can't say I blame you." Jason linked his arm through Larry's. "Let's walk. I've been thinking . . ."

"Jason, I've thought so much I'm looping."

"Natural. Very natural. Have you got any hunches yet?"

"About what?"

"This Duncan who was mentioned in your wife's wireless?"

"Not a hunch. The name simply doesn't register."

"It isn't such a grand name anyway.

I know lots of better ones." Jason was serious. "Last night I got an idea."

"What?"

"Suppose you have a son. And suppose he's named Duncan."

"Why should he be named that?"

"Don't know. Wish I did. Maybe her old man—her father—is named Duncan." Jason laughed shortly. "Think of being a father and not knowing it."

"If it's all the same to you, Jason—I'd rather not."

The great hull of the Atlantis ceased to vibrate. Four impertinent little tugs nuzzled against her. Excited travelers crowded the forward part of the promenade deck and waved frantically. The haze was lifting and morning sunshine was dispelling the March chill. Larry said, "I'll walk to the guillotine with my head up, Jason."

"Guillotine?" Mr. Rountree racked his brain. "I read a book once about that. In France, wasn't it?"

Larry smiled. "You've read a lot."

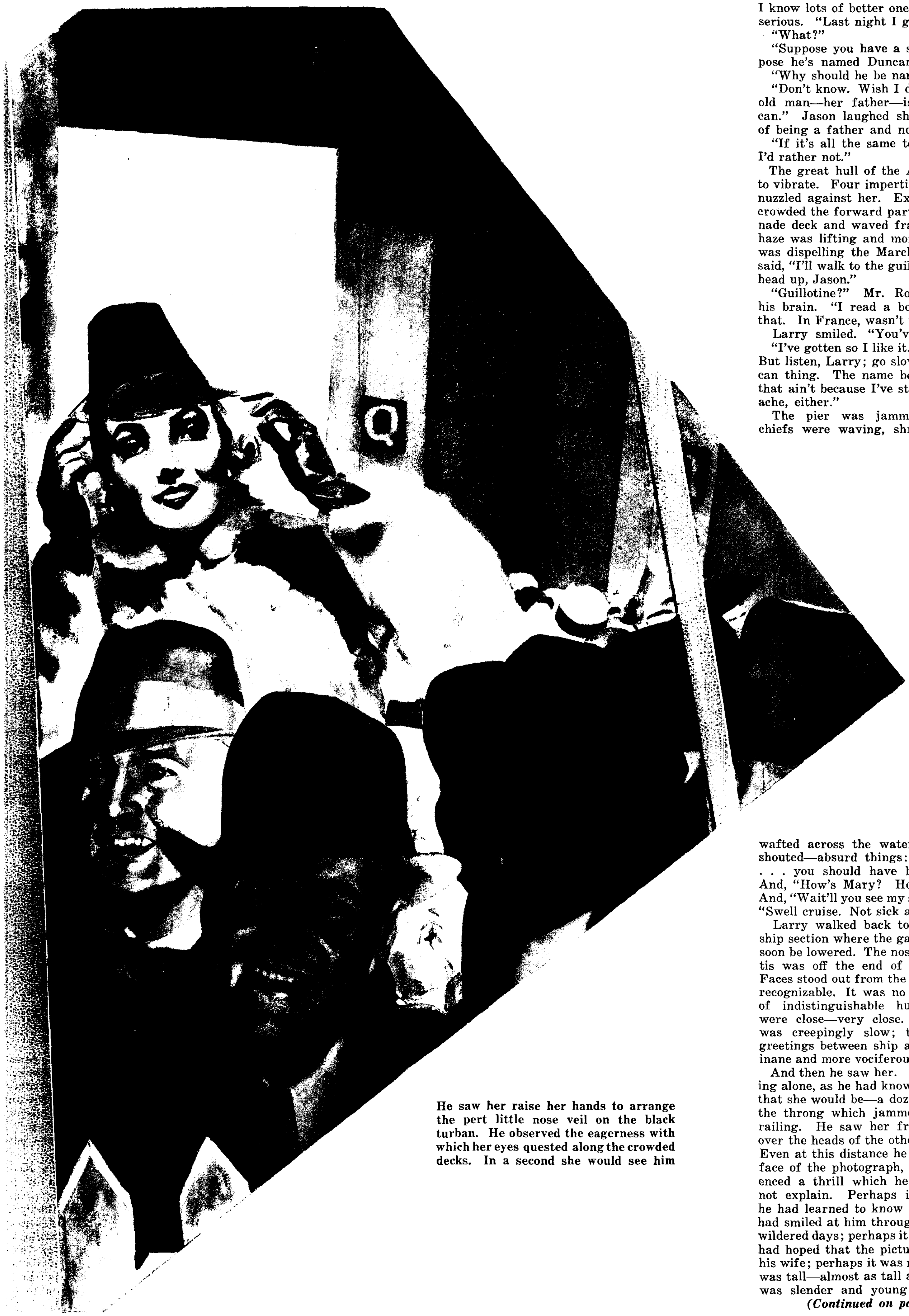
"I've gotten so I like it. Honest, I do. But listen, Larry; go slow on this Duncan thing. The name bothers me, and that ain't because I've still got a toothache, either."

The pier was jammed. Handkerchiefs were waving, shrill cries were wafted across the water. Passengers shouted—absurd things: "Hey, Morris . . . you should have been with us." And, "How's Mary? How's the pup?" And, "Wait'll you see my sunburn." And, "Swell cruise. Not sick a minute."

Larry walked back toward the midship section where the gangplank would soon be lowered. The nose of the Atlantis was off the end of the dock now. Faces stood out from the crowd; became recognizable. It was no longer a mass of indistinguishable humanity. They were close—very close. The progress was creepingly slow; the bedlam of greetings between ship and shore more inane and more vociferous.

And then he saw her. She was standing alone, as he had known instinctively that she would be—a dozen feet back of the throng which jammed against the railing. He saw her from the deck—over the heads of the others on the pier. Even at this distance he recognized the face of the photograph, and he experienced a thrill which he himself could not explain. Perhaps it was because he had learned to know the face which had smiled at him through two long bewildered days; perhaps it was because he had hoped that the picture was that of his wife; perhaps it was merely that she was tall—almost as tall as he—that she was slender and young and beautiful

(Continued on page 62)



He saw her raise her hands to arrange the pert little nose veil on the black turban. He observed the eagerness with which her eyes quested along the crowded decks. In a second she would see him

School's Out

By George Armstrong

Miss Olivia de Havilland set out to be a schoolmarm, but Hollywood got her instead. To date she has expressed no regrets

ON THE ninth day of screening the water scenes for The Charge of the Light Brigade, Olivia de Havilland was knocked out of the boat again. This was five hundred and thirteen times she had been knocked out of the boat but the scene was heightened on this occasion by a smack on the head from the sword of Errol Flynn. The lady therefore not only fell out of the boat but showed signs of staying down. Mr. Flynn ceased belaboring the Hawaiian who was posing as a Hindu and started grappling for his leading lady. After delving into the mud at the bottom of the morass, he lugged her to the surface and began pleading with her to come back from the beyond.

"Olivia!" he howled in a voice that could be heard in the mountains. "Look at me! Look at me!"

Olivia did.

"Are you hurt?" he cried.

"No," said Olivia, "but I'm disgusted."

For, truly, this was not the world of the cinema Olivia had dreamed about in high school. That world was made up of glamorous gentlemen and lovely ladies meandering around in a setting which looked like the county courthouse . . . ladies descending long staircases, gents bowing over hands, great actors tearing their hearts out in great roles. All she had found at Lake Sherwood was a body of water so muddied up by the milling employees that they had to scrape the scum off the surface every morning so that the audiences wouldn't think the scenes were being played on a body of chocolate pudding.

The de Havilland girl never thought much about the movies, as a matter of fact—never felt that she had any chance to act in them. In her school days at Saratoga, California, and her high-school days in Los Gatos, she was aiming at a different career.

"I thought teaching school would be about my speed," says Olivia, and had a scholarship to Mills College all nicely won when the movie thing struck her. With the exception of six months spent at the Notre Dame Convent at Belmont, California, she had been sticking around home and doing the usual school-show thing. The summer before she was to leave for Mills College, Dorothea Johnston of Saratoga decided that the town shouldn't be allowed to avoid Shakespeare and forthwith launched a production of A Midsummer Night's Dream which had Olivia hopping over bushes and climbing trees in the role of Puck.

"Everything like Mickey Rooney but the noises," says Olivia.

As a result of this performance Max Reinhardt went right on with his life as if nothing had happened. The press agents would have you believe that the master dropped everything and began snooping around the woods at Saratoga, but investigation makes it clear that the master had never heard of Saratoga, had never heard of Olivia de Havilland and was not entirely certain about

(Continued on page 29)

Meet Plymouth's "Ladies' Man"

WE CALL HIM Plymouth's "Ladies' Man" because his sharp eyes and careful, skilled hands heck up on all the interior details of new Plymouth ars . . . those details which feminine eyes will be the irst to appreciate.

As each big, all-steel body is completed, inspectors go over the whole new Safety Interior.

The handsome instrument panel . . . all door-pulls and window-lift handles . . . designed for safety . . . e inspected not only for looks, but for smooth operation. Every inch of the deep upholstering is gone over . . . "head-lining" . . . curtains . . . carpets.

And if the car were being delivered to a queen, his final inspection could not be more critically areful. That is why your new Plymouth is not only uxuriously comfortable but beautiful, too . . . and will continue to stay beautiful for a long, long time.

All through the building of a Plymouth there is equally careful workmanship . . . equally searching inspection. On the scientific sound-proofing . . . the rubber body mountings and airplane-type shock-absorbers that keep bumps and vibration away from you . . . the steering mechanism that is so easy on a woman's hands and arms.

As a matter of fact, *every one* of Plymouth's skilled workers is really a "ladies' man." Because they build into Plymouth cars the comfort, safety and *value*...that women appreciate. The style and beauty . . . of which every woman is proud.

And every year, more and more women...and men . . . learn that it's truly a great car . . . built to last! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

EASY TO BUY

Today, you'll find Plymouth is priced right down with the lowest . . . and offers convenient payment terms. You can buy a beautiful, big new Plymouth for as low as $25 a month. The Commercial Credit Company has made available—to Chrysler, DeSoto and Dodge dealers—terms which you will find fit your budget . . . and make it exceptionally easy to purchase . . . and enjoy . . . a new Plymouth *today*.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY WILL CONNELL

Vintage Year

We drank 60,000,000 gallons of wine last year, but Mr. Harry Caddow wants us to drink more — say about three gallons each, annually. That's little enough, he maintains, compared to the Frenchman's forty-two gallons and the Italian's twenty-five. Here's what to expect

By Frank J. Taylor

PEERING into the crystal of the future, Mr. Harry Caddow could see nothing but Bacchus reigning over the flowing bowl, and America a nation of jolly, healthy wine drinkers.

"If we didn't have to unwind a yard of red tape in order to sell a jug of wine in most states," began Mr. Caddow, reaching for his little book of facts, "we'd be a nation of wine drinkers today instead of tomorrow."

Mr. Caddow thumbed the pages of the book of facts.

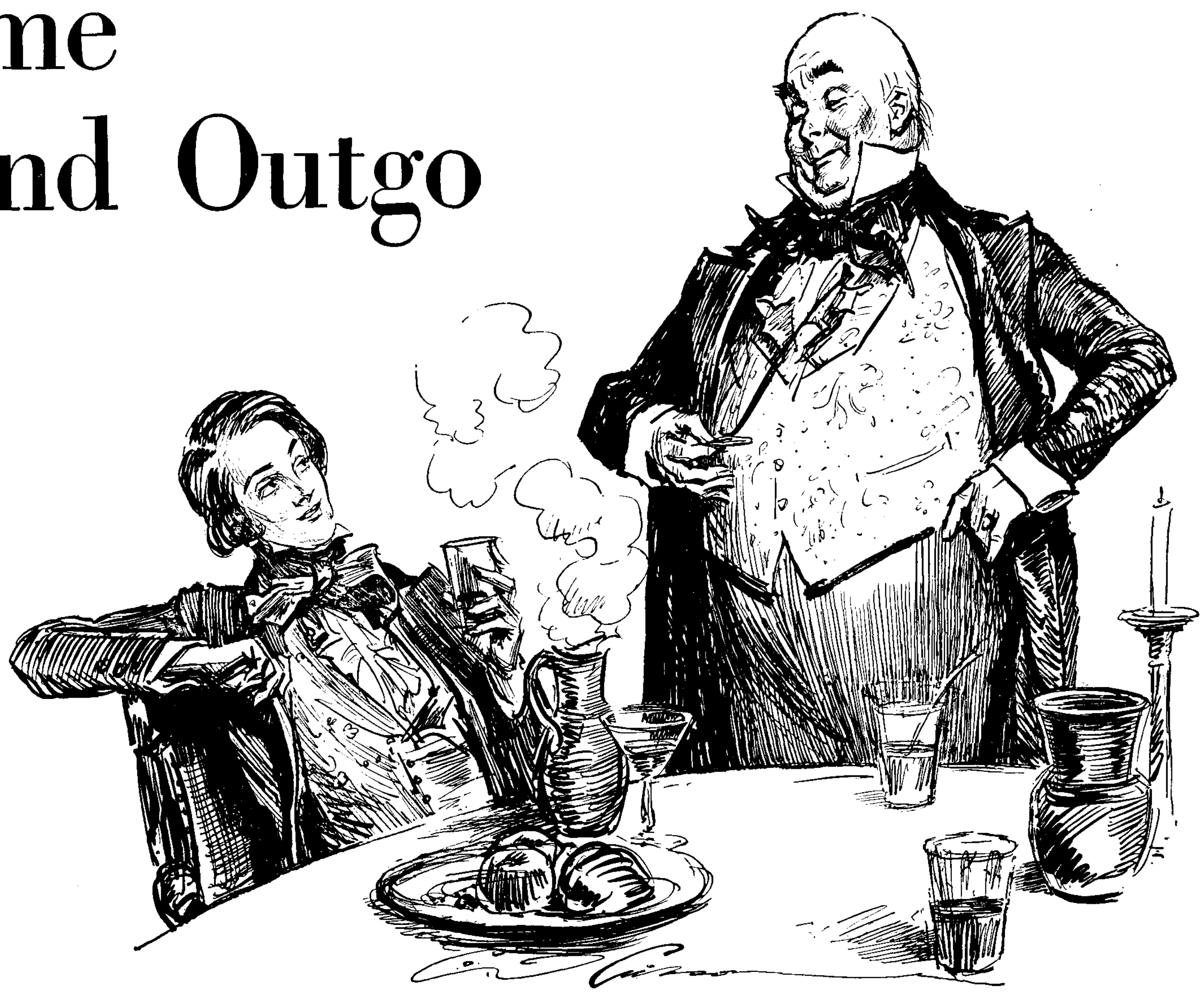
"Look at these government figures," he continued. "In 1935 Americans drank eighty per cent more wine than in 1934. The 1936 wine drinking was twenty per cent ahead of 1935, which exceeded the pre-prohibition peak. How's that for a comeback for wine?"

Not that Mr. Harry Caddow is an unbiased judge of wine and wine drinking. In fact, as manager of The Wine Institute, he is what you might call the outstanding apostle of Bacchus in this country. But his book of facts is filled with figures taken from the federal excise tax records, and they are gospel.

The Wine Institute is a co-operative whose membership comprises the wine makers who ferment about eighty-five per cent of the wine officially produced in the country—in other words, the wine made in the seven hundred wineries the Treasury has located and bonded for tax-collecting purposes.

The unofficial wine is that still made in the bathtubs and cellars and woodsheds of New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia and other big cities having a sizable population of southern European origin. Nobody knows for sure how much wine these home brewers make, but each year the vineyardists ship enough fresh wine grapes into the big cities to turn out 25,000,000 gallons

Income and Outgo



"My other piece of advice, Copperfield, you know. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure, nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery."
—Dickens' Micawber advising his young friend, David Copperfield.

WHAT happened to last month's salary? It went—but where did it go? If you want to keep a check on your expenditures, put next month's salary on a budget basis. A budget will tell you just where your money is going, *before it goes instead of afterwards.*

Planning ahead is the surest way of getting ahead—and getting the most out of your income should be an important part of your budget plans. You may find that by budgeting you can do things you never dreamed possible with your income.

Every budget should include life insurance. You can get the most out of this item in your budget through a carefully planned program that will protect your family and safeguard your old age. Then if anything happens to you, your life insurance will provide the backbone of your family's budget and take care of necessary items such as food, clothing, shelter and education.

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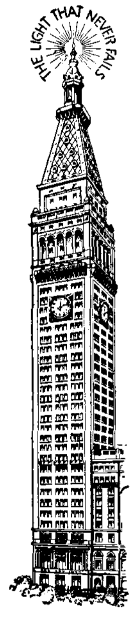
THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board **ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.** **LEROY A. LINCOLN, President**

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of home-vintage wine, the equivalent of almost half the total official vintage of the seven hundred bonded wineries last year.

Getting back to Mr. Caddow and his book of wine facts, he said that of the 60,000,000 gallons that trickled across American palates last year, about 54,000,000 came from grapes grown in California vineyards. Eastern American vineyards accounted for 4,000,000 gallons, and imported wines totaled 2,000,000 gallons.

Most of The Wine Institute's members are Californians, 654 of the officially bonded wineries of the country being in that state. A few New York, Ohio and Missouri wine outfits play ball with the Institute, but most of them don't, preferring the company of their own kind in the Eastern Wine Producers Association. There are certain fundamental differences between the two schools of wine makers that can't be reconciled apparently. To appreciate these differences, it may be necessary to delve a bit into wine lore.

Tempest in a Wine Glass

When a wine man speaks of American wines, for instance, he isn't talking about California wines at all. Insofar as the term "American" is applied to wines, California may as well be dropped from the Union. The reason is that the Californians, years ago, imported a lot of European-type grapevines which thrived in their new home, and so the Californians began producing European-type wines. The Eastern grape growers tried to do the same thing, but for some reason the European-type vines withered away when planted in the East and Middle West.

Whereupon the grape growers of New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Missouri and the Carolinas turned their efforts toward domesticating the native American wild grapes. The native grapes produced some new wine types, and Eastern wineries became known for wines that were tart, pungent, strong-bodied and heady.

The vintners and wine devotees who favored imported wines thought the Californians ought to originate new names for their wines, as most of the eastern wine producers had already done because "American" wines didn't resemble European wines anyway. The Californians retorted that "Port" and "Sauterne" and similar names were no longer geographic, but were type names by which people knew the various wines. Anyway, they thought that a half-century's use of a name gave them a claim to it.

To settle the quarrel, the federal government stepped in last spring and ruled that American vintners may use such well-established market names as Port, Sherry, Burgundy, Sauterne, Rhine, and so on, if the type name is prefixed with the place of origin of the wine, such as "New York Champagne" or "California Chianti." Hooking up an American geographic name with one from Europe may not make sense, but at least the wine buyer will know what he is getting if he reads the label on the bottle.

The foregoing is only a sample of the nightmares that the wine makers have been having ever since repeal.

Recently, during a very heated session, half a dozen wine men were trying to talk about the same thing at the same time in half a dozen languages. When the tempest reached the breaking point in this particular session, Mr. Caddow tossed in a brilliant idea.

"Gentlemen," he said, waving his arm at a table laden with wine bottles, "the unfinished business of the day is testing these wines."

Whereupon the storm subsided and in no time at all glasses were raised appraisingly to the light and there was deep inhaling and prolonged smacking.

These wine-testing festivals rate as one of the joys of the business. They are taken in great seriousness by the wine makers who learned a bitter lesson during the first year of repeal. When prohibition ended, most wineries had but a few thousand gallons of good wines left and many thousands of gallons of poor wines, the latter fit only to keep the vats moist. The good wine was sold in no time at all. Then some of the wine men, hard pressed for funds to buy more grapes to make more wine, filled orders with poor wines, forgetting that a whole generation of young Americans was tasting wine for the first time. Having tasted the poor wine, the younger generation went back to hard liquor. Before the wine men realized it, there had developed a tremendous prejudice against domestic wines. That, plus high prices brought about by the taxes, almost ruined the industry again.

When the wine men cried their marketing troubles into his ear, Mr. Caddow prevailed upon them to set up wine standards that the customer could recognize. In California the wine men persuaded the state health office to employ wine inspectors empowered to condemn any wine found to be substandard. Today all wine shipped to market from the state must pass tests for quality or be diverted into the brandy stills.

"Four dollars and eighty-six cents—and some fan mail" *Jay Irving*

Mistaken for Santa Claus

One of the interesting side lights on American life is the way each state went about it, after repeal, to make it easy for a citizen to enjoy a drink. Before the states got theirs, Uncle Sam moved in with a tax of twenty cents a gallon on fortified (sweet) wines, ten cents a gallon on natural (dry) wines and forty cents a gallon on grape brandy. This was supposed to be one of the easy ways to pay off the national debt. But as time went on, the debt became too big to pay anyway and Congress came to the conclusion that a tax on wine was after all a tax on food. So last spring the federal wine taxes were cut in half.

Whereas the federal tax men thought Bacchus was their new-found "angel," the state politicians mistook him for Santa Claus himself. In most of the states the taxes levied on wine were sufficient to drive the vintner out of his business and turn it over to the bootlegger. In the liberal states the tax on wine averaged about ten cents a gallon. In California, legislators held the tax down to two cents a gallon. Getting into the territory where the going was really tough, there was Ohio where they slapped a tax of one dollar on each gallon of wine sold—roughly, four times what the wine cost to produce in California. In Michigan, Pennsylvania, Iowa, Virginia and Indiana the tax was fifty cents a gallon. In Wisconsin, Missouri, Minnesota and Rhode Island, the average was about twenty-five cents.

Out of the Hard-Liquor Class

This casts some light on why the biggest wine-drinking state of all is California, where the per-capita use of wine is three and one-half gallons per person per year, or nearly ten times the average for the entire nation. In 1935 Californians drank 20,709,000 gallons of wine. New York came next with 7,391,000 gallons, but that was only a half-gallon per person per year. After that came New Jersey, which did away with 2,084,000 gallons, Illinois with 1,549,000 gallons, and Massachusetts with 1,049,000.

Even at the low rate of two cents a gallon, the California wine-tax returns soon outstripped those of all other states. This was an eye opener to revenue raisers, and other states began experimenting with tax reduction. In Ohio, the legislature cut the tax on wine from a dollar a gallon to seven cents on natural wines and ten cents on fortified stuff. The result was an immediate fourfold increase in sales, placing Ohio in the column of large wine consumers. Missouri had a similar experience when the taxes were reduced from twenty-five to two cents on the natural wines and ten cents on sweet wines.

When the wine makers began weeping about the forty-eight separate and distinct types of grief they encountered in the forty-eight states, Mr. Caddow evolved the theory that the wine people were having all this trouble because they had allowed their product to be classified with the hard liquor.

"Wine is a food," he declared. Whereupon he employed several convincing young men to go into the various states to point out, as Omar Khayyam did long ago, that a jug of wine was the natural complement to a loaf of bread. This was a very contagious notion and several states took wine out of the hard-liquor class and gave it a reduced tax rating.

To get an idea of what a complicated business the red-tape artists had made of the vintner's trade, I was urged by Mr. Caddow to listen to some of their troubles as told by Wine Institute members. He suggested that I talk to Jim Vai, head of the Padre Vineyard Company of Cucamonga, which happens to be bonded Winery Number One in the United States. Mr. Vai is one of the wine makers who managed to survive the prohibition era without closing up shop, a feat he accomplished by reason of his now forgotten "wine elixir of the padres." A shrewd operator, able to overcome almost any business obstacle, even prohibition, he rolled his eyes with a baffled look when the subject of wine regulations came up.

"In some states you go to jail unless you buy the stamps and affix them before the wine leaves your winery," he exclaimed. "In others you are arrested unless you wait until the wine enters the state where it is sold. Sometimes you put the stamps on the bottles, sometimes on the cases, and sometimes you send them along in the case and see that someone is there to open the cases and put the stamps on. It is all very confusing, and it costs money. How can we expect Americans to drink wine if we make it so hard to get?"

Mr. Harry Caddow's records show that the American taste is still predominantly for sweet fortified wines with their twenty per cent alcoholic content. In fact, the sweet wines outsell the dry wines about two to one. Prior to prohibition the ratio was just the opposite. It is the dream of wine men to change this taste as rapidly as possible. Already there is a swing to the natural wines in certain areas. New Orleans is known, for instance, as a dry-wine market and likewise as a red-wine market. California distinctly is a dry-wine market, and at the same time a white-wine market. In New York the swing is toward dry wines and, counting the millions of gallons of claret that New Yorkers squeeze from the thirteen thousand carloads of juice grapes shipped into the city every year, there is probably more dry wine than sweet wine consumed in the state. In the states such as Massachusetts, Illinois and Ohio the citizens still prefer sweet wines.

The Royal Road to Temperance

By casting his appraising eye over the vineyards of California, New York and Ohio, Mr. Caddow thinks he sees at least 50,000,000 gallons of wine from the last vintage season in spite of the short grape crop.

When one of these ardent devotees of Bacchus hits his stride, wine becomes something far more vital than a grand drink. It expands into a subject with a capital W. It is the royal road to temperance and happiness. This is a very teasing idea, and the only reason that more citizens don't accept it, you gather, is all this red tape they have wound around the distributing of wine. Waxing eloquent over the outlook, Mr. Harry Caddow became not only a disciple of Bacchus, but a prophet as well.

"In France, they use forty-two gallons of wine per capita a year," he declared. "In Italy, twenty-five gallons; in Spain, twenty-two gallons. Even the Argentines and the Chileans use twenty-one gallons a person, while in the United States, with the exception of California, we drink less than half a gallon apiece.

"We may never use wine as plentifully as these Latin nations, but it takes no stretch of the imagination to foresee the day when the whole country will equal the California consumption of three gallons per capita. When that time comes, our vineyards and wineries will have to produce 375,000,000 gallons of wine. Think of the tremendous agricultural and commercial benefits that will mean, quite aside from the health and social benefits to the country. Just as vineyards have spread over the hillside acres of France, Spain and Italy, the wine areas of this country will extend over the rolling areas of the Middle West, the Atlantic states and the hills and valleys of California, and they will teem with industry."

School's Out

Continued from page 24

California. What got her to Hollywood was the insistence of fond residents of Saratoga (among them Sara Bard Field and Charles Erskine Scott) that she go down and sit in on the rehearsals of the Reinhardt production of A Midsummer Night's Dream, which was to be played at the Hollywood Bowl.

"Just between us," says Miss de Havilland, "it sounded pretty silly to me. The only acting I had done was in school plays. What I really was good at was public speaking. I used to wind up and let go on Horatius at the Bridge but I didn't think Mr. Reinhardt was interested in elocution. But when people say you must, you generally do, and I went down to Hollywood with some letters and the hope that they would let me stand around. Instead of that Felix Weisberger, the casting director, asked me to read the part of Hermia, and the next thing I knew I was understudying Gloria Stuart."

The story from then on ran the normal course. Miss Stuart found that her movie contracts kept her from doing the part and Olivia stepped into the breach and was the usual success. She then got the usual screen test and had forgotten about it by the time the company was setting out for a series of engagements in the Middle West. She was on the train platform when Mr. Max Arnow came down with the papers to sign.

The making of the Shakespearean minor masterpiece will be long remembered in Hollywood circles. There was some confusion between Reinhardt, who spoke almost no English, Deterle, the associate director, who spoke in a quaint German-English dialect of his own invention, and various members of the film company staff who went about in a state of fear uttering strange animal noises. The cast was in a daze from the beginning.

"Go the window out," Deterle would scream, "and joomp down and up yet!"

His great trouble came from the little pixies. He rehearsed the youngsters of two and three for hours, trying to make them understand what Shakespeare meant to the screen industry and endeavoring to get a touch of abandon into their capers. At a point where the male members of the cast were prostrated with fatigue, Mr. Deterle made one final effort with the infants.

"Why dond't you do what I want!" he cried in agonized tones. "Vy dond't you do what I want! Vy dond't you act like you was a leetle *dronk?*"

Whatever the Boss Says

The picture eventually appeared and Miss de Havilland received such favorable recognition that she was immediately rewarded with a part in Alibi Ike. This is like rewarding an endurance flyer by giving him the chance to jump out of a sixteen-story window. If she was worried, Joe E. Brown was petrified.

"A Shakespeare lady," said Joe in panicky accents.

That was bad but things got worse when she followed Alibi Ike with The Irish in Us. James Cagney and Pat O'Brien went into a huddle over the matter, and then called her into conference.

"Now, listen, lady," said Jimmy persuasively, "you're a great actress. You're too good for this part. You ought to be playing—uh—George Bernard Shaw or something. If I were you, I'd kick."

She replied that she appreciated their admiration for her acting but since this was the only job she had and she hadn't had it very long and might never get another, she thought it best to do what the boss wanted her to do. They went ahead on this basis very agreeably and all conceded at the conclusion that they collectively were not worse than the picture, which was awful.

By the curious logic of Hollywood, she was so bad in The Irish in Us that they immediately cast her opposite Errol Flynn in Captain Blood, which had the stamp of success on it from the moment of the first camera turn.

She followed that with the lead part in Anthony Adverse opposite Fredric March, but her choice memories of Hollywood are tied up with Donald Crisp, who played the father in The Charge of the Light Brigade. In intervals between scenes Mr. Crisp would address her in serious tones.

Red Flannels Will Help

"Miss de Havilland," he would begin ponderously. "I have a question I should like to ask you: How often do you take a bath?"

"Oh, I don't know," Olivia would say, flustered and stalling for time. "Sometimes in the morning, sometimes at night . . ."

"As for me," continued Mr. Crisp, "I think once a month is ample. In the winter, of course, much less often. A good suit of red flannels. . . . I suppose you wear red flannels, Miss de Havilland? Fortified with red flannels, there is really no need of bathing. It is well also to sleep in them. I urge that strongly, Miss de Havilland. Sleep in them and avoid either warm or cold water and the night air and it will make all the difference in your career. It will even help your acting. . . . I think the director is trying to get your attention. . . ."

The young lady was born in Tokyo, where her father was a patent attorney representing English interests. Her mother studied at Sir Beerbohm Tree's Academy in London, read plays and was a dramatic coach. She had gone out to Tokyo to be with her brother, who taught at the University of Tokyo. For reasons of publicity, Olivia struggles in an attempt to believe she remembers something of Japan but since she left at the age of two and the records are positive on the point, she has finally given it up. For all practical purposes she is a native daughter of California.

She is five feet four, weighs 107 pounds, has reddish brown hair and brown eyes and uses very little make-up. She belongs to the new Hollywood group which drinks tomato juice instead of cocktails, doesn't smoke and is not seen every night at the Trocadero. She likes cold French lamb chops dipped in salt, but can't cook. She is a good swimmer, likes football games but not prize fights, and was once a field-hockey player. Her secret ambition is to write, but one experience frightened her so badly that she hasn't renewed her contact with the muse.

"I sent the manuscript by air mail and they sent it back by air mail," she says sadly. "It practically passed itself en route. It seems they didn't want it."

So for the time being she will go on acting in movies. She would like to try the stage but realizes that when you have once been a screen star you can't come back and play maid parts on Broadway.

"The whole world would find out that I couldn't act," she says, "and then one of those six-month periods would be up in Hollywood and I'd hang around waiting for the phone to ring and the phone wouldn't ring and I'd be back teaching school after all."

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
THE DISCOVERY OF TOBACCO
PHOOEY ON THIS WEATHER. I'D GIVE UP ANYTHING, EVEN MY PIPE, IF I COULD BE WARM AND CLOTHES-FREE LIKE THOSE SAVAGES COLUMBUS DISCOVERED
SURE — BUT WHY GIVE UP YOUR PIPE?
BECAUSE MY PIPE IS IMPORTANT TO ME — AND THOSE WEST INDIAN NATIVES DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT TOBACCO
THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG. THEY WERE SMOKING WHEN COLUMBUS DISCOVERED THEM
THAT OCTOBER MORN IN 1492, COLUMBUS WAS DUE FOR SOME SURPRISES -
ONE OF THE MOST CHERISHED OFFERINGS OF THE NATIVES WAS LEAF-TOBACCO, WELL DRIED AND READY FOR SMOKING
MOST OF THE NATIVES SMOKED BY MERELY INHALING THE FUMES, BUT SOME OF THEM HAD A LONG, HOLLOW TUBE WITH THE FORKED ENDS INSERTED IN THE NOSTRILS
WELL, COLUMBUS MAY HAVE DISCOVERED THIS INDIAN CUSTOM BUT PRINCE ALBERT BRINGS IT TO PERFECTION
YOU BET! IN ALL THE YEARS I'VE BEEN SMOKING P.A. IT HAS YET TO BITE MY TONGUE OR BURN TOO HOT FOR COOL ENJOYMENT

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PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.
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PRINCE ALBERT
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LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
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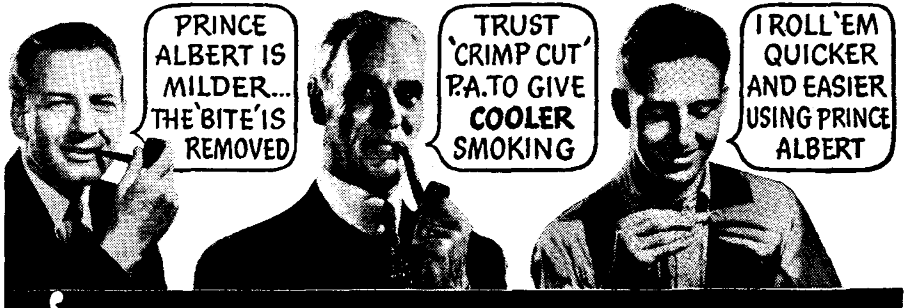
50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

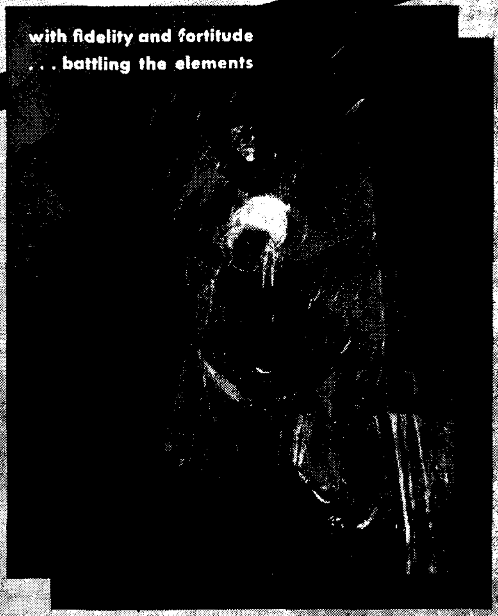

PRINCE ALBERT IS MILDER... THE 'BITE' IS REMOVED
TRUST 'CRIMP CUT' P.A. TO GIVE COOLER SMOKING
I ROLL 'EM QUICKER AND EASIER USING PRINCE ALBERT

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Fighting winter-

. . . keeping switches clear of snow and ice

. . . rotary plows hurl drifts off the tracks



with fidelity and fortitude . . . battling the elements

DO YOU KNOW

—that the railroads haul a ton of freight a mile for an average revenue of less than a cent?

—that the speed of freight trains has been stepped up 43% in recent years?

—that by increasing the efficiency of operation the railroads have cut fuel costs a half billion dollars in the past ten years?

—that 45 cents of every dollar the railroads take in go for railroad payrolls?

—that the railroads maintain their own "highways"—a quarter of a million miles of "line"?

—that 1,600,000 children are educated every year by the school taxes paid by the railroads?

—that railroad fares throughout the United States have been reduced as much as 44%, and that Pullman accommodations now cost one-third less than before?

—that you are far safer on a railroad train than you are in your own home?

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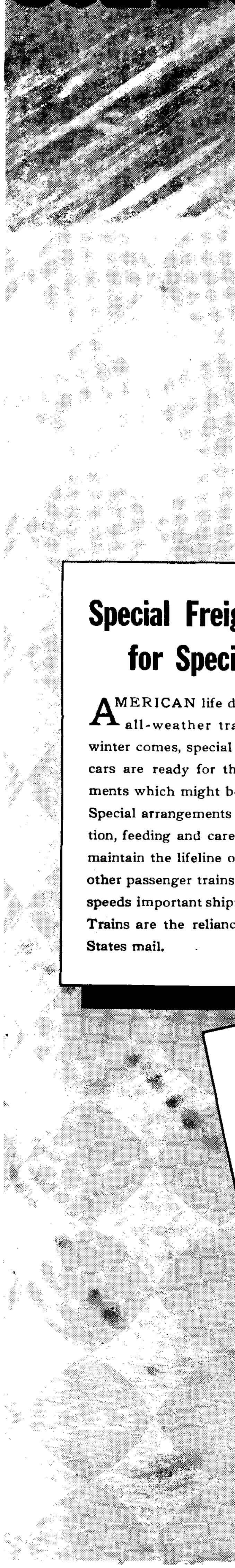

HOMES are warm, families are fed, factories keep running even in the dead of winter, because the American railroads *whatever the weather* see that the freight goes through!

These dependable carriers have a grave responsibility to meet, for countless communities vitally depend for food, fuel, industrial materials and medical attention upon the sure arrival of the trains.

And the way that railroad men buckle into the job—their resourcefulness, their fidelity and fortitude in overcoming every obstacle—constitutes one of the most dramatic peace-time battles of modern times.

Neither cost nor effort is spared. At the first storm warning, the biggest locomotives swing into action behind great rotaries, or steel-winged snow plows, to hurl drifts off the tracks that link every city and hamlet with sources of vital supplies.

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Sometimes the forces of nature temporarily prove too powerful even for the veteran skill and vast preparation of the railroads — but it is a proud boast of railroad men that their transportation is the last to quit and the first to resume in emergencies.

And exceptions are so rare that it is front page news any time conditions get so tough that trains can't win their way through.

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AMERICAN life depends upon all-year all-weather transportation. When winter comes, special insulated and heated cars are ready for those perishable shipments which might be injured by freezing. Special arrangements are made for protection, feeding and care of live stock. Trains maintain the lifeline of the milk supply. On other passenger trains the Railway Express speeds important shipments safely through. Trains are the reliance, too, of the United States mail.

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Along the tracks in mountainous country, the railroads maintain fences linked electrically with roadway signals, so that warning is given approaching trains when slides of snow or ice or rock even threaten to obstruct the tracks. This is one of countless scientific developments contributing to the safety, comfort or reliability of railroad transportation. More than a thousand research engineers, engaged on scores of projects, are constantly employed in American railroad and university laboratories. By their skilled and patient efforts—

PIONEERING STILL GOES ON!

SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

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ENERGY UNAFFECTED AFTER CROWNS. Records show no lessening of physical energy after normal drinking of Crown Whiskies in the case of V. C. Pohlmeyer, businessman, graduate of Michigan, member of the Seagram-sponsored Adirondack Research.

TAKE LIFE EASIER, AND
Keep in Trim

Exercise regularly, not just by spurts. Rest oftener—don't work "till you drop". Watch your diet . . If you drink, choose the form of whiskey that seems best for you, and use it prudently.

WHICH form of whiskey *is* best for you? Consider these facts:

Carefully kept records of a group of normal men after moderate drinking of Crown Whiskies showed no appreciable effects upon muscles, mind, sleep or appetite.

These results, obtained during 41 days of intensive work by a famous psychologist, should help you to choose the form of whiskey that is best for *you.* You will probably find that it is a fine *blended* whiskey such as Seagram's Five or Seven Crown Whiskey.

From the 5740 individual records in our files, it would seem most likely that rich-tasting Seagram's Crown Whiskies will be kind to *any* man who uses them moderately. Choose them at the bar. Serve them at home.

Seagram's Crown

BLENDED WHISKIES

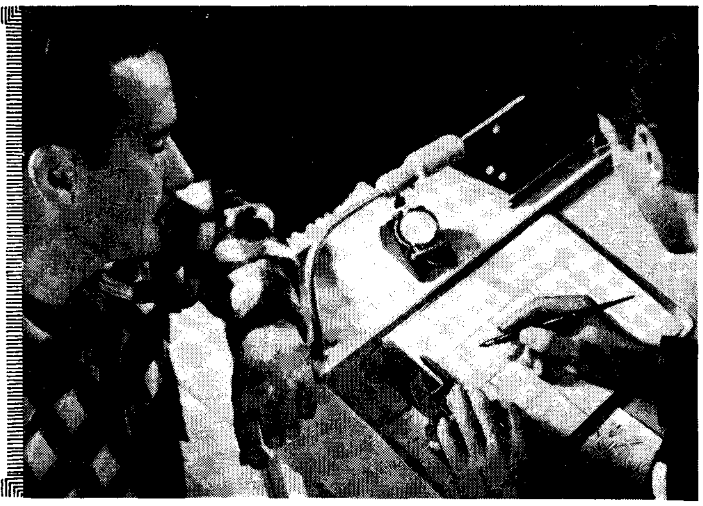
Seagram-Distillers Corp.—Executive Offices, N. Y.

SLEEP NORMALLY RESTFUL AFTER CROWNS Records of the somnokinetograph (machine attached to bed for measuring restlessness during the night) indicated regularly undisturbed sleep after the normal drinking of Crown Whiskies.

Seagram's
Five Crown
Blended Whiskey
Seagram's
Seven Crown
Blended Whiskey

90 PROOF

Say Seagram's and be Sure



NORMAL MENTAL ACCURACY AFTER CROWNS The Adirondack Research Group were examined for mental accuracy and muscular control every morning before breakfast. Records for mornings following use of Crown Whiskies averaged 97.2% of normal accuracy.

Seagram's Crowns are Designed for Better Living

SEAGRAM'S FIVE CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old, 25% straight whiskey, 75% neutral spirits distilled from American grains.
SEAGRAM'S SEVEN CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old, 37½% straight whiskies, 62½% neutral spirits distilled from American grains.

Deep West

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

The Story Thus Far:

JIM BENBOW, foreman of old Jack Dale's Hat ranch near the little town of Two Dance, learns that the girl he loves—Dale's daughter, Connie—has promised to marry Clay Rand, a neighboring ranchman. Wretchedly unhappy, he hurls himself with wild abandon into a struggle with a dangerous band of cattle rustlers—a band which, led by Cash Gore, foreman of Jubal Frick's Running M ranch, is ruining Hat.

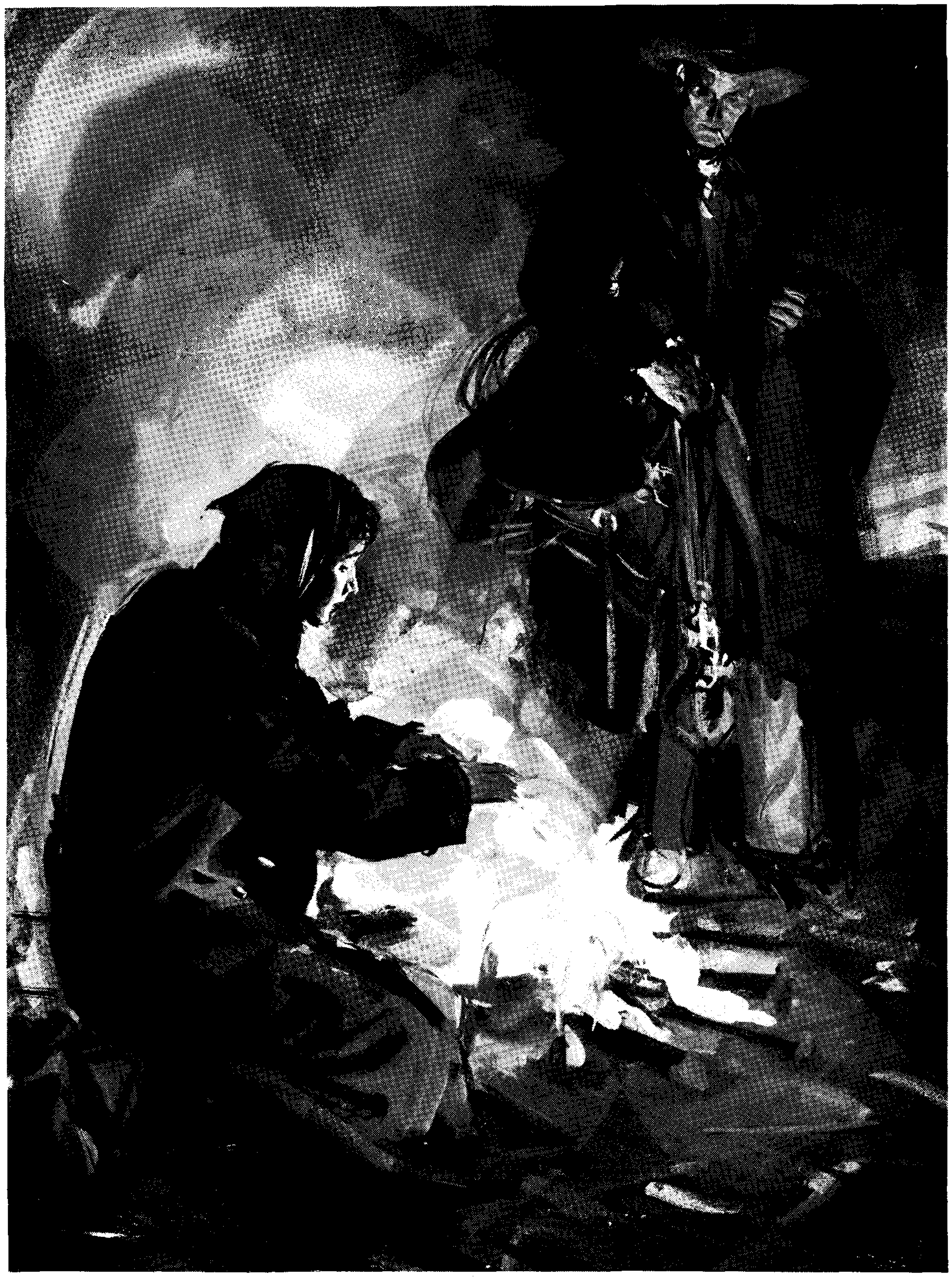
Clay Rand and Benbow are friends. In a moment of weakness, Rand (young, attractive, but desperately in need of money) has agreed to co-operate with Gore. But when he learns that the marauders are plotting to kill Benbow, he revolts, attempts to withdraw from the gang. It is too late—Gore refuses to release him.

On the trail of some of Hat's cattle which have been stolen, Benbow comes upon an old, dilapidated ranch house and a corral. A snowstorm is raging and no sentries are to be seen. Benbow opens the corral gate and finds the cattle bear the Hat brand. Unfortunately, however, his horse slips and he is hurled to the ground, captured and taken into the house.

His captors are Carter, Turk, Johnny and Rody, a girl. Carter does most of the talking, and, after a time, he informs Benbow that he, Carter, is working with Cash Gore—buying and disposing of the cattle Gore is stealing from Hat and the other ranchmen in the Yellows country.

While Carter is making it clear that he intends to murder his captive, the girl throws the door open. The storm, still raging, roars in—and the light (from an oil lamp) is extinguished. Seizing the unexpected chance, Benbow attacks the three men.

When the girl finally brings a lighted lantern, Benbow is standing over the trio; he is safe, after a savage struggle. But flames are shooting from the stove, which has been badly battered. "We got to save Carter and Turk!" says Johnny. "We got to do something!" "Let them die," the girl replies, "and let the house burn."



He said, "Feel better?" And watched her head lift and fall. The heat loosened the tight lines of her lips

VI

BENBOW stood there against the wall, the bruises of his body pounding with the rhythm of his heart's beating. The taste of blood salted his mouth. Feeling crept back into his legs, but their long muscles were still unsteady. They were watching him—Rody and the kid—and waiting for him to speak. The kid was afraid, but the girl had no fear in her. It seemed to Benbow that a long-concealed hatred was having its way now, stripping her of all sympathy, making the tone of her voice thoroughly cold, altogether pitiless.

He opened Johnny's gun and slipped its shells into his pocket and dropped the gun on the floor, Johnny's round eyes following all this in frightened silence. Benbow said: "Which way is the badlands trail from the house?"

The girl's arm lifted, pointing past the stove: "There."

"Not in this weather," said Johnny.

Benbow said: "The bluff wall will keep us from strayin'. Not you, Johnny. You're staying here."

"I'm not stayin'," said Rody.

Benbow bent over and retrieved his own revolver, the muscles of his back seeming to rip loose from their moorings at the effort. He got down on one knee and hauled Turk across his shoulder, and stood up. They were watching him with a narrowing attention as he went down the hall. He said: "Bring Carter out, Johnny." Rody snatched the lantern and squeezed by him, opening the back door. Wind beat him away from that opening and he had to brace himself and gather momentum to step forward into the foot-deep snow. There was a rope stretched from the house over to the barn, with the barn buried somewhere yonder in a howling universe. He paced on carefully, the guide rope rubbing against his hip. The air was hard to breathe, and snow kept stinging his face and crawling up his nostrils. Rody was behind him with the lantern, yet its light had no effect. And when he came against the stable wall he had to search for the door. Afterward he stumbled through the opening.

Rody's lantern shot little lanes of fractured light into this gloom. He let Turk drop. His black mare stamped in an adjoining stall, softly whinnying; and four other horses stood behind. Hay crowded the rest of the barn, up to its joists. Benbow went into the black mare's stall and saw her standing three-footed to favor the sprained leg. He ran his hand down along that leg and felt the swell of the knee; and came back. Johnny staggered in with the dead Carter, and fell with Carter. He panted: "What's the use of it?"

"Put my saddle on a good horse, Johnny. And fix up another one for Rody."

The girl lifted the lantern, throwing its glow against Benbow's face, saying with a terrible and eager swiftness: "Goin' to burn the house?"

HE WENT back along the rope, Rody following closely. The house was filling with smoke and it was hard to breathe, with the smell of scorched wood growing greater. The girl stood obediently before him, all this while watching with that eager wildness in her eyes. He said:

"If you've got anything to take away, get it."

She left the lantern on the floor and climbed into the attic. Smoke was thickest up there and he could hear her sudden coughing; when she came down she had all her possessions knotted up inside the torn section of a skirt. And then she was standing by him again, the sense of hatred strongly rising from her. She said:

"Goin' to burn the house?"

"That's all you've got?"

"I ain't seen the inside of a store for two years. Burn this damn' house down!"

But her eyes ran along the wall and she went over and took Turk's huge buffalo coat from the wall, and brought it to Benbow, lifting it up to him.

"You use it," he said.

"There's another coat," she said, and held it there until he stuck his arms into its sleeves. Afterward she turned through the hall into Carter's room and things began to smash on the floor. The light in the room got worse and worse and the smoke was hard to

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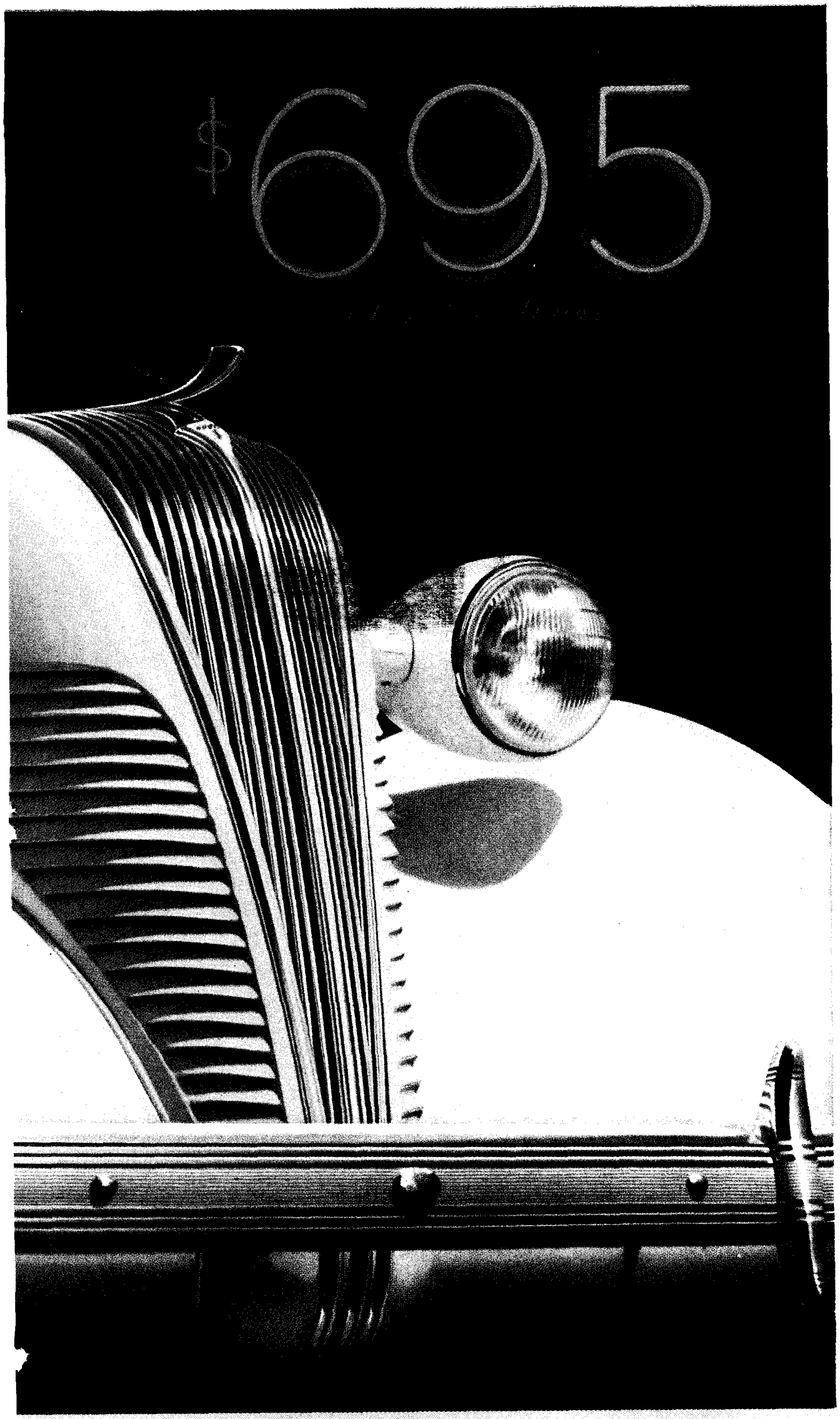

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stand. He went over by the stove and picked up a handful of wood, and stood still a little while thinking ahead of him carefully.

This was the end of Carter's ranch, and the end of Carter. There wouldn't be any more Hat beef coming this way. Yet Gore remained untouched in the Yellows and Gore's power was still strong—as strong as it had ever been. He knew now how it would be. As long as there was life in the man, Gore would fight. He would stick to Running M until he was driven from it; and then he would lift himself higher in the hills and keep on fighting. There wasn't any fear in that rust-haired man and there wasn't any surrender or mercy in him. All the peace was gone from Two Dance now; and nothing but trouble lay ahead.

The girl came out of the other room wearing a long blue army overcoat. She caught up her bundle and the lantern—and stood passively by, waiting for him to be through with his thoughts. Benbow said: "How long you been here, Rody?"

"Two years."

He looked down at her, gently shaking his head. "Too bad you can't burn those two years like we're burning this house." Then he went to the stove, still carrying the wood in the crook of his arm, and reached down with his free hand, heaving the stove over in one swift crash. The lids fell off and all the live coals poured out and fire began to run up the room's tinder-dry walls. He waited only a moment, until he was sure those flames had bitten it. When he knew the place was afire he went down the hall and bucked the storm back to the barn, Rody following.

JOHNNY waited there with two horses ready. Benbow found a feed sack to hold the wood, and tied it on his horn. He motioned to the girl, and watched her climb into her saddle, noticing then that she had wrapped a bandanna around her head and ears. Wind beat its tremendous blows against the barn and the horses stepped impatiently back and forth, smelling something they didn't like. Johnny's face was hungry and pale.

Benbow said: "The wind will blow the fire the other way. You're safe, kid. Stay put till the weather clears. Then let the cows out of that pen—and don't waste any time leavin' here."

Out in that dense wall of snow a fugitive light showed a faint and growing spot. It was the open door of the house that fed a draft into the fire. He had his look at the dead Carter and at the motionless shape of the giant Turk; and went over to his own horse, stepping up.

Johnny said: "Well, you could've put a bullet in me."

"Something to consider," murmured Benbow. "Maybe you'll die like this some day. Maybe you won't. Depends on what you think about the rest of this night. I wouldn't lay a bet on you, Johnny—but I'll wish you luck."

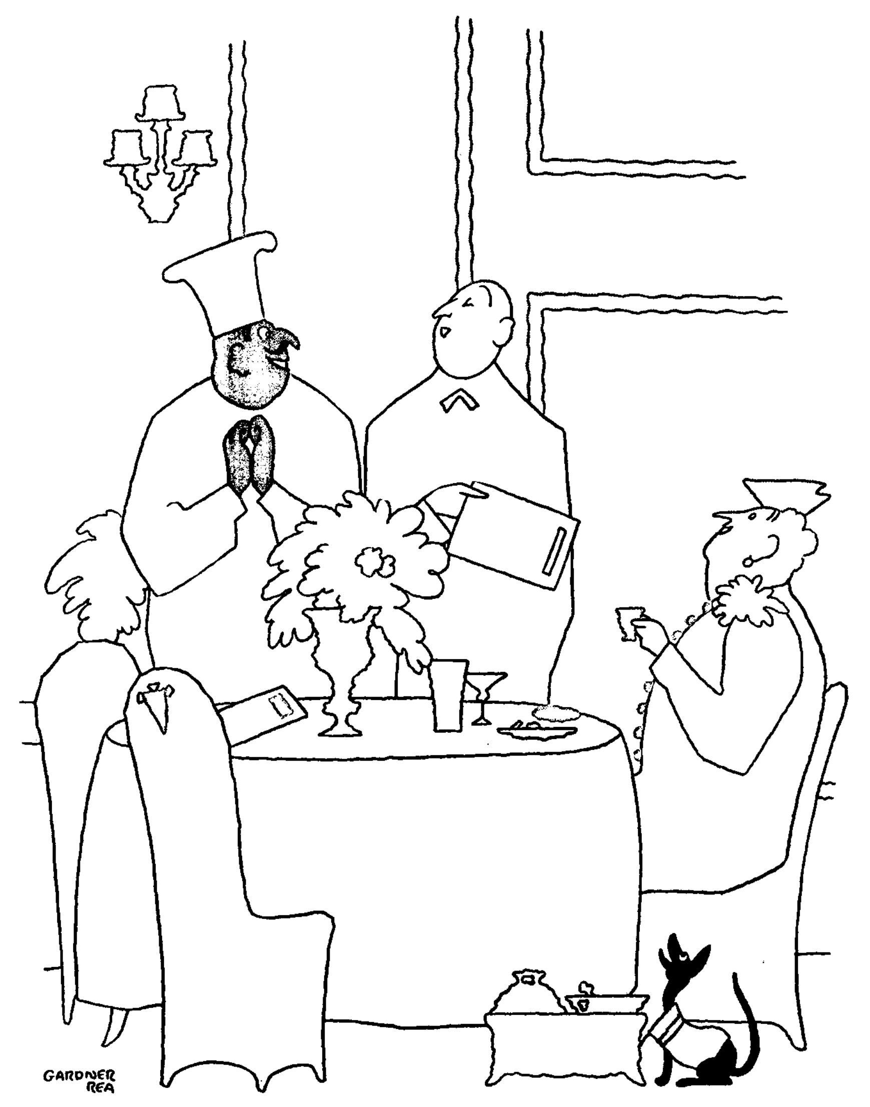
He walked his horse as far as the door, seeing the light spread its higher and higher stain against the curdled, oppressed black. The girl said something he didn't hear and he turned in the saddle to see her look down on Johnny in a woman's strange way. The kid put up his hand to her, but she shook her head and crowded her pony up beside Benbow.

Benbow unrolled a few feet of his lariat, passing the free end back to her. "Tie it to your horn," and thus, having taken this precaution not to lose her in the smothered world ahead, he put his horse through the door and rode straight toward the growing light.

He reached the back porch and swung and went along the house's side. There was no substance to that house, though it lay no more than three paces from his elbows; yet the firelight spread its wider, higher glow and by this glow he saw how thick was the on-racing wall of snow. With the light as a beacon, he passed on, put the wind squarely at his back and struck out for the badlands trail which lay somewhere ahead.

AS HE remembered it, the mouth of the badlands trail was about three hundred yards due north of the house. He let his sense of direction carry him along with the fullness of the wind at his back for a guide. Rody's horse, three feet behind the tail of his own horse, now and then pulled on the rope but when he turned he could see nothing of either girl or animal. The fire had caught hold of the house, that light spreading hugely beyond the solid wall of snow. He could see the light but not the fire.

He thought he had set a straight course, yet when his horse brought up suddenly he knew he had missed the way.



"Mrs. Edgecombe wishes to compliment you, Alphonse, on the doggie lunchette"

GARDNER REA

He got down and pulled the pony on until his reaching hand struck the bluff's solid face; and stood there a moment to consider which way he had drifted. In the end he turned to his right and crept on one foot at a time beside the bluff, stumbling over the heavy cakes of clay fallen down from the rim. It was as though he walked with a hangman's hood dropped over his head; the blackness was that absolute, without shadow, without form, without point. Going this way, he at last felt the wall withdraw from his reaching fingers and thus entered the mouth of the trail. After he was certain of the trail, he got back into the saddle and pushed forward.

Presently he looked back and discovered that the glow of the burning house had disappeared, shut out by the sudden curves of the gulley. The wind had quit pounding at him; its reports boomed and rushed by overhead and its echoes now and then dropped into the gulley and rolled hollow reverberations along it. The snow fell straight down; the blackness of the night took on an inkier, thicker tone. Traveling steadily through the deeper footing of the snow, he felt his horse winding to left and to right. After an hour of this he remembered that the girl had said nothing. It stopped him long enough to throw his call back, high-voiced against the overhead shrilling of the blizzard:

"All right?"

Her answer was brief and faint: "I'm all right."

He went on, with the sense of time's passage sharpening up his attention. It had taken him six hours to get from the tunnel to Carter's ranch, but this had been because of the constant detours he had made away from the main trail. By the direct way he now took, half that time was enough, if the pony didn't get lost. He had no hope of locating the cavern by any ordinary sight; yet he remembered one thing and on this one thing he based his faith. The tunnel was the gulley's west wall just beyond a point where a straight clay chimney reared up and split the trail two ways. Rubble from the disintegrating chimney had made a definite hump on the trail and this he knew he would recognize as soon as his horse passed over it. . . .

WHEN he came to that hump, he had been riding far beyond his allotted time and it was with a sudden letdown of nerves that he pulled himself stiffly from the saddle and stood a moment stamping life into his legs. Crawling carefully to the left of the chimney he followed the gulley's wall until it gave way before him. Snow had drifted into the first part of the cavern, making a high, soft barrier. He broke through this, leading his own horse and Rody's horse.

He said: "Climb down."

He heard her saddle leather creak; and a kind of thin groan came out of her when her feet, no doubt as numb as his own, struck the ground. But that was all. He untied the feed sack which held the wood, and got out his knife and crouched there in the crackling cold darkness, shaving off splinters and silently admiring this girl. There was nerve in her. He got his bits of wood together, making a loose pile of them with his hand, and struck a match. That sudden break in the blackness was as startling as the crack of a bullet. As explosive. He hovered over the ignited shavings, nursing up the blaze and adding other pieces of wood. There was a little draft running in from the cavern's mouth and being sucked backward to some thin crevice at the rear. He waited until he had his fire freely burning before rising from it. The girl stood in the shadows, quite motionless.

He said: "Come up and get warm," and saw her move forward with a half-stumbling stiffness. She dropped to her knees and pulled off her gloves and bowed over the fire with her hands against the heat and her face against it. No expression showed through that stolid composure. She was like an Indian, troubling nobody with her feelings, yet he remembered how bitter and hating she had been for one brief instant in Carter's house, which was two years of misery coming out of her in a fierce wish to see Turk dead.

He pulled the horses around and unsaddled them; and rolled out the blankets by the fire. Heat lifted up, thawing his frigid blood, and the heat and the fire's light was a small, round cell, within which they crouched and against which the blank, bitter world vainly howled.

He said: "Feel better?" And watched her head lift and fall. The heat turned her cheeks red; it loosened the tight line of her lips and took some of the stony composure from her eyes. She wasn't more than twenty-five, and good-looking in a sharp, hard way, but somewhere along her life she had forgotten how to smile. It wasn't, he guessed, a pretty life. She had been Turk's woman and before that probably somebody else's woman, and in time would find another man. Indifference seemed ground into her and her eyes were odd and old in the way they judged him. But he admired her for that silence which held so much courage.

He said: "How'd you get on Carter's ranch?"

HER eyes dropped to her hands. After a while she said: "I went there of my own will. That was a mistake."

"Where'd you live before that?"

Her glance came up and showed him a guarded interest. "No place that matters."

"Roll up in the blankets. We'll be leaving here early."

She said: "You married?" And watched him shake his head. She sat like that, very quietly, searching his face with her dark shrewd eyes. Something seemed to occur to her then. Casually. "You wouldn't want me anyhow," she reflected, and sank down, drawing the blanket around her. But she was still watching him. "What you think will happen to Johnny?"

"Nothing good."

She said, without interest: "He'd been glad to have me. I could have made something out of him."

"That's an idea, Rody."

Her answer held a fatalism hard to hear: "What's it worth? Too late for me."

He poked the edges of the fire, feeding

(Continued on page 54)

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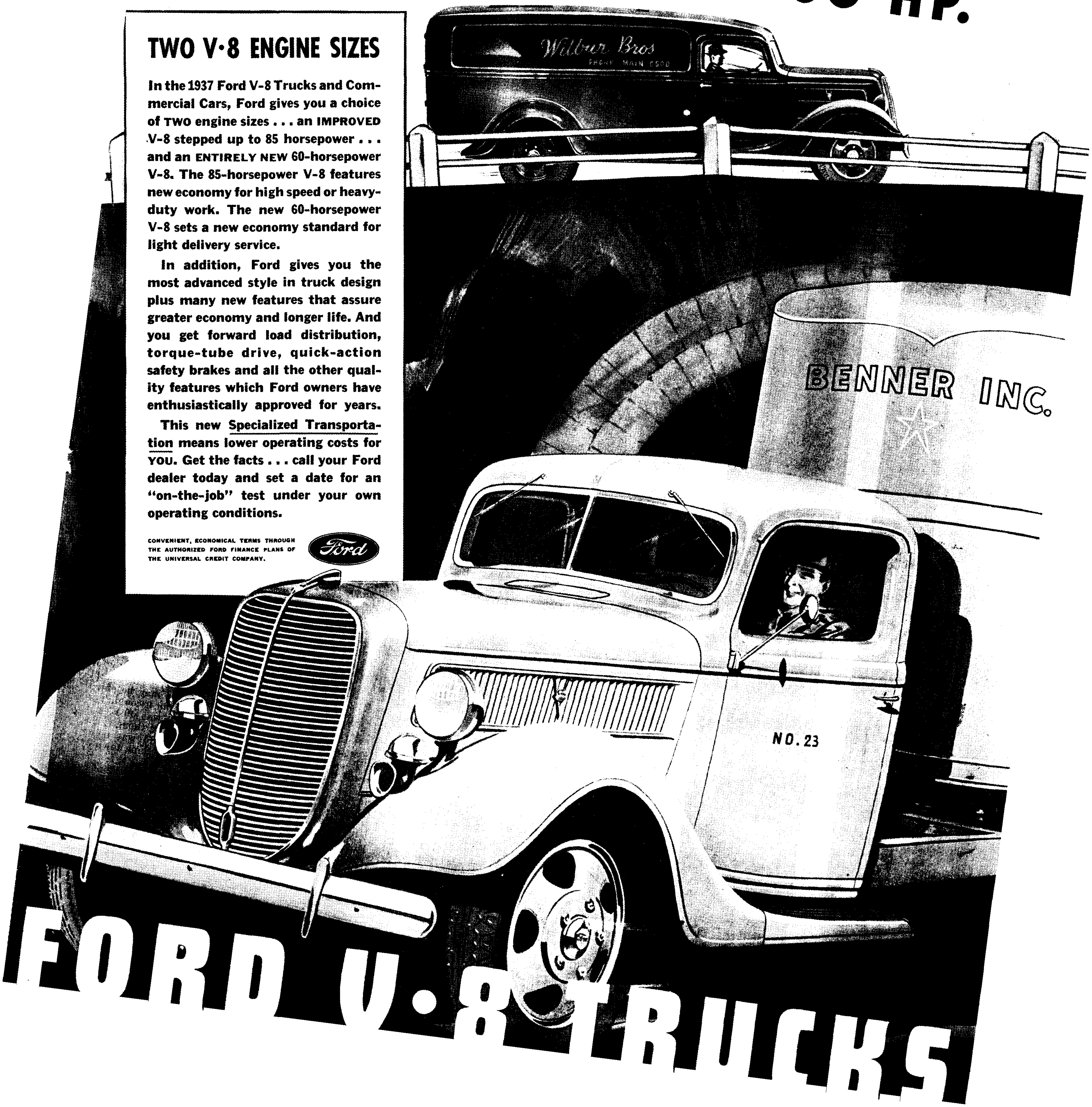

way of life. Mr. Lambert lighted up, Mr. Graham lighted up, and when Bob Woodworth, publicity man for Purdue, came in later, he took on the appearance of a transfigured neon light.

"The fathers watch their children in the cradles," a man told me later in Indianapolis. "The first time the kids lift their hands, they find a basketball in them. It may be a dirty trick but it turns out some swell forwards."

The colleges are strong in Indiana—with Purdue and Indiana University sharing the conference title last year, and with Notre Dame, De Pauw, Franklin, Butler, Wabash and Earlham having fine teams every year—but the real excitement comes in the high schools.

The Indiana High School Athletic Association—dubbed the Kingdom of Ihsaa by Bill Fox of the Indianapolis News—has 805 members and each has a basketball team. Since there are no classes (A, B and C classes as in other states), even the smallest teams have a chance for the state championship and often win it. In the old days, Wingate, with a population of 400, won the state title twice. In late years Montmorenci, with a population of 360, reached the finals. The largest city ever to win it was Muncie, with a population of about 46,000. No Indianapolis high school has ever won it and only one has been runner-up.

The State of Big Gyms

The seating capacities of Indiana high-school auditoriums are beyond belief. When it is realized that the Palestra at the University of Pennsylvania seats 7,500 and is by far the largest college hall in the East and that the usual college auditorium capacity is about 1,500, one will get some notion of Indiana when it is learned that the town of Martinsville with a population of 5,000 has a hall seating 5,000; Muncie has a hall seating 7,000; and Vincennes can take care of 6,500. There are literally dozens of communities where the high-school gym seats more than the population of the town. Halls seating 2,000 and 3,000 are common.

The desire to win is so great that the luring and capture of high-school athletes has become a great problem for the association. Since it's against the rules for a boy to live in one town and play in another, they arrange that little matter by transporting the whole family.

There was a fine player in a junior high-school team and several of the coaches saw him, they were telling me at Lafayette. His father drove a gasoline tank wagon and had no objection to a better job. One town offered him a job paying $125 a month and just when he was going to take that another offered him $150. The old man has the job and the boy is on the team.

A pitiful scene was enacted at the state finals of 1935 when Jeffersonville lost to Anderson in the last game. By some quirk no undefeated team has ever won the state championship. Jeffersonville had gone through the season victorious and the town was quite insane. When the crash came, the pistol fired, the game over . . . Anderson champion . . . Jeffersonville licked for the first time. . . . The Jeffersonville fans stood stock-still with tears streaming down their cheeks, men, women and children sobbing as if they had lost a loved one. It rather epitomized Indiana basketball.

If there is proselyting, there is also good common sense. Back in 1920-21-22, Griz Wagner's team at Franklin won the championship three times in a row. Since the boys were all entering Franklin College after graduation, the simplest thing was for Griz to go along, which he did. From being Franklin High School coach, he became Franklin College coach and the team went merrily ahead with its winning.

Indiana Madness

Continued from page 13

If there was ever need to worry about vital statistics in Indiana, the problem is simplified now. The age limit for high-school athletes is 20 and charges and countercharges fly thick around tournament time. It's a period for birth certificates, affidavits and sworn testimony.

An attempt is being made now to build up football as a high-school sport and ninety teams were engaged in it last year, but the state is still basketball heaven. The kids may be seen all summer long taking pot shots at a basket hung up in the back yard and many coaches have summer practice, and training twelve months in the year. The high-school season is limited to twenty games, starting November 1st. After that come the sectional tournaments, the regional tournaments, the semifinals and the finals. The semifinals are a development of last year, prompted both by an outcry which sought to limit basketball by state law and by the desire to allow more people to see the championships. In the old days the finals brought sixteen teams to the Butler Field House in Indianapolis (seating 14,833), but that didn't begin to meet the demand for tickets. It is estimated that 40,000 tickets could have been sold every tournament. As it stands, the general public is out of luck, the allotment to schools using up the supply. An additional 22,000 were accommodated last year by the four semifinal tournaments, with the final getting its usual quota of 14,833.

"But that semifinal thing took the edge off last year," said the close observers. "Before that it used to be one grand emotional debauch, two days of supreme tension and with everybody half insane from the excitement. Sixteen teams all battling it out on one court, with the finalists playing three games the last day."

Around tournament time the furor is transcendental. The winning team in the championship will at the very least receive gold watches from the home-town patriots, and there have been instances where the winning players have each received an automobile as a memento of the great occasion. The rewards have ranged from that down through the gold watches to the sweaters and the usual gold basketballs, and it doesn't necessarily mean that the team has reached the state finals. Winning of the regional or sectional honors can do it.

College Hunting Grounds

There is no question that Indiana turns out fine players. The state tournament is attended by college scouts from all over the Middle West, and the offers start coming for the players. Most of the young men prefer to stay in Indiana if they can manage it.

"We don't snatch for things in this game, Fitch!" RODNEY DE SARRO

"The publicity is great," say the sports writers. "Why shouldn't they want to stay home where they're sure they'll be famous?"

On a checkup through the state it was found that an all-time Indiana high-school team would include such men as Johnny Wooden, formerly of Martinsville and Purdue, who is accounted the best of all. Bob Kessler of Anderson and Purdue was the freak shot who finished his college career last year with high scoring records. He was a left-hander who got his best results by hooking in a field goal while faced away from the basket. Stretch Murphy was the first of the extraordinarily tall centers, which are now a part of all successful teams. His career at Purdue was sensational. Among the new men Johnny Townsend, formerly of Indianapolis and now of Michigan, is topnotch.

"The best passer I ever saw," pronounces Piggy Lambert of Purdue and utters a sigh of disappointment over having lost him for the old Alma Mater.

The best comparison of Indiana basketball with the rest of the country was given by Bill Fox of the Indianapolis News: "The best team of Indiana would find plenty of competition with the best team of any other state. The few best top teams would have the same trouble. But if you had twenty Indiana high-school teams playing twenty from any other state, or if you had forty teams playing, I think that the percentage on the side of Indiana would grow with every game added to the list. In short, the average quality of play will be higher in Indiana."

The game is raging all over the country, however, and I don't want to get into that argument. That's the Indiana story and until somebody can call them on it, the dispute can rage. I heard of great basketball teams in Iowa and Illinois, and Pennsylvania always had them. Back in the days of the Chicago Interscholastic Championship, some school in Colorado with a student body of nine boys and eleven girls was always coming down to the Stagg contest and making jokes out of the rest of the country. One year it was a mountaineer team from Kentucky which played out of doors at home and got their first basketball shoes when coming to Chicago. So it isn't well to be too cocky about the matter.

Without a doubt Indiana takes all records for number of contestants and ferocity of the competition. Somebody was telling me out there about a victory celebration which consisted in burning down a business block in the middle of town, but that is probably exaggerated. Mr. Trester, the commissioner, estimated a total of 9,372 players in last year's tournaments, which means that there were 781 teams of twelve players each. There were 64 sectional tournaments, 16 regionals, 4 semifinals and a final. It required a month for that competition to be run off and the papers were so full of it the Duke of Windsor was certainly fortunate in getting himself abdicated at another season. Otherwise Indiana would never have heard of it.

Heartbroken Steve

I missed the Frankfort-Logansport game, which was the hottest thing of the early season, with all seats sold a week before the game and reservations coming from as far away as Crawfordsville and Vincennes (150 miles), but I managed to get a glance at Frankfort against Lebanon. It was a walkaway for Frankfort but for an outsider the sight was astonishing. There may be spirit like that in other states but it couldn't be any higher. The score was 40-17 but for a time one would have thought the championship of the world was being fought out in the little Indiana town of Lebanon.

That night in Gordon Graham's office at Lafayette, we were disturbed about one o'clock by the arrival of a gentleman named Steve, bearing a sheet of paper.

"Just stick it on the hook there, Steve," said Graham. "I'll get it in."

When Steve went out, Graham turned to me.

"Do you know what that is?" he asked. "That's the report of a game between two grammar schools. Steve's coaching one of them."

He reached up and took the paper from the hook.

"That explains why Steve didn't stick around to talk," said Mr. Graham. "His team lost. A terrific struggle. . . . Two points. Steve is probably heartbroken."

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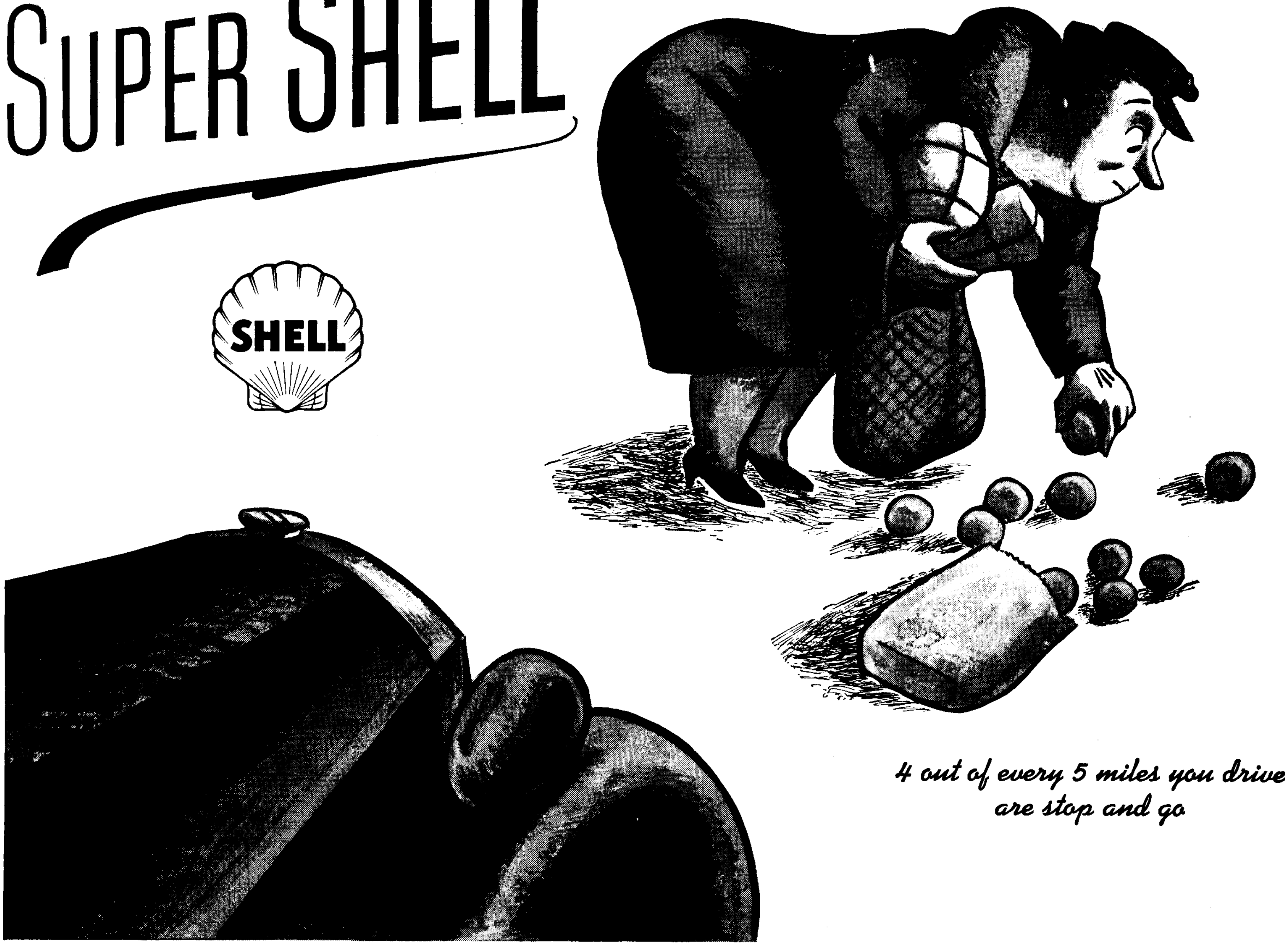

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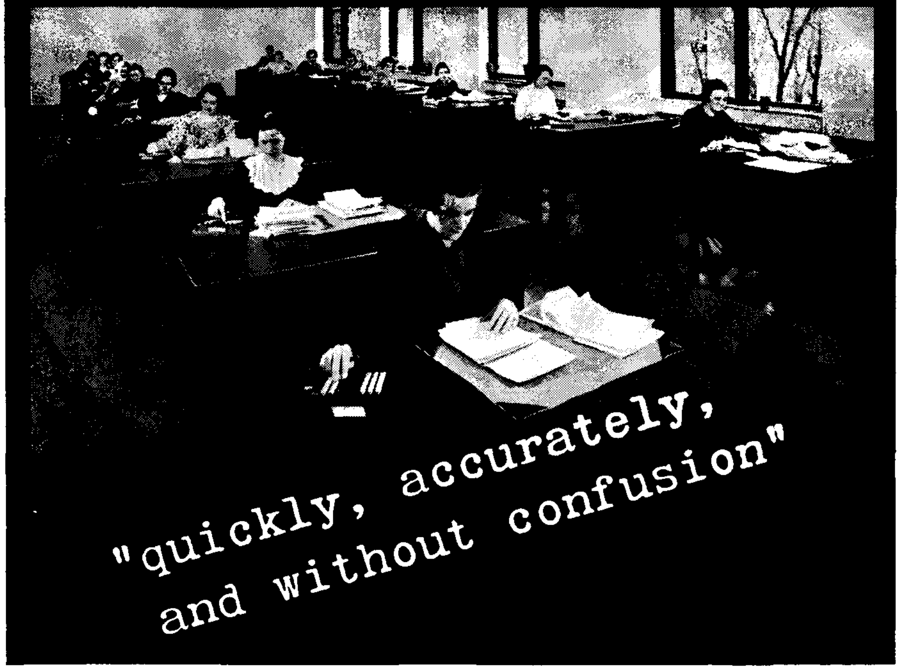
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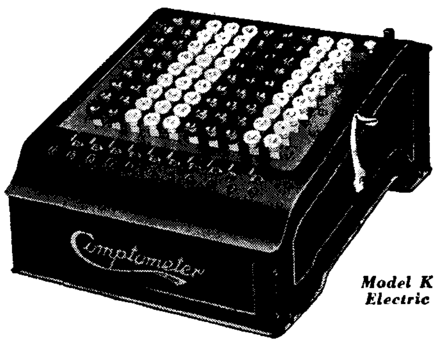


Model K Electric

COMPTOMETER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Low, the Poor Indian

Continued from page 17

masse upon the governor, and I can truly sympathize with the suffering of that poor executive, as, deprived now of Cutting's support, he yields to their demands and elevates the Honorable Dennis Chavez to the Senate.

Chavez did the rest. He wasn't even cute or diplomatic about it. Shortly after he had moved over from the lower to the upper wing of the national Capitol, New Mexico's other senator, the Honorable Mr. Hatch, introduced the Cutting measure, known as the Navajo Boundary Bill, which by unanimous consent was placed upon the calendar for regular passage in the due course of business. Word of this action was wired to New Mexico and many bonfires were lighted in celebration of the event.

The Senator Explains

Within forty-eight hours they were all put out, because on the very next day the very same senator, Mr. Hatch, again arose and asked the Senate if it wouldn't please, to save him a little embarrassment, allow him, by another unanimous consent, to withdraw the measure that only yesterday he had introduced.

In explanation of this strange request Mr. Hatch said that the day before, when he presented the bill, his honorable colleague, Señor Chavez, had not been present and that therefore, out of courtesy to the said Mr. Chavez, he would ask the Senate to reconsider its action.

As nothing was said by Senator Hatch about the nine or ten thousand people who were starving to death, the Senate did reconsider to the end that the bill went back into the hands of the Committee of Something or Other and has not, up to the moment of this writing, been again heard of in the halls of Congress.

Senator Chavez said that his reason for objecting to the bill was that its passage would deprive his state of the *taxes on a vast area of land.*

This, I believe, will go down in history as probably the most comical excuse that any politician, in vigorous defense of the interests of a favored group of his constituents, has ever promulgated. It's funny on the face of it, and New Mexico laughed at it, because everybody in the state knew, even if Senator Chavez didn't, that 77 per cent of the land in the boundary area, the land that belongs to the Indians, to the United States, and to New Mexico, pays no taxes at all. Therefore, it naturally followed that the state, which has to administer the entire territory, would be better off without it than with it.

But no, no, no, now became Señor Chavez's attitude. That wasn't what he meant at all. The people had misunderstood him. Thus, when the Senate committee arrived to investigate, the first thing the senator did was to explain that the taxes he had kicked up such a rumpus about in Washington were not taxes on real estate. No, they were taxes on the huge herds of sheep which grazed all over No Man's Land and belonged to his noble and patriotic friends, the white stockmen.

So that was it, was it? Well, that sounded reasonable, but how large was the sum? Considering the grass damage that was being done, it probably was so huge that to deprive New Mexico of it would turn the state into a financial cripple. Just to sample the situation, the visiting senators invited about the biggest stockman in the state to take the witness stand and tell them about it.

Being the owner of a lot of sheep, between seventy-five thousand and a hundred thousand head, he ran them part of the time in Colorado and part of it in New Mexico. Naturally he said he had to split his taxes, first between the two states, and second between the counties in those states. This meant that in No Man's Land he had to render in four counties and pay accordingly.

Yes, but pay how much? somebody wanted to know. He couldn't say exactly. It was too complicated for him to remember, because, you understand, to be honest about it, he had to figure his taxes in proportion to the number of days his sheep stayed in each county. This being fair enough, the rich stockman was excused, whereupon some unkind person, possessed not only of a fine sense of humor but also a keen nose for facts, produced, first, a report from the Bureau of Animal Industry which keeps a dipping record on all sheep, and, second, an abstract from New Mexico's tax rolls. Together these two documents told the following story:

In 1935, in Sandoval County, the Animal Industry Record showed that the aforementioned rich stockman had grazed 16,240 sheep, whereas the tax rolls indicated that out of that vast herd the number rendered for taxation was exactly *NONE*, on which the corresponding amount due the state had been duly paid.

In San Juan County, though, wherein the high-hatted, high-minded citizen had run just about as many sheep as in Sandoval, the situation was much better. In that county, in 1935, the gentleman's conscience having perhaps overtaken him, this man paid taxes on *103 head of sheep valued at $237.36. The amount of this tax was $2.58.*

But this wasn't all. The big laugh was yet to come, and did when the following, dealing with the tax-paying integrity of all of New Mexico's stockmen, was presented to the senators.

An Unbroken Silence

"The total number of cattle on the tax rolls in the state, in 1934, was 1,957,843. That same year 1,818,069 were listed by their owners for drought-relief sale. From the files of the FERA it was determined that the approximate number *left* to the people who sold for drought relief was 3,900,000. Thus the under-assessment of cattle was at least 2,000,000 head. At the assessed valuation of fourteen dollars each the amount lost to the state was the tax on $28,000,000. Likewise, 2,525,551 sheep were listed for sale to drought-relief agencies, whereas only 1,388,619 had been shown on the tax rolls."

That was enough. To have gone any farther would have been anticlimactic, because then and there any vociferous objection to the Navajo Boundary Bill, based on the idea that New Mexico would lose anything in taxes by its passage, was entirely stilled. Even Señor Chavez was unable to find words with which to break the silence, wherefore just as soon as it is possible to put it through the mill again the proposal to re-annex No Man's Land to the Navajo Reservation will again come before Congress.

Will it pass? Everybody in New Mexico—except the white stockmen, of course, and their allies, the bootleggers—hopes that it will. It certainly should, because if it doesn't, slow death to four thousand square miles of land and to more than nine thousand human beings will be the result.

Life Begins at Dawn

Continued from page 21

too when I come in in case I have to exit swiftly. (signed) Dan Canavan, B. A. P. S. Put back the bottle!

(Thursday, January 21)

Bodine Farms: My husband is going to make a complaint against you and if we cannot get attention I regret we will change to Schnugg & Grady. You come just as late as the last man and you make lots more noise. There is no more sleep in the house and I hear my family going up and down stairs and lighting lights, specially our delicate little girl. The old man was bad but you are awful. Of all the milkmen. Your eggs are awful too.

Mrs. Bewley: I am very sorry that I woke you up and Mr. Bewley. It must not happen again. Please, Mrs. Bewley, I am trying to give you Bodine Farms Service and that means Plus and ask Mr. Bewley please not to take my job. I know he is the biggest man in this town and State, and I am just a poor hardworking fellow with a poor old mother depending on me, and if a big shot like Mr. Bewley wanted my job, what could I do? Give me, please, one more chance and ask Mr. Bewley, please, to lay off, will you, please, Mrs. Bewley? Do me this one small favor. I am getting some Eggs for Mr. Bewley that he is going to like.

(Friday, January 22)

Milkman: K. O., young fellow. I will lay off if I do not hear any more from them infernal bottles. And stopping out in the street and roaring your engine and sounding your horn—what for? Cut it out. No, I will not take your job because I know how it is. I was once just a common man like you myself, and just because I raised myself from a keg to a barrel, I am not proud.

(signed) Jake Bewley.

Mr. Bewley: Thanks, Mr. Bewley. I thank you. You are a gentleman and I will never forget your kind words. Thanks a lot, Mr. Bewley. And I am getting you some Eggs you will like.

(Saturday, January 23)

Milkman: You welp. You Snake in the Dark. So that is what all that rattling and roaring and coughing was about, is it? Making love to my innocent little girl. You welp. We got the goods on you now and you won't lie out of it this time. Her mamma caught the innocent child writing you a love letter. So you are her Big Butter and Egg Man, are you? A common fellow like you, making up to Jake Bewley's daughter. I'll go to the fence on this, young fellow. I won't just take your job. I'll pussue you. You'll leave your betters alone. I'll give you a lesson in cube root. I'll drive you out of the milk business. I'll drive you out of town. If I wake up tomorrow morning I'll jump downstairs and jump down your throat, you vagabone. . . . Her mamma wants to tell you a few too.

Bodine Farms: Do you call yourself a Man? I don't know how you can sleep quiet in your bed of nights when you think you are going around in the dark next morning and corrupting the innocent minds of young girls with your low attentions. I can hardly believe my daughter would demean herself. You cur.

(Sunday, January 24)

Hello, Big B & E Man! Does my big boy love his little red apple? I will take a chance and snuck down to the bottle with this when they are all asleep.

Did mamma have histerics? Did papa hit the rafters?

Chubby Harris rang up while I was writing a letter to you and I hopped up like a little bunny and raced and left the letter right there, and mamma got it. How could I lie out of it? When I wrote down I would be listening for your rattling and coughing next morning. Woe, woe. Ah, me.

Mamma cried bitterly tonight and said to papa, "I don't know where she gets that low drop in her, but not from me, that she would look at a common milkman when she has that lovely aristocratic Architect. My father had a high hat." "And a whip," said papa. "Well, if only Webster don't find out her shame and disgrace and give her the air."

I couldn't talk to you when you brought the Eggs to papa; papa rushed you out so fast. Besides, I was nervous. But you looked just divine. Levy is the only tailor for you, big boy. Have you the figure that lures maidens from home and can you wear clothes, and a profile? Well, what will you do now that you are fired?

I heard papa yelling down the phone to your office and if he would open the window and put his head out he could save a call. Mamma wants to take from Schnugg & Grady and papa says it is O. K. by him but let mamma wait till he is dead sure you are fired. Are you fired, or are you? What did you and papa do with the Eggs? I hear it was a riot. I can't wait till tomorrow to hear about it, so go away and park and write me all about it and I will be watching when you come back.

Hello, Morning Star! Oh, I am fired and fired right. Your pa is the big boss man in this town. So only two mornings more for this milkman and out. Well, I will weep on my own time. Anyway, my little apple, it will be great proof of how much I love you if I go back into your grounds and put this on the bottle, because when your pa hears me coming for a second time this morning he will lean out the window and crown me.

Although we were such good pals last night, when he did not know I was the milkman he has been corresponding with.

You say you were nervous when I walked in your house last night with that 1 Doz. Superba Whites from last Thanksgiving. How about me! How did I know your pa or ma did not get a load of me one of those mornings or know my name? It was good I called myself by my middle name when I first met you and Lu, though I was principally thinking it went more with the Levy suit and had more personality.

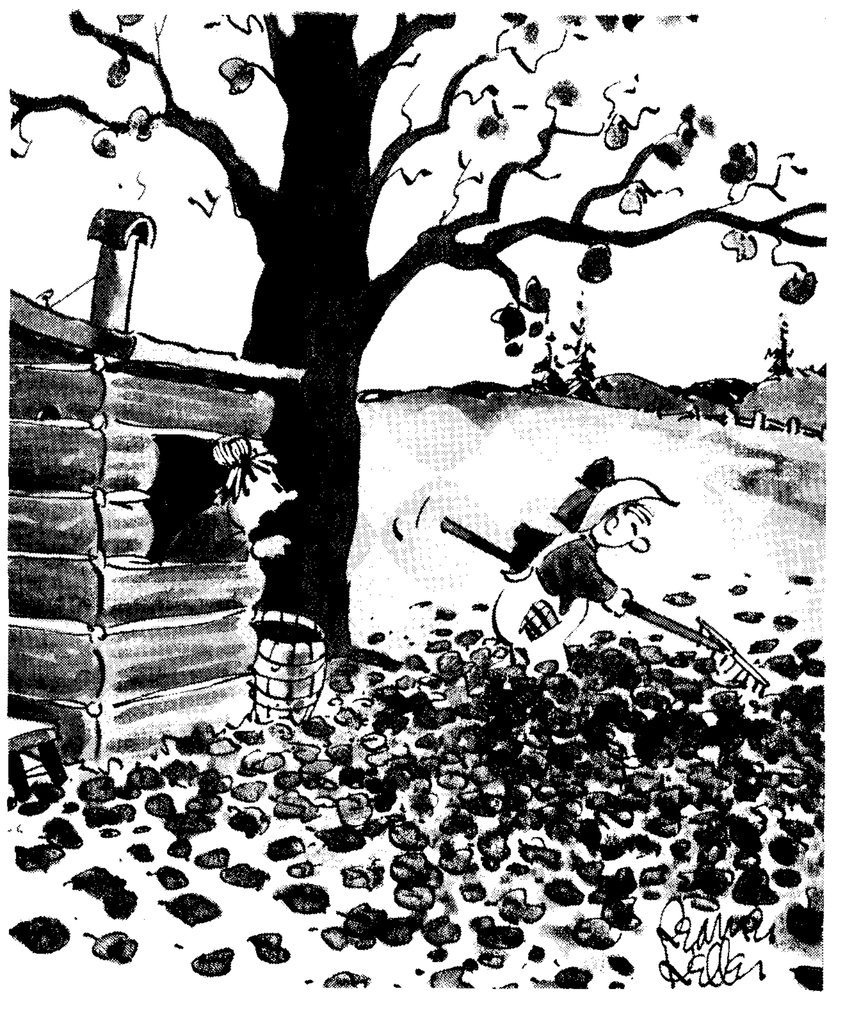
Could we tell Lu who is the Architect? She will drop dead. Let's.

Now why your pa and I exited so fast. He was afraid of your ma. The minute you introduced us to one another and said I was the Architect D. Webster Canavan, and I told him I had 1 Doz. rare old Superba Whites I was going to throw at that Infernal Agitator who was stirring up ignorant people against your pa's side last election, your pa shushed me and grabbed the 1 Doz. Superba Whites and we lammed for your car.

Did we have fun!

We nailed the Infernal Agitator outside the Community House where he was going to talk to the ladies and a bunch of your pa's people were standing outside booing. Did we shell him! Till some ladies and your ma came out, and your pa and I took it on the lam.

Your pa has some whip. I pegged too,



"Rake those leaves easy, Son. Your paw is lying around somewhere"

REAMER KELLER

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO HAVE MY EGGS WELL DONE ?
I FEEL SORRY FOR HIS WIFE. IF SHE'D ONLY SLIP A GILLETTE BLADE IN HIS GILLETTE RAZOR HE'D BE LOTS PLEASANTER TO LIVE WITH
GILLETTE RAZOR

THEN SHE BOUGHT HIM GILLETTE BLADES

DARLING, YOUR BREAKFASTS ALWAYS HIT THE 'SPOT'
I KNEW OUR SMOOTH SHAVES WOULD END HIS 'SHAVING GROUCH.' WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
GILLETTE RAZOR
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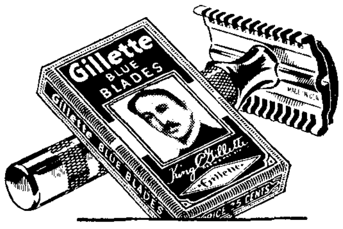

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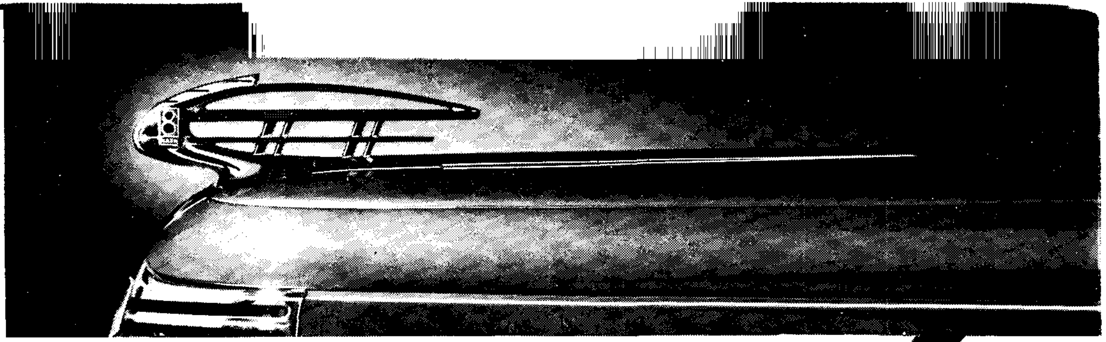

Quick a winner!

When a new car sets a really new style, America is quick to make it the "hit" car of the year. This year thousands have discovered Nash . . . they are finding they can own a much bigger, more luxurious car for their money.

NOBODY KNOWS just how it started. A new car made its bow to the public . . . and overnight it became the "hit" car of the year. America is quick to spot a winner. This year—thousands are switching to Nash!

Nash LaFayette-"400"

The new Nash LaFayette-"400" is now more than sixteen feet long from bumper to bumper. A great big six-passenger automobile on a 117-inch wheelbase. It's the only car with the famous "400" motor! A remarkable new kind of motor. Full 90 horsepower . . . but so simplified in design that it costs less to run than many of today's smallest cars. And it's the only low-priced car with all the vital engineering features of the high-priced cars.

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The new Nash Ambassadors set an entirely new style in their price class. Now real luxury in motoring is no longer reserved for the "few".

Here are cars so imposingly big that people can hardly believe the price tag. The Ambassador Six is now a long, graceful 121-inch wheelbase car . . . the Ambassador Eight is sleekly poised on a 125-inch wheelbase. Both have the famous Nash "Twin-Ignition" engine. Both have all the fine car features you'd expect only in the most expensive automobiles.

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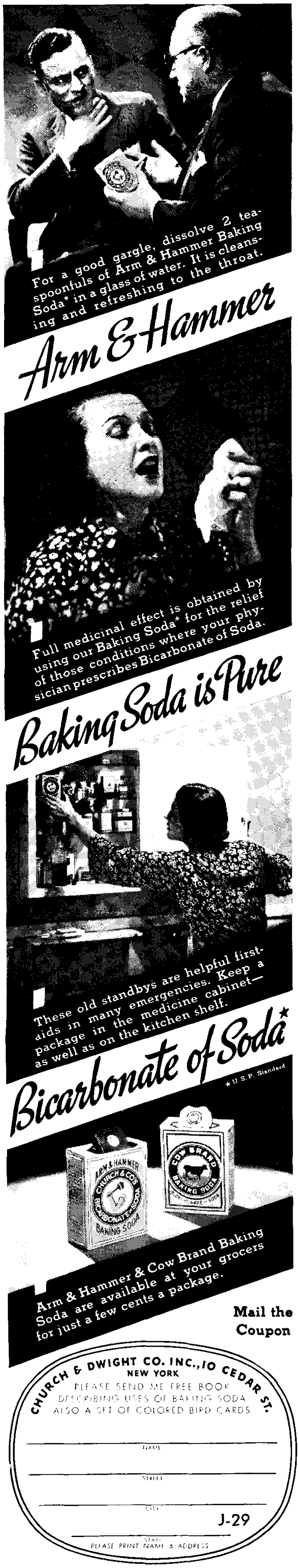
For a good gargle, dissolve 2 teaspoonfuls of Arm & Hammer Baking Soda* in a glass of water. It is cleansing and refreshing to the throat.

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Full medicinal effect is obtained by using our Baking Soda* for the relief of those conditions where your physician prescribes Bicarbonate of Soda.

Baking Soda is Pure

These old standbys are helpful first-aids in many emergencies. Keep a package in the medicine cabinet—as well as on the kitchen shelf.

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to help you and me, though I had nothing against the guy because I might be an Agitator myself yet and crash this rotten Capitalist system that takes a poor guy's job because somebody puts a plug in against him that has inside influence and drag. Everybody ought to be treated the same alike, on their merits. Am I right, little apple?

Well, then your Pa and I went to the Country Club, and did your Pa sound off. He introduced me to lots of important buddies, saying, "Meet D. Webster Canavan, the Architect, you know. Tell him, Webster!" They all liked me a lot. I guess a well-liked man could do well in this town in my Profession.

BUT wait till I tell you the best of it. Your Pa did know my name, but he never connected me with being an Architect in Levy's suit. He came right out with it saying he liked me for having the old intestinal fortitude and guts, and for the remarkable coincidence of me turning up with rotten eggs to shell the Infernal Agitator, and he remarked the name Bodine Farms on the box of eggs and could I try and get him another dozen to shell a whelp of a milkman, "with a name a lot like yours, Webster!" Some coincidences, hey, little apple?

Well, it is only two mornings more and some other guy will be putting notes on the bottle. Hey, that's an idea. Well, I got trouble enough. I might have something to tell you Tuesday. Can't see you before. (Out of town.) So watch the bottle Tuesday morning.

(Signed) D. Webster Canavan, B. A.
P. S. Put back the bottle.

(Tuesday, January 26)

Hello, Morning Star! Well, my little apple, I got a swell break. Did your Pa kick me upstairs! Remember the guy in Gary wanted six draftsmen?

Well, I jumped out there, having nothing else in sight, and the hiring and firing guy or the Personal Director as he is called turned out to be what do you guess? A Fellow-Alumni of the Shamokin Correspondence College! Is that a break? Did he recognize my Architect Diploma? He said it was all the Architecture he ever had himself, and equal the best, and he put me on like a shot, forty berries a week, and him taking the name of Architects from Yale and Harvard and Purdue and Notre Dame and all over, and saying he'd let them know. I'm telling you, baby. When it comes to the old spirit, old Shamokin is the equal of any College in the world.

I'm telling you, my little apple, I feel tops about shelling that Infernal Agitator who was going around razzing this wonderful Capitalist System of American Industry that made this country what it is today and gives a poor guy a break if he wants to improve himself and be an Architect and got a genius for it, but only drove a milk route. And not just take his name and let him know.

Our Organization is called the Trailahome Corp. They make these trailers that everybody wants to live in nowadays and bump the tax collector. It's the Architecture of the future, little apple; houses are done. Mobile Homes are it today. That's what we call them: Mobile Homes. Like that city of Mobile, Texas, but you don't pronounce it like automobile.

BUT listen. Attention, please. I want to talk business.

Suppose I drive up there one of these mornings in one of our 1937-model Mobile Homes, and race and cough—will you come down to me, Morning Star?

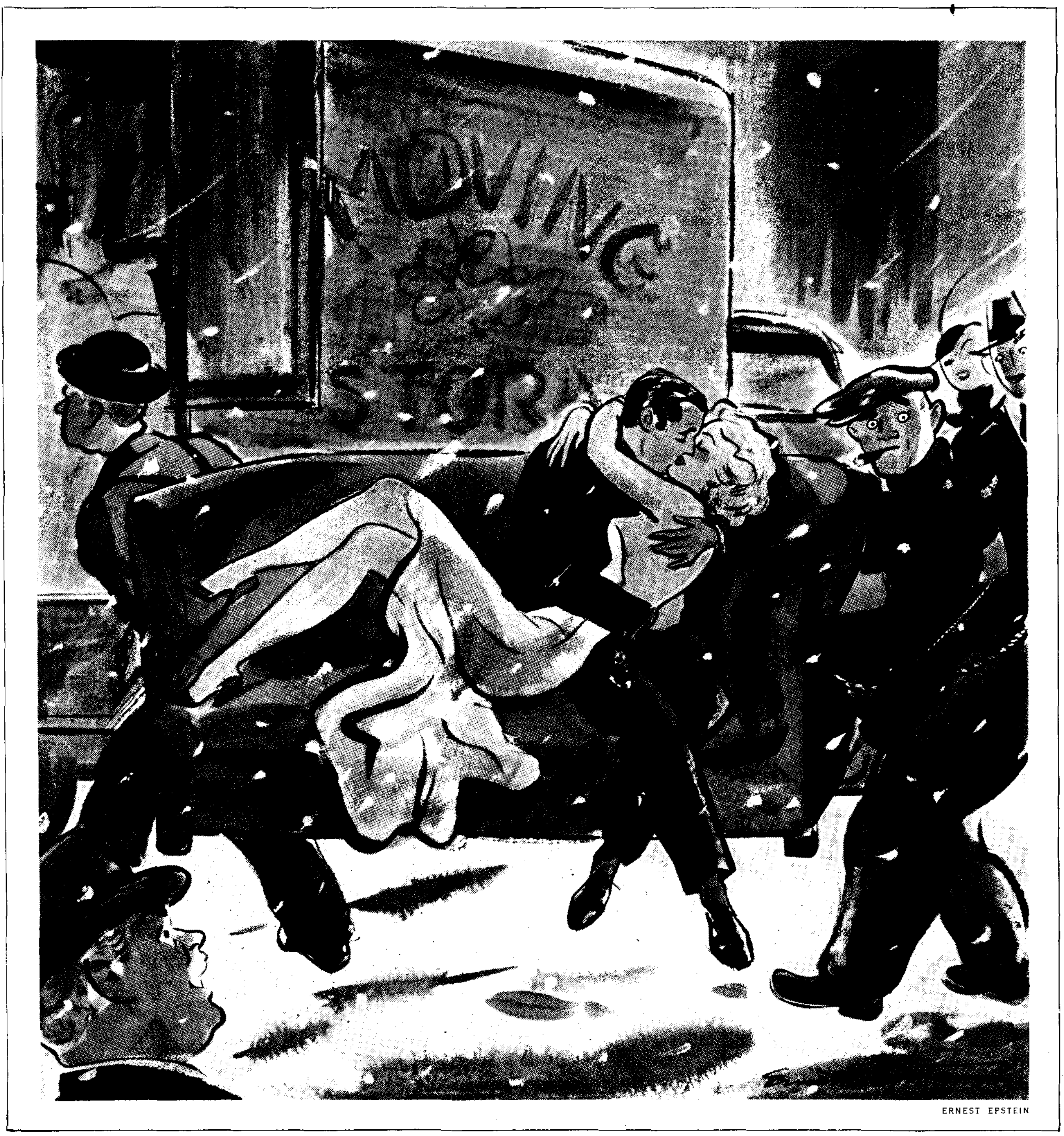
Forty per, no rent, no taxes, no housekeeping almost, travel and see sights free. Give it a thought. And we will tie an announcement on the milk bottle for your Pa. Is that a knockout? It will slay him.

See you tonight, little apple, when I call on your Pa. X X X X X X X X

(Signed) D. Webster Canavan, M. A.
Mobile Architect.

P. S. But back the bottle.

I sold your Pa to Schnugg & Grady Dairy for Ten Bucks, if they get the account. I told them you were dissatisfied with Bodine Farms. So back up your Ma and ride Bodine Farms and get Schnugg & Grady the account. Ten Bucks could be a first payment on a pretty swell solitaire. Hey, Morning Star?



ERNEST EPSTEIN

The Valiant Heart

By Duncan Norton-Taylor

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Walter Medbury, gallant gentleman—the kind of man you want on your side when the going gets tough. The worst his severest critic could say was he didn't get out of harness when they retired him

OBVIOUSLY Barbara was going into the city this morning to start work, because she had got up with Dick and had her hat on. Walter Medbury glanced from his son to his son's wife sitting at his breakfast table. And it was plain that they had argued about it for the last time; Dick sat drinking his coffee in silence.

Barbara said to Mr. Medbury, "You didn't need to get up, Dad. Dick and I could walk to the train."

"It gives me something to do."

Mr. Medbury smiled at her. This morning, for the first time in a year, Barbara seemed to have regained her confidence, seemed lifted out of her dangerous brooding. Well, she was young—twenty-eight, wasn't it? It hardly seemed possible that she and Dick had been married nine years. Dick, his youngest. Nine years. Again, briefly, Mr. Medbury's eyes rested on him.

What was his son thinking behind his gold-rimmed spectacles? The smoke of a cigarette curled upward from his strong, nervous fingers—the second cigarette he'd smoked here at the breakfast table. His face was lean, handsome, but there were lines at the corners of his mouth, and his hand, when he lifted his coffee cup, trembled. "It's time to go—" Dick stood up, tall, well-groomed in a dark business suit. There's one thing, Mr. Medbury thought: he has not lost his carefulness about dress. God forbid that he is going to pieces inside, out of sight.

Old Elsie bustled in to clear the table and Mr. Medbury followed the other two out of the morning brightness of the dining room. In the hall Barbara was putting on a short fur jacket over her black suit. Stumbling steps came down the stairs — Polly, hair uncombed, wrapped in her bathrobe with the bunnies on it, demanding: "Where you going?"

"I'm going into the city with Daddy," Barbara told the child.

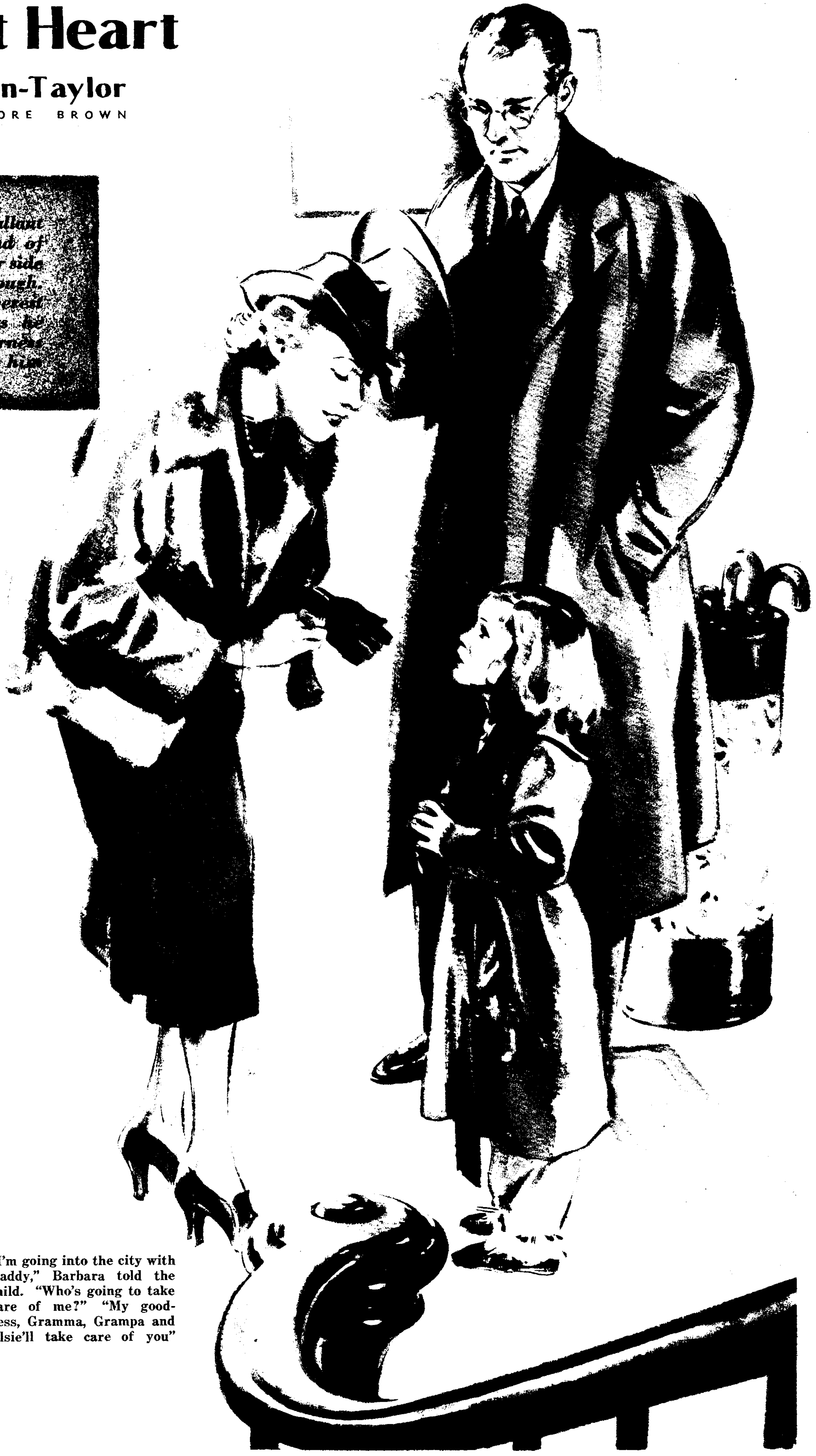
"Who's going to take care of me?"

"My goodness, Gramma and Grampa and Elsie'll take care of you."

Mr. Medbury went out to get the car, buttoning up his windbreaker. Here it was the first of May, the daffodils all in bloom, the tulips coming out in the bed alongside the garage, and the air still raw and nippy. Barbara and Dick came out the front door.

When he had dropped them at the station, he parked in front of the First National and signaled through the window to Sam Purcell to let him in; they had not yet opened.

"What are you doing around at this



"I'm going into the city with Daddy," Barbara told the child. "Who's going to take care of me?" "My goodness, Gramma, Grampa and Elsie'll take care of you" hour?" Sam growled. "What's the use of living on a pension—"

"I just took Dick and Bob to the train. Barbara has a job, starting today."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"It'll be good for her—let her feel she's doing something. I dropped in to pay you buzzards the interest on my mortgage."

Mr. Medbury followed Sam to his desk.

"When are you going to sell that place, Walter?"

"Sell?" Mr. Medbury laughed and handed him a check. "Have you got a buyer, Sam?"

SAM snorted. "You know darn' well I can get a buyer the minute you put the place on the market. I've got one right now who'd take it."

"Who's that?" Mr. Medbury asked with a fine pretense of interest.

"People I told you about yesterday."

"Foreigners, Sam. I can't have foreigners coming up in our neighborhood. Are we shooting some golf this afternoon?"

"You were anxious enough to sell in '32."

"Changed my mind. How about this afternoon?"

"If you still insist you can beat me," Sam said gloomily.

"Beat you! I'm going to break a hundred this spring."

"Not honestly."

"I'll break it and you'll pay me twenty-five bucks."

Sam's jeer followed Mr. Medbury across the bank as he stopped at the desk to fill out a deposit slip and took it to the teller's window. He pushed it under the window with a check he extracted from his wallet, and Sam came up behind him and growled, "Let me see that check, please."

He looked at the check, returned it, and stalked off, while Mr. Medbury smiled grimly after his broad, bent, blue serge back. The check was from Mr. Medbury's broker. Sam knew well enough that he had been selling his investments. What Sam didn't know was how close he was to the end of his string. But he couldn't carry the burden of his mortgage and support his son's family on his pension.

He drove home to the large, unpretentious white house where he had raised four sons who had all left him, until the youngest, Dick, had had to come back. A plane droned overhead in the smoky blue void of the May morning sky and Mr. Medbury paused. One of the transcontinental planes going from east coast to west coast.

He watched it until it was out of sight, went in, and in the secret dimness of the big coat closet glanced ruefully up at the shelf. There stood a suitcase of brown cord and saddle-leather straps, a grand bag with flaps inside and a way to pack two suits without wrinkling them, and room for shirts and shoes and what a man needed. Light and strong, specially designed for traveling by air. He had often talked, down at the office, about what he was going to do when they retired him. He'd probably bored them with all his guff about places he was going to by air. Oh, he had some fine plans, and they had presented him with this grand bag so he'd be all set. Well, he'd carried it once—he'd carried it home from his testimonial dinner.

He supposed it ought to be taken out of here and up to the attic. But the attic was the graveyard of alcohol chafing dishes and Prince Albert coats and old tennis rackets. He didn't like to put the bag in there where everything was dead.

Mildred had come down and was eating breakfast, and Mr. Medbury kissed his wife on her high white forehead and sat down to drink another cup of coffee.

Polly, five now and graduated out of a high chair to a big folks' chair which just brought her head above her bowl of cereal, was occupying the conversation. When he could respectfully interrupt, Mr. Medbury inquired: "Was there any mail?"

"A letter from Will." Mrs. Medbury fluttered the letter from their eldest son in Ohio. "Nothing special. You can read it. He said he wished he could get Dick a job out there."

"He said the last time that he was looking. What are you doing today, Milly?"

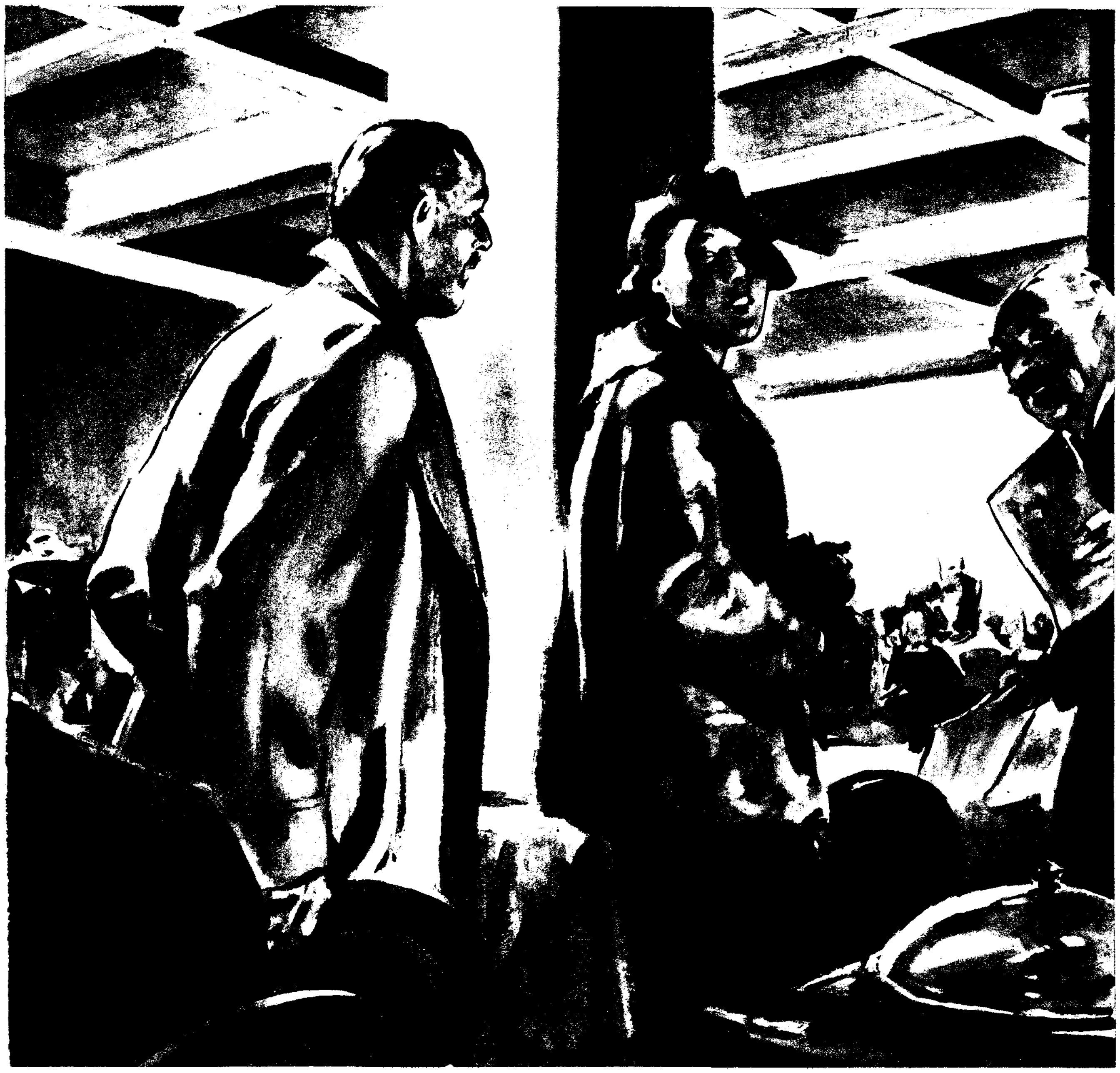
"Meetings—Anna Purcell's bridge—"

"Sam and I are going to play golf."

"Please put rubbers on. The ground is like a sponge. The last time your feet were soaking. You're sixty-eight years old, Walter Medbury—"

"People get wet feet and die. Elsie says so," Polly contributed.

"Not Gramp, Polly. Old soldiers never die."



Dick stopped and craned his neck to see over the drapes. He saw Bob walking among the tables, Fred behind her, and the wine steward with the brass chain around his neck

DICK MEDBURY sat next to his wife on the 7:54 express into the city, gazing straight ahead down the aisle and seeing nothing but the years that had rolled past. Ten years out of college and he had been washed up on the bank; this was the thought that ate into his heart.

Once he had made close to ten thousand dollars in a year. Not in salary, but with what he made in the market. Everyone made money. Everyone was lucky. Up to 1929.

In the years after that, when his investments had gone, when his job with a business forecast house had gone, when their new house had gone and he was in actual want, he had finally accepted the asylum his father had offered him, because of Bob and the baby. . . . There had been some small jobs. There had been jobs like the one he held now at twenty-five dollars a week in the central office of the utility company, one of a thousand employees of infinitesimal importance.

Barbara had told him two days ago that she was going back to work at her old job. "But you haven't done that kind of thing for ten years," he had pointed out, realizing that it was not any practical objection he had but his own despair.

"I've been going to business school, Dick."

She had kept that a secret from him. Now she was going back to work as Fred Morgan's secretary, and this hung between them; Fred Morgan had once been in love with her.

It seemed to him that he had come to the end of a certain road that was his pride. "Go ahead," he finally told her. "I know, I know, we can't afford not to have you do it." He thought he had come to a certain end. But he was wrong.

Next to him, Barbara kept her eyes on the newspaper. She could have looked down the years too and seen the story of hers and Dick's life together. When she thought of it, she never blamed him, because she understood it now, now that it lay behind her. They had been one of the cocksure young couples then who were disdainful of anything that was not sensational, keyed to what they termed "success." Disdainful of men like Dad Medbury, who had spent forty years with the same street railway company and was about to be retired on a pension. Money was the ideal of young people who had graduated into the world back in those days; but it hadn't been entirely their own fault.

AND she could have looked back over the years when everything they had had been swallowed up. She had pitied Dick. When he had sunk into numb bewilderment she had pitied him, until she had become as bewildered as he. She could have thought of these things now but she kept her mind on the morning and the new job. It would have been unfair to Dick's father not to accept Fred Morgan's offer. She was excited and filled with a certain suspense.

They parted at the subway station—Dick to take the train to his office uptown and she to walk the few blocks downtown.

"Wish me luck," she implored.

"Good luck."

"'By."

"Goodby."

She watched him walk away and for some reason pity swept her at this instant and she wanted to rush after him and tell him that she loved him.

The office of Morgan, Maloney, Sterner & Morgan was unchanged in ten years, except that in that time the last

THE CROP THAT NEVER SEES A MARKET BASKET

Editorial leadership in Farm Market A is lifting the eyes of American farmers to rich, new horizons.

Not long ago, the only goal of most farm operations was the production of food and clothing. Not so today.

Ahead of American agriculture stretch new industrial outlets . . . markets whose appetites are practically insatiable. Expanding fields of soy beans feed automotive paint and lacquer factories. Cotton suddenly finds its way into road building. Slash pine forests . . . quickly grown, quickly marketed . . . are transformed into a multitude of paper products.

The Country Home Magazine is a leader in this advance of Farm Market A. Through its far-visioned, able staff it has taken an active part in initiating and directing the coordination of science, agriculture and industry . . . the formation of the Farm Chemurgic Council, and in the development of the farm-industry idea in its editorial pages.

It is through such far-reaching activities as this that The Country Home has become the respected counsellor of the nation's leading agriculturists . . . the "A" magazine of Farm Market A. Through its force, the lot of B, C, and D farmers is being improved. And eventually many of them may join the ranks of the rich upper third . . . Farm Market A.

80%
of the farm income is produced by
35%
of the farms

FARM MARKET A

Eighty per cent of the national farm income is earned by farmers living in Farm Market A . . . the rich 35 per cent who operate their farms on a business-like basis. The Country Home blankets this market . . . avoids the rural slums. Yet the Country Home Magazine gives you the lowest rate per page per thousand, the lowest rate per column per thousand, and the lowest milline rate in the entire farm field!

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of the farm income is produced by
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ountry Home Magazine
OF FARM MARKET A

MORE THAN 1,500,000 CIRCULATION . . . LARGEST R. F. D. CIRCULATION IN THE WORLD

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY · SPRINGFIELD, OHIO · PUBLISHERS: COLLIER'S · WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION · THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE · THE COUNTRY HOME

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"Morgan," which was Frederick, had been added, when his father had taken him into the firm. There was a new face at the reception desk and there would be other ones around, but the deep blue rug was the same color at least, the pine paneling was the same, and assuredly the same would be the faces of Morgan, Maloney, Sterner. And Frederick Morgan.

"I'm Mr. Frederick Morgan's new secretary," she said to the girl.

"Will you have a chair? Mr. Morgan isn't in yet, Miss—"

"*Mrs.* Medbury."

Barbara was conscious of the girl's antagonistic stare. She sat down and folded her hands in her lap, but almost immediately Fred Morgan came in.

"Good morning, good morning," he said stiffly. "I had better lead the way."

She followed him through the small outer room with the empty desk, her office, and into the quietly elegant office where Fred Morgan, a partner now, presided amidst the mahogany and upholstered symbols of his success.

"Well, well." He smiled at her modestly. She had encountered him out in the suburbs at the country club from time to time, and had noticed that he was getting plump, but here in his office this seemed fitting. He took off his derby and patted his thin, blond hair.

"Take off your things," he invited. "Let me help you."

He stood very close to her, helping her with her fur jacket, and his hands rested for a moment on her shoulders. She said, "Thanks," and stepped away.

She thought to herself, This may become difficult after a while. But it didn't worry her much; Fred Morgan amused her more than anything else. By afternoon of that first day she had impressed him with her earnestness toward her work, and her cool formality.

THAT same afternoon, Walter Medbury and Sam Purcell plodded around the country club course. It never occurred to either of them that the years were only adding strokes to their scores. They had an optimistic twenty-five-dollar bet with each other on the first to break one hundred, and indomitably they pursued this goal, never letting anything extraneous intrude on their golf. But it was plain this afternoon that Sam Purcell had something on his mind. With a premonition of what it was, Mr. Medbury was looking forward to his whisky at the clubhouse with something like dread. Sure enough, when they had come in with cards of one hundred and eight and one hundred and ten, and were sitting up in the lounge with their muddy feet and their drinks, Sam cleared his throat and began obliquely:

"This younger generation is disintegrating; they haven't got guts. The whole shebang—in a state of flux—cynical—no ideals. I say to hell with 'em. When we fellows die, God help the nation! They've no ambitions. They have no frontiers, and if they had any they've not the courage to explore them."

Mr. Medbury sighed, but a dogged look came into his blue eyes. The steward always put too much ice in the glass and he had to fish out more than half or his liquor got so cold he couldn't taste the Scottish smoke.

"There are new frontiers and they're exploring them," he said. "You're a sour old fool. I believe in the future and I believe in Dick's generation."

"I didn't say anything about Dick. I said the whole shebang. As long as you've brought it up, I say now it's a damn' shame."

"What?"

"When a man has reached your age, Walter, he should be out from under. You've earned some peace and pleasure and you could have had 'em. I've been your banker for a good many years and I know the state of your finances. You're damn' near broke." Sam's face was pink, with indignation or embarrassment.

"You could have sold that house," he went on. "Instead you've been selling your investments to keep that place going and now everything's about gone, isn't it?"

"Just about," Mr. Medbury admitted unexpectedly. "I've kept the place going so Dick and Bob and the baby would have somewhere decent to live until he got a break." He motioned to the steward. "Give us two more of these, Charlie, and don't put in so damn' much ice."

Sam glowered through his tortoise-shell glasses. "When they put you on the retirement list at sixty-five you and Mildred could have lived on your pension, and you could have sold some stocks to do the things you wanted—"

"Because the company retires a man at sixty-five doesn't mean that he ceases to exist, Sam. I believe in the future and I believe the old hold it in their hands as much as the young. The young build on the old. And that's why it's more important to hold Dick's head out of water than for me to take from life a little last-minute fun."

THERE was silence. Mr. Medbury thought to himself, Well, Sam has it off his chest now. He probably thinks he's plumbed my soul. But Sam hadn't, because in the depths of Mr. Medbury's soul was the seed of fear. No more than the seed—planted there that morning by the look of Dick. For a long time the boy had seemed to stand up, but he was proud and it was not the proud but the humble who were elastic; the proud were the ones who cracked. Mr. Medbury clenched his fist. He said in a low voice, "I'm going to see it through. What else have we old bucks got? We're in the fight until we get wet feet and croak."

When he had driven home, Mr. Medbury stood his golf clubs in a corner of the closet. There was that darn' bag still taking up room on the shelf. Funny how, in the evening, a man's longings were harder to forget. In the morning it didn't seem to make so much difference.

Barbara had been with Frederick Morgan two weeks. It was late afternoon when Dick Medbury, working at his desk in the chief statistician's office, looked up as the boss' secretary, a tall girl strung on strings, with a dark, sullen face, strode over to him and said accusingly, "There's a personal call for you on Mr. Schiller's phone." None of the half-dozen clerks in the office had phones.

Dick stood beside the chief statistician's desk—while Mr. Schiller continued the dictation at which he had been interrupted—and said in a low voice, "Hello."

It was Barbara. "I won't be home for dinner, Dick. We're preparing a case they've got to go to court with tomorrow. I'll eat here in town and I imagine we'll be working until about ten. I'll get the ten-thirty out."

"I see. Thanks for calling."

Her voice was a whisper. "I love you."

"I got my divorce and honorable mention from the Camera Club on that one!"

TOM HOLLOWAY

"Yes; that's right. Thanks for calling."

He hung up. Schiller stopped his dictating and said without looking at him, "We're not encouraged to have personal calls come into the office—unless they're very important."

Dick said in a strained voice, "I'm sorry. This was very important."

He turned away, his face pale.

He had the sensation of having received this telephone call on some other occasion, and of doing the precise things he had done before—going step by step back to his desk, sitting down, picking up the pages of statistics. Maybe it was because he had rehearsed it in his mind. Ever since Barbara had gone to work for Fred Morgan he had been waiting for a phone call like this.

HE WAS contemptible. He lifted his hand to his face and passed it across his mouth vaguely. He had no grounds for suspicion. His wife was decent. He clung to that thought before his heart turned cold again and something dropped out of him, and then he sat with aching eyes on the pages of statistics. He filled with hatred of Schiller, who was a martinet and at his job only half competent—hatred of his own tedious, inconsequential, badly paid and inferior job. He felt all the hopelessness of the last years. He felt drained, drained empty. Yes, by God, he was suspicious. It wasn't right. She sounds false. Her voice is too casual. Why does she say, "I love you"? To fool him. . . .

It was still light when he emerged on the street at five-thirty, jostled by the crowd from the company. On the next block he went into a place and had a glass of whisky because he was tired. He was tired all over, shaky at five-thirty after a long day. He took the subway downtown, and came out near the building where Morgan, Maloney, Sterner & Morgan had their offices. Across the street from the entrance was a bar and he went in, lounging near the front, close to the window. He must have stood there fifteen or twenty minutes when he saw Barbara.

She was coming out, straight and slender, her fur jacket open, and beside her was Fred Morgan. He caught a glimpse of her face, which had no expression at this distance; but he imagined she was smiling. He saw her blond curls under her slanting hat.

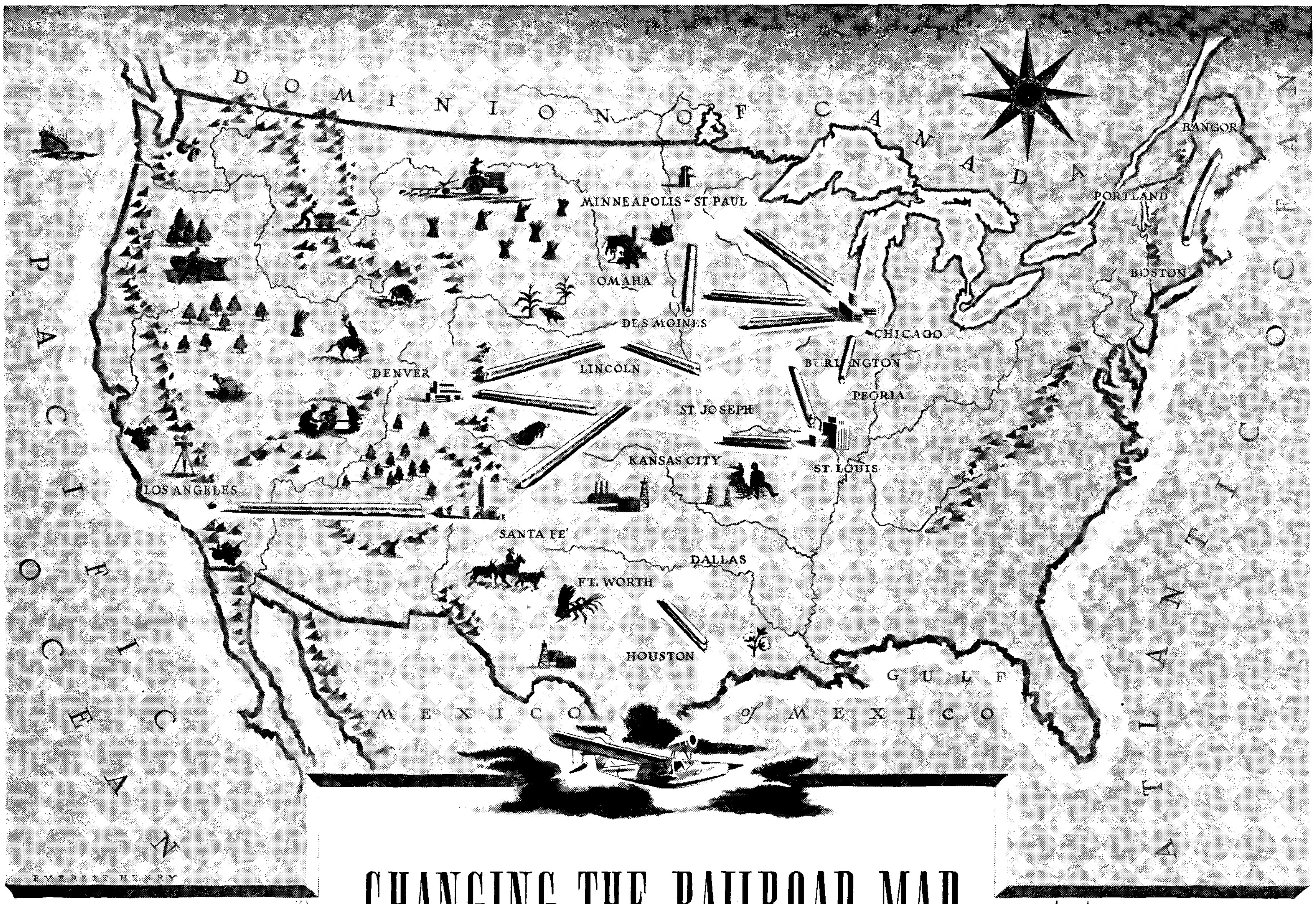
Before him were a tumbler and some change in quarters and dimes, which he scratched up and then strode out.

It was late and most of the office workers had gone home, so he kept them in sight easily along the cavernous street. They walked up to the main artery of traffic and here life quickened and crowded. But he kept his eyes on Fred Morgan's heavy figure in a derby and a light tan, flopping topcoat, until abruptly they turned into a restaurant.

IT WAS an expensive and pretentious place, popular with the financial men in the district. Dick came abreast of it, stopped and craned his neck to see over the drapes which covered the lower part of the windows. He saw Bob walking among the tables, Fred Morgan behind her, and the wine steward with the brass chain around his neck. They vanished, far in back where there was only a confusion of restless shadows and faces.

Dick turned, and walked slowly, deliberately, back along the street. After a while he came to a block of modest restaurants and looked in them with restless eyes, until he found the one which was the least crowded, and went in. He felt a curious, oppressive furtiveness. He took out his wallet, which held three dollars and his commutation ticket, and began drinking. He had one objective, to get drunk.

Some time later the bartender said to


DOMINION OF CANADA
PACIFIC OCEAN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
GULF of MEXICO
MEXICO
BANGOR
PORTLAND
BOSTON
MINNEAPOLIS - ST. PAUL
OMAHA
DES MOINES
CHICAGO
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ST. LOUIS
LOS ANGELES
SANTA FE'
DALLAS
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HOUSTON
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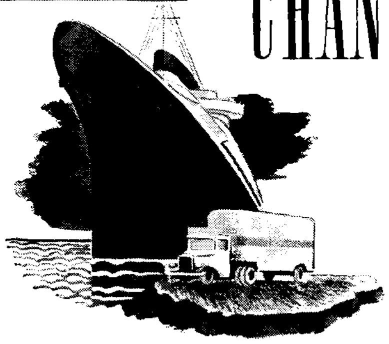
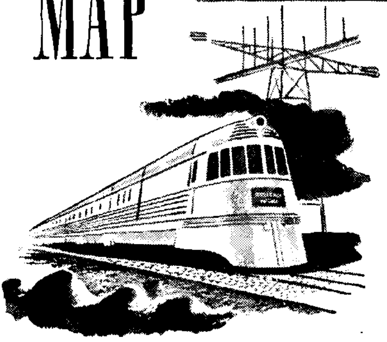
CHANGING THE RAILROAD MAP



Budd-Built Trains of Stainless Steel



THOSE who are familiar only with the Eastern states may not yet know how real is the revolution in railroad transportation that has been brought about by Budd-built trains. The great railroads of the West and Mid-west already present a new picture from which the whole world of railroading is taking inspiration. Here, where a premium is placed on long-distance travel accomplished in luxury with speed and safety, gleaming trains of stainless steel are writing history!

- As fast as Budd-built trains can be put into service, crowds are waiting to fill them. Never before have trains offered so much to travelers for so small a fare. Never before could railroads operate such magnificent units at so low an operating cost. Never before has such speed been possible—with comfort and safety!

- Today Budd-built trains are in regular service between the following terminals:

Chicago-Omaha-Lincoln-Denver	(*Burlington Lines*)
Chicago-St. Paul-Minneapolis .	(*Burlington Lines*)
Lincoln-Omaha-St. Joseph-Kansas City	(*Burlington Lines*)
Fort Worth-Dallas-Houston	(*Burlington-Rock Island*)
St. Louis-Burlington, Iowa . .	(*Burlington Lines*)
St. Louis-Kansas City	(*Alton-Burlington*)
Boston-Bangor-Portland	(*Boston & Maine-Maine Central*)

And the following will soon go into service:

Chicago-Los Angeles	(*Santa Fe*)
Chicago-Peoria	(*Rock Island*)
Chicago-Des Moines	(*Rock Island*)
Kansas City-Denver	(*Rock Island*)
Kansas City-St. Paul-Minneapolis	(*Rock Island*)

- Two and a half million miles of profitable service tell the story in factual terms.

- Budd builds of stainless steel because it is the toughest and most beautiful of industrial metals. Non-corrosive, with four times the elastic strength of ordinary steel, stainless steel for Budd trains is welded by the exclusive Budd SHOTWELD process.

Originator of all-steel bodies for automobiles, now used almost universally, the Edw. G. Budd Manufacturing Company has pioneered modern methods in the design and fabrication of steel products.

EDW. G. BUDD MANUFACTURING COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA AND DETROIT

BUDD METHODS SAFELY ELIMINATE DEAD-WEIGHT

MY WIFE WAS THE STINGY TYPE

(she always swiped my KLEENEX)

Drawn by Williams

Wives, Beware! Men, too, know the

KLEENEX HABIT

saves noses during colds

● No wonder men leave home when Friend Wife is stingy with Kleenex Tissues. When sniffles start there's nothing like the Kleenex Habit to soothe tender noses. What's more, Kleenex saves money; you can use so many tissues for the price of having one handkerchief laundered. And it's really to "wifie's" interest as well, for the Kleenex Habit reduces handkerchief washing.

To check spread of colds

Yes, here's *one* habit that's good for the whole family! Because Kleenex tends to retain germs, it checks the spread of colds. You simply use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

So stand up for your rights, men! Have *your own* box of Kleenex at home and another at the office. And while you're at it, remember the Kleenex Habit to wipe your razor blades. Kleenex dries razor and blades in a split second—saves towels and tempers.

Keep Kleenex in Every Room. Save Steps—Time—Money

To remove face creams and cosmetics . . . To apply powder, rouge . . . To dust and polish . . . For the baby . . . *And in the car*—to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.

No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue — the next one pops up ready for use!

KLEENEX

A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)

him. "You better beat it. Can't sell you any more buddy. Go on, scram."

He shuffled out of the place, docilely, silently, with an unlighted cigarette in his mouth, and started, without actual comprehension of the fact, for home.

That evening Walter Medbury was jubilant and didn't try to conceal it from Sam, who had dropped in. A telegram had come late that day from Will, out in Ohio.

It had been sent to Dick, but Mr. Medbury had opened it and had phoned Dick's office. But he had left. The telegram read: "Position for you in transatlantic operating department our company seventy-five a week come immediately to stay regards—Will."

"SEE how the world is moving nowadays, Sam?" Mr. Medbury was crying. "Transatlantic service. The last time Will was home he was talking about this. The world's in the air, Sam, isn't it?"

"It's great for Dick, all right."

"Ah, where the devil's Dick so I can tell him?"

"You'll sell the house now, won't you?"

"Sure."

"Going traveling now, Walter?"

"Maybe I can afford to."

"You can't though. You're broke."

"I haven't said so."

"But you are."

"If I am—it was worth it. I've kept Dick's head out of water, until this. By heaven, Sam, that's my share in the future—"

Mr. Medbury broke off as footsteps sounded on the front porch. He snatched the telegram from Sam, who'd been holding it, put it in his pocket and stood there smiling. "Dick," he said.

Dick came in the door, closed it behind him and leaned against it for support, scowling. "Good evening."

"Hello. Isn't Bob with you?"

"Not with me. Last time I saw her Bob was going to dinner with Fred Morgan."

"Where've you been, son? Raising a little hell, eh?"

Sam Purcell suddenly snorted. "A little hell! He's stinko."

"That's right, Mr. Purcell. Stinko. So what?" He walked waveringly to a chair, sank down on it and stared at his father through his gold-rimmed spectacles, the sardonic look he had worn gone, leaving nothing but anguish. He made the vague gesture of drawing his hand across his mouth and suddenly choked out: "Wife's running around with other men now. God knows I'm no damn' good. Can't get a decent job. No use, no importance, despised. You despise me, Mr. Purcell's sitting there despising me, Schiller despises me, Bob despises me—lousy failure, failure at everything. . . ." His drunken and lugubrious voice trailed off into the silence that filled the room.

MR. MEDBURY thought, "If he begins to cry, by heaven, I'll knock him down!" His eyes fixed on Dick's hat. It looked as though Dick had fallen and somebody had picked him up and jammed his hat back on him. It was muddy and misshapen. It seemed to Mr. Medbury that this was more terrible than the look on Dick's face, than the sound of his voice, than his words of self-pity. Mr. Medbury felt the blood throbbing in his own temples, felt nausea, felt despair. Curtly he said, "Fix your hat."

Dick took it off, looked at it, and clumsily began to brush at it until it fell out of his hands. He picked it up. "Just a dirty, drunken bum. Well, were you ever slapped down for seven years? Hell, no; a man could earn a living in your day. Plenty of jobs. A man could keep his self-respect. What's there today for anybody? Not a damn' thing for me. Put your head down so we can kick you in the face."

He went to the door and pulled it open. They heard his steps for what seemed a long time going down the street.

It was Sam who spoke, out of pity and a nameless fear. His voice was tense. "Walter, where will he go?" He stood up, as though he were going after Dick.

"Let him alone."

"You didn't show him the telegram, Walter."

"No."

"We shouldn't have let him go out like that. We ought to bring him home—"

"I say let him alone. It's in his hands. Now he's got to do it alone."

"My God, do what alone?"

"Find himself—or lose himself. I don't know what."

After Sam Purcell had gone, Mr. Medbury sat and waited. Finally he went upstairs and undressed and lay down on the twin bed beside his wife's. Mildred was asleep. He wished Barbara would come home. There was nothing to Dick's drunken words about her. She was not the kind.

He lay there listening. He wanted to get up and go look for Dick. He could bring him home and show him the wire from Will. Seven years. It was about that. A lot of men had gone under in less. But Dick mustn't. Can a father only give his son what he has to pass out? Can't he give him part of himself, his heart, his soul? Can't he give him courage when he needs it? The job in Ohio didn't make any difference now. Unless Dick found himself first.

Mr. Medbury tensed. He heard the familiar click of the front door, and then quick, light feet crossing the living room. Barbara. Now she was running up, into hers and Dick's bedroom on the other side of the house, in curious haste. Now she was rushing downstairs again. Mr. Medbury sat up. This was strange. He put on his slippers, drew his bathrobe around him, and went out. He peered over the banister down at his son's wife, who was standing in the lighted hallway, looking up at him with a white face. Two choking words came from her—"Where's Dick?"

HE SAW then that she was holding Dick's battered hat, and he stared at it, uncomprehending. He whispered, "Dick came home drunk—"

"I found it on the front lawn beside the walk," she said.

His heart was in his throat. He leaned on the old, polished railing. And then he heard steps coming slowly up onto the porch. Barbara turned, and Mr. Medbury looked at the still open doorway and saw his son standing there. Dick was gazing at his hat. "I've been looking all over for this. It's a ruin, isn't it? Where'd I drop it?"

"On the front lawn— Dick, are you drunk?"

"I'm not drunk. . . . Bob, forgive me—no, you don't know what you have to forgive. Say you still love me."

"I always have."

"I know, God help me." He closed the door behind him and leaned back. "I was pretty drunk but I'm not now. I'm not a failure either. Not yet. I may look like the wrath of God, but do I look washed up? Well, I'm not."

Mr. Medbury had a glimpse of his face beneath his black and disheveled hair, one glimpse of his lean, sufficient, sober face, and he clasped his thin hands behind his back and let out a long, pent-up breath.

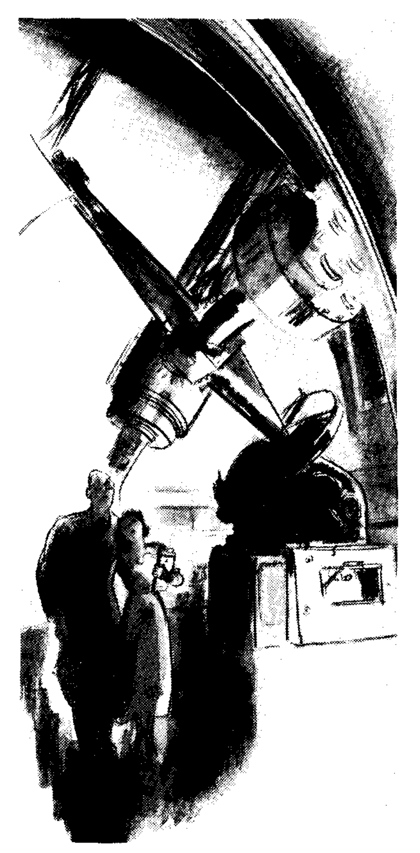
He hurried into his bedroom. By George, it was funny, when the fear and suspense were all gone you couldn't seem to co-ordinate. He couldn't seem to find the telegram in the pocket of his coat, hanging limply over a chair, with his hand shaking so. Here was the thing. He shuffled back.

Barbara, understanding nothing, perhaps understanding everything, had her arms around Dick's shoulders, so Mr. Medbury put the telegram on the newel post where they would see it when they came up. It must have been a long time, because he never did hear them after he had gone back to bed. He must have fallen asleep.

Dick's clothes became a confused heap on his bed as he kept desperately discarding the items which Barbara and his mother kept doggedly adding until at last he didn't know what he was taking and what he was leaving behind, and gave up the conflict to go up to the attic and get his suitcase. It was already late and he ought to get to bed. It was the day after the wire had come from Will. He had told them that morning at the office that he was through, and his plan, confirmed by wire to Will in Ohio, was to fly out tomorrow by plane. Barbara and Polly would follow as soon as he could rent a place.

HE CAME down from the attic lugging his pigskin bag, dropped it beside the bed, and with the help and advice of his wife and his mother began to pack.

His father looked in on this turmoil. "You'll pay a fortune in excess charges with that heavy bag."



"The moon was wonderful tonight. Wasn't it?"

GARRETT PRICE

Dick groaned. "Get Polly and Elsie in here now with some more advice and I will go crazy."

Mr. Medbury was holding the brown cord bag which the company had presented to him at his retirement. "Use this," he said gruffly. "It only weighs eight pounds and it will hold all you'll need until your trunk arrives."

Mr. Medbury set the bag on the floor inside the room and went downstairs. He heard the drone of a plane and looked at the clock. Ten minutes to eleven already. Yes, sir, you could set your clocks by the westward mail going over every night. There was a frontier, all right. Airships and planes going back and forth across the oceans. Some day he might be able to have Dick arrange him a trip. There were a lot of years left in him yet. Old soldiers never die. That's right, Sam Purcell. Well, sir, this summer he'd break a hundred and collect Sam's twenty-five bucks.

No Heroes Wanted

Continued from page 19

to figure how a guy that had a muzzle in his ear, and no gun near enough, could lay out three armed men and still preserve his health. It was a tough one. Too tough for me.

We came down on the mine at last.

Cooper and his partner, Dietz, came hurrying from the shack. You didn't run up there, at least you didn't try it often. They didn't get to first base with their guns. The cabin door swung open and No. 7 had them covered with both hands. Through the office window I saw them reaching for the sky and looking angry.

"I'm hungry," Sam said, "I got to hustle."

"Outside, pliz," said No. 10. He had a fancy smile but his teeth were yellow and they came down into points. Now I could get a good look at him, I saw he had a manner like a cat. But a cat is clean.

"You don't get it," Sam said. "I got dinner waiting, see? *Thanksgiving* dinner. I got to get right back."

No. 10 picked up his right foot and crammed his heel against Sam's toes.

"Outside, pliz," he said.

SAM got up slowly and hobbled down the aisle. Me, I just sat there. I was breathing kind of fast, and measuring the distance to the pocket on the far side of the office. It was a chance against a thousand, but I knew that once I left the ship we wouldn't even have that chance. It was the best that I could think of. I was just bracing for that dive when Sam looked round and shouted:

"*Cuidado!* Watch him! Watch that pilot! There's a gun up there. It's in the pocket."

If I'd had a gun that minute, I know that I'd have aimed it at Sam and pulled the trigger. No. 10 fished out the light artillery and stuffed it in his pocket. He turned to Sam and nodded graciously.

"*Muchas gracias*," he said, "*amigo*."

"*Amigo*," Sam said, smirking with his ugly face, "I got no fight with you. I'm just a hired man."

"Outside, pliz," No. 10 said.

"Okay," Sam said. He jerked his head at me. "You see that guy brings out the fire extinguisher."

I didn't get it, but still I started reaching for the fire extinguisher.

"You leave," said No. 10. He had his barrel digging in my ribs. "Now march."

"Company rules," Sam said; he pointed to the printed rules outside the office. "She often catches fire at this height. Still, I should worry." He shrugged his shoulders and went out.

No. 10 was frowning. He looked up at the rules. I knew them backward and I knew there wasn't any company regulation that said to hold a fire drill at every halt. And as for catching fire at height—well, it didn't make a bit of sense. No. 10 was making quite a show of reading, only his eyes weren't moving with the lines. He nodded.

"March," he said, "I bring."

It was hot outside. Cooper looked like he was in for apoplexy and Dietz was scowling. The two natives who worked for them were all eyeballs, and their knees were trembling. No. 7 took up the guns and spiked the radio inside the shack. Then he came out and spiked my radio too.

No. 10 lit up a cigarette and stood in front of Cooper.

"Gold," he said, "give, pliz."

Cooper made a brief remark, the sort you wouldn't know if you were raised on higher education. No. 10 passed up the words but got the gist. He brought his heel down hard on Cooper's toes. Cooper just looked at him. That baffled No. 10, but only for a minute. He took his glowing cigarette and drove it into Cooper's neck.

"For Pete's sake . . ." Dietz burst out.

"Shut up," said Cooper. Blood was coming from his lip where he had bitten it.

"Gold, pliz," No. 10 said. "We try some more."

He took another cigarette and lit it slowly.

"You fool," Dietz screamed, "he'll only burn you full of holes. Hey, you . . . Let him alone. I've got the combina—"

That was the last word out of Dietz for quite a while. Cooper wheeled and caught him on the jaw and Dietz went down. He was out cold, as cold as anyone could be there on that scorching sand. No. 7 fired and Cooper's hand went to his arm; a sort of ketchup mess began to form across his shirtsleeve. No. 10 pulled on his cigarette until it glowed up bright. His eyes were fixed on the bare hairy V of Cooper's chest.

Sam began to laugh. It made me ill to listen to that laugh from Sam.

"*Amigo*," he called out to No. 10. "You're wasting time. You let me at it. Me, I saw him open up that safe last month."

Cooper glared at Sam and made another speech. Believe me, it was pithy. Sam backed away and said to No. 10, "That guy ain't safe. You keep him covered."

They went inside the shack and Cooper looked at me and I looked back at Cooper. Pretty soon they came on out again. They were both grinning. No. 10 had got his arm around Sam's shoulder. It didn't sit so good with me, and as for Cooper, he just gave a grunt and then a wobble and then he flopped down on the sand and went out like a light.

No. 10 was talking Spanish to the natives, talking fast. They were scared silly. They gibbered back, and went inside the shack with No. 10. They came out with a couple of bags apiece and you could tell the bags were heavy. I knew it anyway, because the concentrate we hauled back every trip weighed seven hundred and fifty kilos. Sam took them to the ship and showed them where to stow it in the cabin. They went back for more. Sam slouched against the wing where No. 10 had parked the fire extinguisher.

"Gosh," Sam began to groan, "my feet are full of fire."

"APARANA," No. 10 said, "ees how long? Ees how long?" He pointed to the plane. Aparana was a native settlement around the mouth of the Santana River, four, maybe four-fifty miles northwest along the shore.

"How long?" Sam shrugged. "*Amigo*, I can get you there inside three hours."

"Ees good," No. 10 said, "soon we go."

"Okay by me," Sam said.

The boys came by and stacked another load inside the ship. Sam moved his feet about and started humming. He didn't have a bad voice and he liked to sing. Just then he could have been Caruso, and still I wouldn't have cheered. His buddy, No. 10, was smiling.

"Ah," he said, showing the points of his brown teeth, "ees nice, huh? *La Cucaracha.*"

"Yeah," Sam said, "nice in English too. You know the English?"

"How goes in English?"

"It goes good. You listen."

Sam struck a pose the way that tenors look in Sunday supplements. Then he began to sing, kind of staccato.

(Continued on page 52)

HEY, TOM-HOW'D I GET IN THIS BATHTUB ?
YOU CAME HOME FROM THAT PARTY SAID YOU HAD TO HAVE A SWIM —
SWIM – HOW CAN I WITH A HEAD LIKE CAST IRON AND WINTER UNDERWEAR ON EVERY TOOTH?
MAYBE THIS WILL COOL MY FEVERED BROW
DOWNSTAIRS.
SUPERINTENDENT– THERE'S A BIG LEAK IN THE APARTMENT ABOVE –
OKAY, LADY, I'LL GO UP
SURE I'M CRAZY– CRAZY WITH THIS HEADACHE –
FOR THE LUVVA MIKE – YOU DON'T NEED WATER – YOU NEED BROMO-SELTZER!
SOON..
– ASK ANY REWARD YOU WILL, SUPER! I FEEL LIKE A SAILOR SAVED FROM SHIPWRECK!
– THANK BROMO-SELTZER, NOT ME! IT ALWAYS STOPS HEADACHES FASTER – MIGHTY SOOTHING TO THE STOMACH AND NERVES, TOO!
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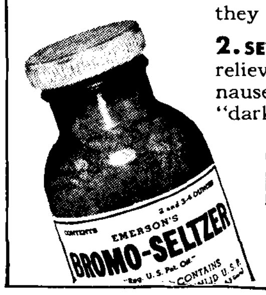

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Name Mr. Mrs. Miss ....

Address ....

(Continued from page 51)

"When I say fi-re,
When I say fi-re,
Durham, let them have the crackers."

No. 10 grinned. "Ees better in Spaneesh."

Sam looked miffed. "You got no ear," he said. *"Listen!"*

"When I say fi-re,
When I say fi-re,
Chuck the crackers at their feet."

Crackers. Crackers. By golly, I thought, the firecrackers, of course. All at once my mind was turning over like an engine. I wanted to yell. I wanted to shout, "I got you, Sam, I'm with you," but I kept my teeth together and my eyes fixed on the sand. The crackers, they were in my pocket with my cigarettes. The natives went by with another sackload. I *had* to get them out. I had to get my lighter.

"Listen, you guys," I said at last, "I got to listen to you singing, I gotta have a cigarette. My ears hurt."

"Tone-deaf," he said, "that's his trouble. Let him have a cigarette and keep him quiet."

No. 10 shrugged. He flicked a cigarette out from a pack. He held it out. My heart was thumping, flying up against my ribs.

"Native," I said, "too strong." I tapped my pocket. "Try mine." His gun was pointing straight toward my stomach, and my stomach acknowledged the attention with a cartwheel. I kept looking bored and fished down in my pocket. I palmed some crackers and brought my hand out slowly. I offered No. 10 the pack. He shook his head and I felt better. He might have seen the fuse ends, sticking up behind the cellophane. I said:

"Give him one," and jerked my head at Sam.

"Not me," Sam said, "I roll my own." He brought an oblong packet from his pocket. It was wrapped in silver paper and I goggled when I recognized the incense bag I'd bought for Ella. He shook a little in a paper and run his tongue along the seams. Then he got out his lighter, but he didn't hurry. He was still humming *La Cucaracha.*

The boys were coming from the shack and No. 12 was hollering something from the door. I gathered there was still another load to go. No. 10 turned round and yelled an answer. The second that he turned I saw Sam spill the bag of incense on the metal wing behind the fire extinguisher. He flicked the pinwheel of his lighter and held the flame down on the incense. Pretty soon a wisp of smoke began to rise and curl off from the wing tip. The incense on that grilling metal was bone-dry and the smoke spread fast. Sam's hand was down again a second before No. 10 turned round.

THE way my heart was thumping you'd have said it was the tom-toms up the Amazon. The boys shoved the last load aboard while Sam was looking at the sky and humming. His hand was resting idly on the handle of the fire extinguisher.

It happened pretty sudden. No. 12 came from the shack and slammed the door. Then he got a bead on that left wing tip and he waved his arms and shouted something loud in Spanish. No. 10 turned round and saw the heavy smoke and yelled:

"Cuidado! Mire el fuego!" He pushed Sam round and pointed wildly. No. 7 and No. 12 were coming running. Boy, was I glad to see them run!

"See! Ees fire!" No. 10 yelled. "Fire!"

Sam's jaw dropped foolishly. He clutched the fire extinguisher and backed off from the smoke and started bawling:

"Fire, Durham. Fire. Fire."

I had the crackers lighted in a second. I held them for another second and then I threw them. I threw them right among the back view of three pairs of feet.

"Bang! Bang! *Bang-bang!"*

The way they echoed in the mountains, you'd have thought it was the Germans taking Brussels. No. 7 began to fire wildly, and I heard a crash of glass before I took a tackle at his knees and mowed him down. I heard another shot go off and something bit me in the calf. I heard an awful scream and judged that Sam had scored a bull's-eye with the extinguisher. Then a shot and then another scream. My knuckles cracked against the jaw of No. 7 and he went limp. Getting my breath was like catching trains in dreams. I couldn't catch it. My lungs just wouldn't fill. I heard my gun go off and dodged a shower of glass above my head and then I heard Sam yell: "You shoot my ship again, I swear I'll let you have this in the puss."

I brushed the sweat away in time to see Sam lift the shotgun. It was like picking apples off a bough. No. 10 and No. 12 were running around in circles, screaming; their eyes were screwed up like accordion pleats. I picked up No. 12's gun from the sand and stuck it in his stomach. He stood still then.

Pretty soon we had them trussed up tight, and bleating like a bunch of sheep. I got some brandy from the cabin and poured it into Dietz and into Cooper. Cooper'd lost a lot of blood, but as far as I could see it was a nice clean wound. I tied it up as best I could, and the two natives carried him inside the cabin to the couch seat aft. They brought the gold back to the safe and then Sam locked it.

Dietz was a little woozy, but he seemed all right.

"Gosh," Dietz said, "gosh, that was the most heroic—"

"Nerts to you," Sam said, "you got a sunstroke."

We gave him back the guns and poured another shot of brandy down him. Dietz shook his head and then stood up:

"Give me a cigarette," he said, "a lighted one. And let me at that guy. I'll fry him."

Sam pushed him down.

"Nerts to you," Sam said, "you're dizzy. Dinner's waiting. Let's go."

There was a deputation at the airport when we landed. Also two bands. They took Cooper off on a stretcher and then I pitched out No. 10 and everybody yelled. It seemed we hadn't done a bad day's work.

Sam lowered his ugly head and butted through the crowd into the airport office. I could see Ella waiting. Her nose was shining, and her hair was wild, but there was something in her eyes that must have warmed Sam's heart. I tried to follow, but the crowd got in between us like a wave.

People were tugging at me. Someone clapped me on the shoulder.

"Eesa reward," he yelled, "eesa beeg reward. Ten thousand sols. *Viva."*

"Viva, viva los heros!"

A flashlight went off in my face. And then another. I saw the Old Man coming for me. He looked plenty sore.

Then my leg caved under like a deck chair, and the ground came up and smacked me in the face.

The doctor took the bullet out and bound my leg up.

"You'll do," he said. "You'd better skip a couple of trips, though. Give the leg a rest."

"A couple of trips?" I said. "Like hell I will!"

"You bet you will," the Old Man said. I didn't like his look. "You're grounded for a week. No pay," he said. "Carrying explosives on a company plane!"

WE GOT away at last. Sam stopped the car outside his little house. There was a funny smell about the house. It wasn't incense, either.

Sam sniffed. He sniffed again and wheeled on Ella. His face was terrible.

"My dinner!" he yelled.

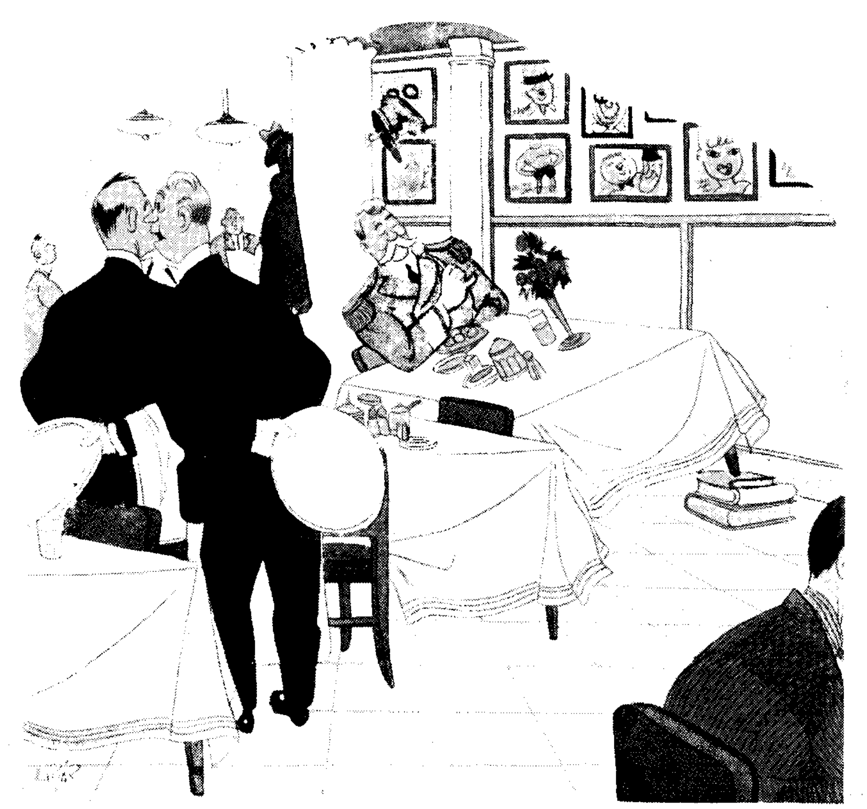
Ella turned pale. She put her hand up to her mouth and gave a little squeal.

"Oh, Sam," gasped Ella, "I quite forgot—the gas—I didn't think—I just rushed off—I guess—I guess it's *gone!"*

Sam didn't say a word. His groans were hideous.

We sat down to Thanksgiving dinner finally. Sam's stony eyes went slowly from the cheese to the sardines and from the canned beans to the pale gray liverwurst.

"Turkey," Sam said, "and chestnut dressing!" Then his fist crashed, and his voice swelled just the way you open up an engine. "Judas!" Sam roared, "I'll *crown* the guy that says I ain't a hero."



"We call it 'The Captain's Table'!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

The Richest Hill on Earth

Continued from page 11

and their fathers have been accustomed to since a wandering prospector named Michael Hickey, in 1875, staked the claim which was one day to become the battlefield of the copper kings, and there is no telling what they might turn to.

Thus Butte is what her residents would prefer her to be, a heartening example of true democracy. And given this freedom, her populace is inclined to reverse the customary process of trying to make men conform to the law. Butte is content to police herself, fitting the law to personal expediency and making it follow rather than coerce popular inclination, tradition and convenience. You may argue this condition in any direction you choose, marshal all existing arguments against gambling, drinking and professional love. As far as Butte is concerned you would be wasting your time. It works in Butte. It might be less successful in Salem, New Jersey; Topeka, Kansas, and Palo Alto, California.

It Wasn't Cousin Jack's Day

Because prosperity has returned to Butte and because, in consequence, the federal government has cut its local relief program to fit a rapidly dwindling need, public funds are being doled out to only an insignificant percentage of the numbers who were helped before the copper boom. The state of Montana is somewhat resentful of the situation the completion of the Fort Peck Dam job has created. The state may have to take care of the workers that the dam construction employed. But Butte isn't worrying. Mining is practically the only job she offers. If you aren't a miner you haven't a chance in Butte. And if you aren't a local miner your chances now are even more remote. The company as well as the local union officials see to that. When more miners are needed Butte will provide them from her own directory. If you are a stranger, jobless and hungry, Butte may give you a meal. But that's the end of you. Out you go, by the same method you arrived. The police give you the command; the miners will see to it that you obey.

So Butte, digging in to hold off Eastern civilization on her own two-yard line, celebrates her revival in her own Western way. The gambling houses have come to a gentleman's agreement that twenty dollars is the most money a player may win or lose on a single flirt of chance. At roulette, for example, you may buy twenty dollars' worth of markers. When they're gone you must step aside, give yourself an airing and implore your lucky stars to turn on more power. Then you may return to try your luck later. If, on the contrary, you win twenty dollars you are required to take a walk, that the house may be shut of such a pest for a time. And the same goes for any other game. But if you're an outsider—say an Easterner or a West Coast fellow—they'll take you on for what you have. If you have a couple of thousand dollars to fool around with, you'll find playmates. If you are really big game, somebody is likely to invite you with some ceremony to have done with pikers and follow him upstairs. And upstairs you'll get action. It may be that you will also get a fair game. But we wouldn't know about that.

Naturally all the gambling houses are pretty much alike—eight or ten of them grouped in hot competition in the business center of the town. The chief difference, a Cousin Jack told us, that "some are friendlier to lose your money in." He also said that in some "you could get a man's size drink and in others the drinks ought to have two men to handle them." A Cousin Jack is a Cornish miner or a miner of Cornish extraction. Leave it to a Cousin Jack and the definition becomes narrower: If a man ain't got no Cornish blood in him he ain't no miner.

This particular Cousin Jack took a shine to us because, first, he had a nephew in journalism "somewheres off to the east, more's the pity" and, second, because we had come to his rescue at a particularly distressing moment. He had just contributed his last four bits to the Singing Kid's crap table. He'd drive a body mad with his sing-song, he would, Cousin Jack said. Like this:

"Swon way t'git rich—on the line, on the line. But ya cain't beat 'em alla time—letter ride, letter ride. When I find-a out-a how to beat 'em alla time I'll be the customer and—dragger down, dragger down. Take yer winnings, brother, take yer winnings—ya won't have it long in the lonely mountain, the mountain side. If ya don't let go I won't be-a here, won't be-a here. Go easy on a po' hired hand—on a po' hired hand. Leave-a some, leave-a some—it don't belong to me. Honest, honest hired hand."

He'd drive a body mad, he would—the Singing Kid.

Besides it wasn't Cousin Jack's day; it didn't take him long to lose the small sum we gave him, although he had sworn that "nothing changes a body's luck like a bit of Eastern money—particularly paper money." So we went visiting.

Cousin Jack, a widower, wasn't worried about having lost his money. And he had lots of time to show us around. He wouldn't be able to go home for two hours anyway because his bed was being occupied by a fellow—another Cousin Jack—who wouldn't report for work until that night. So we went to a keno house, bought three cards each and tried to catch the numbers which would win the fifty dollars. But that didn't work either. Besides, we were being made pretty uncomfortable by a lady, doubtless a disciple of Mrs. Mary Canary Goe, who wanted to know whether it wasn't bad enough for the gambling shops across the street to exclude women without having skinny Cornish miners and dudes from the East muscle in on the only game open to the womenfolks. She addressed nobody in particular but we took the hint and were rather glad we hadn't won. She looked like a person who might very easily be goaded beyond endurance.

Some Dives Sell Real Liquor

We had no luck at the next place either—a regular gambling shop—although we bought an amulet from a gentleman called Copper Charlie. Copper Charlie had only one arm. He was also blind. When he worked in the mines the Anaconda Company had not developed its present safety devices. The amulet was a carved, oval stone, the size of a small egg. But we did work up a nice argument with the head bartender. The bartender admitted that it might seem ungrateful of him to complain, but that good as business was it could be better.

"Politicians," he told us, "are all alike. Lookit—we all vote for Roosevelt and what thanks do we get? Lookit. The minute Roosevelt's elected they begin to take away relief money. When relief was going good I had to take on two extra bartenders every relief payday. Now what happens? Two fellows who had nice clean jobs every relief payday are back in the mines. Sure they got jobs but who'd want to work in the mines when they could be sure of a nice job now and then back of a bar where it's clean."

The bars—the best ones anyway—buy their liquor legitimately even if it is unlawful to sell by the drink. The Montana law has it that liquor must be bought from state stores and consumed privately. A minimum of attention is paid to such law—in Butte at least. And aside from the damage to the law, Montana is none the loser. One liquor store was doing an enormous business—as much as five thousand dollars a day.

After all that isn't much when you consider that eight or ten major gambling saloons in the city and four or five night clubs in Meaderville were the chief patrons of the liquor stores. And we were advised that even some of the dives sold real liquor. We took their word for it.

No Place for a Baby

Cousin Jack did not accompany us to Meaderville, professing to despise all such "fuss-and-feather establishments" like the Spanish Village, The Rocky Mountain, the Arro and the rest of them. Meaderville's night clubs lack the vigor, the hairy chests and the call of the wild that you'll find in the city. Women may gamble side by side with their men and loll at the bars with them. There are swing bands and many-course dinners to be had. There is a suggestion of racketeering that you don't immediately scent in the city places. Meaderville is for the white-collar workers anyway and it didn't interest us much. You'll find the same brand of entertainment, minus the frank gambling, in Little Rock, St. Paul, Spokane, Denver. Cousin Jack was right about the place.

Also Cousin Jack warned us against giving too great heed to the professional Butte Boosters who hope by some miracle to make The Richest Hill on Earth a duplicate of any other hill, any other town—a conventional Main Street, colorless, tasteless and without character. We took his advice but met them anyway. They besought us to forget the gambling, the bars, the roughness and readiness of the town. They asked us to tell you that even should Anaconda abandon Butte, she will grow and prosper. But she wouldn't and they know it. Fortunately the Anaconda Company will be in Butte for a long time. And Butte will be Butte, fighting a watery civilization every inch of the way.

Just before we left, a big Czech miner was having a hot argument at the door of one of the gambling shops. The trouble was that under the Czech's arm was a baby. The proprietor thought that it was no place for a baby.

"He's a boy," said the miner stoutly. "No woman."

"Can't help it, John," said the proprietor. "This ain't no day nursery neither. Where's your old woman?"

"She's over there," replied John nodding toward Mr. Darragh's keno house. "No man's game—keno."

"Anyway," said the proprietor, "we don't allow no kids as young as him in. Ain't no place for babies."

"What's wrong with your place?"

"Nothing's wrong with my place. You know my place is clean and—"

"Then what's wrong with my baby?"

"Nothing wrong with your baby, John," said the proprietor, "only—"

"From me and this baby you go to hell," shouted John. "We buy our own drinks and pay our own money."

So the proprietor surrendered. The last we saw of John was over a large glass of beer—the baby still under his arm.

There's one protection that *is possible* at this season —building *good general resistance!*

You may feel that when this time of year comes around, you're almost sure to have a certain amount of discomfort in spite of anything you can do.

That kind of thinking is somewhat out-of-date, now that a great deal more is known about winter discomforts. February is a bad month, but not just for you. There are recent facts to prove that it's when *most* people are affected.

And here's one reason. Early in the season, you probably had some stored-up reserve to fall back on. Then followed strenuous winter months of hard work, too little sunshine and fresh air. By February, your general *resistance* is low.

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Deep West

Continued from page 36

in the wood with a husbanding care. His thoughts swung away from the girl, back to the cabin which was cold ashes now under the deepening snow. The spring wind and rain would dissolve the ashes, leaving only a few twisted relics on the ground; and grass would grow up over the relics and in time nobody'd remember the house which once had stood there.

YET his own memory would hold that house forever intact. It was cut in his mind with acid and steel. All the edges of that picture were clear—the flaming, sawed-off expanse of Carter's beard, the sound of his bullet tearing the life out of that man, the smoke raveling up the lamp chimney that moment before the light died, and Turk's breath against his face and the smell of burned flesh against the stove's red-hot surface.

The girl sat up from the blanket. Her voice was gentler than it had been. "Don't look like that."

"What?"

"Don't ever think back. I can remember I used to think back—and cry. It's been a long time ago. Don't you think back—it hurts too damned much." She lifted the edges of the blanket, her arms open for him and her expression all soft and wistful. "You come and sleep."

He said, quietly: "Wrap up, Rody. Mornin's soon here."

Her shoulders lifted and fell and that old resignation caught her features into its stillness. She dropped back on the blanket again, her eyes studying him. After a while she said: "There was a yellow-haired man who rode up to the cabin once in a while. He and Carter used to talk a long time after I went to bed. Then he'd go away."

"What was his name?"

"Never knew it. He looked at me one night. Turk saw him. He laughed at Turk—he was always laughin'. They went outside and had a fight. Turk licked him. He never came back."

He could see her lips show the pleasure of that memory—of men fighting over her. . . .

It was full daylight when they resumed the trail. The wind howled above them without abatement but the snow whirled less solidly through the air and the way was reasonably clear. After bucking the three-foot drifts most of the morning they came out of the badlands at the same spot Benbow had entered it two nights before, and crossed over the open plain to the timber. At this point the girl stopped.

She said: "Goodby."

Benbow pulled his horse about. "Where you going?"

Her face was framed inside the protection of Carter's lifted overcoat collar, stolid again and showing him nothing. "Down there," she said, pointing at the broad plain sweeping southward.

"Bad traveling," he said. "Better come along to Hat with me."

"Women on your ranch?"

"Sure."

She shook her head. "No. I'll find a place. Always have." She considered him for a moment and he saw the oldness of her eyes once more. "Men," she murmured, "ain't hard to please." She reached out and caught his hand and held it with a tight grip. "I wish," she began, and afterward dropped her arm and whirled her pony and put it through the snow as hard as it would run.

He watched her aim straight for the blur of a house a mile or so in yonder mist; and not until she was a small shape on the plain did he resume his own course, stirred and made sad. She had come before his vision casually, she was leaving it casually—yet in that brief contact some strange part of her personality brushed his emotions and left an indelible print on his mind. It went with him, this feeling, as far as the swing of the trail; and then, going up toward Cherokee, he put the thought of her away by necessity. He had no wish to appear in Cherokee, and so laboriously detoured the town, slogging through the heavy drifts. It was late afternoon when he came down the Ramparts and struck out for Hat, slashed by the wind racing the length of the valley. At dark he rounded into the yard and entered Hat's big living room to find Connie there with Doc Payson from Two Dance, and Izee and Price and Gordon Howland and Nelson McGinnis.

Connie made one swift turn. She said, "Jim!" And that tone was heartfelt and near to breaking, affecting him in a deep and powerful way—taking the grayness out of his mind and thawing the coldness from his bones. She came directly against him and caught his arms and looked up, her eyes dark and near to tears. She murmured: "What have you been through?" Then, looking over the top of her shining head, he saw Clay Rand turn slowly from the room's far corner and stare at him with an expression half relieved and half resenting.

He said: "Hello, Clay."

Clay didn't answer. None of the other men spoke. Something pressed down upon the room. Benbow said, "What's up, Connie?"

"Go see Dad."

He knew what it was then and turned to the stairs. Rising a step at a time he felt the accumulating effect of his long ride. His leg muscles were slow in pushing his body up and all the snap had gone out of him. Paused in front of old Jack's bedroom door, he put his hands against it and rested like that, staring at the floor. Something in his chest had the weight of lead. He tried to erase his feelings from his face; and then entered and saw Jack Dale shift his head on the pillow.

Dale said in a small, small voice: "Glad you got here."

BENBOW crossed to the bed's side and stared down at the old man, trying to hide his shock. Hat's owner, who had been so proud and bully a man, lay helplessly here and waited for the ebb tide. He wasn't in any pain and he wasn't afraid, but it was that sense of resignation that hit Benbow so hard, for old Jack had never been one to quit fighting. Seeing him thus, all his combative instincts quenched, Benbow knew the end wasn't far away.

"Kind of a long wait," whispered Dale. "What happened, Jim?"

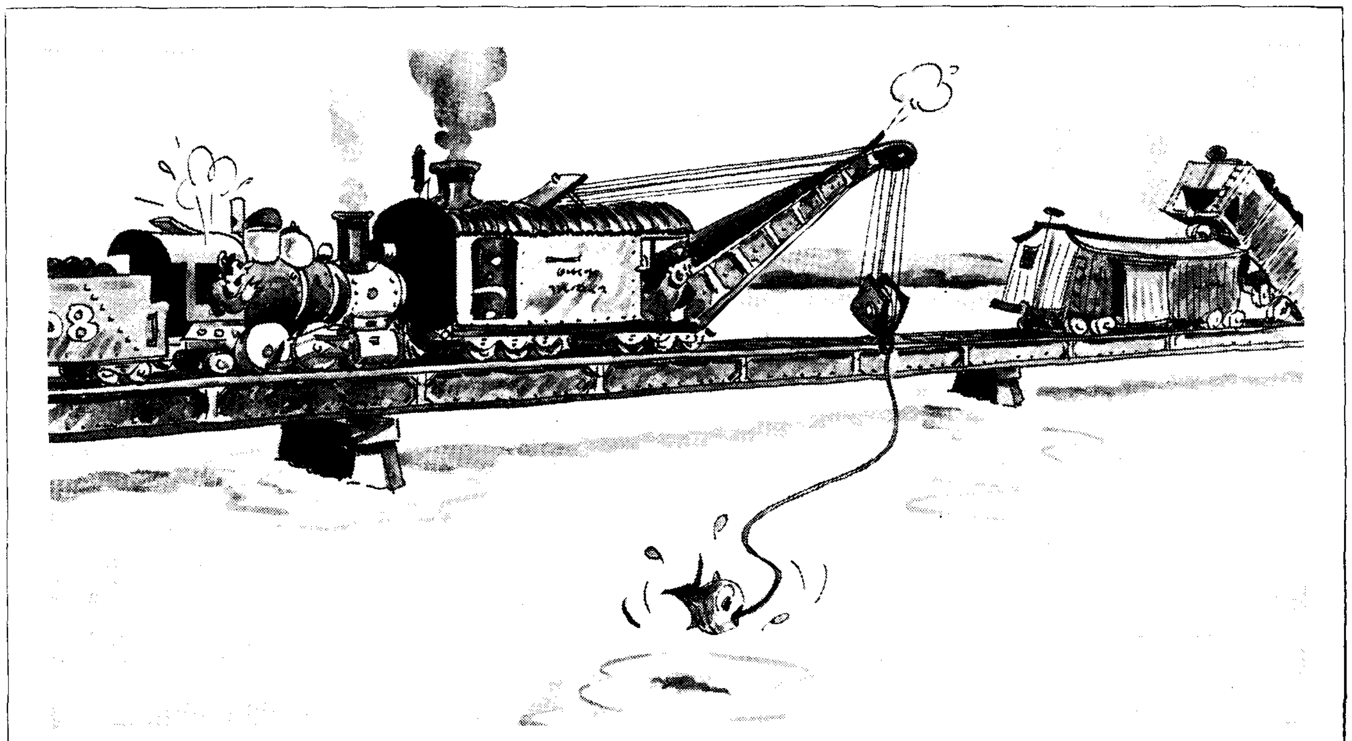
"I followed the beef. You know a place called Carter's ranch, about sixty miles down the badlands?"

"Used to be headquarters for the Mallon boys. We cleaned 'em out, ten years ago. Ain't been there since."

"That's where Gore sends the beef. I saw our brand in Carter's corral. He'd started running his own brand on—"

Dale shook his head, whispering: "Don't waste time, son. What happened?"

"There were three men. One was just



"Quit fooling around, Carlson, we've got work to do!"

REAMER KELLER

a kid and didn't count. I let him go. They had a girl. She came off with me. We burned the house."

Silence settled. The color of Dale's cheeks was bad, but one remaining spark of vitality put a little heat into his eyes. "It's a thing I saw in you when you was a fresh kid come to this place."

"What's that, Jack?"

"You can fight. It's born in you to take punishment and still plug ahead. I observe somethin' in your eyes. It ain't pretty, for you been down into the hell every man reaches when he kills another man. Still, you'll close your mouth and keep goin'. And now it's Cash Gore."

"Yes," said Benbow, "I guess we've come to Cash finally."

Dale whispered: "You're up against somethin' tough. Listen. When the wolves start howlin' it's time for you to remember no man's to be trusted. The ones you figure for your friends may not be your friends. That's the way it goes when you spill blood. From this time on—until the valley's cleaned up—you'll be the loneliest man in the world. It's written that way in the book. I wish I could watch you go through it."

"Jack," said Benbow, "what's in the back of your head? You've come close to tellin' me twice lately."

DALE shut his eyes and for a moment Benbow thought he was slipping out. Long afterward Dale murmured: "Was you a weaker man I might tell you. But you're tough enough to take the thing that's goin' to tear your heart out—and see the end of it your own way. Jim—stick by Connie till things are settled down."

"Sure—sure," muttered Benbow.

Dale lifted his hand feebly from the bed. He made a faint circle with his finger. "I've had fun. I've tried to keep away from little sins. The big ones have been plenty, but I did 'em with reason, though maybe Gabriel will have some little trouble readin' my account book. I been proud of you a long time, Jim. God hates a piker. Do what you got to do, and to hell with the reasons."

"All right, Jack."

Dale rolled his head away from Benbow and gasped: "Tell Connie I want to see her."

Benbow wheeled out, going quickly down the stairs. He nodded toward Connie, instantly sending her up to old Jack's room—with the doctor following at once. McGinnis and Howland and Price and Izee made a loose group by the room's fireplace; Clay Rand stood at the other end of the room, alone and high-drawn and with a sharp discontent on his ruddy features. Benbow saw this scene and didn't understand it. Something lay here strangely, a feeling that dropped a partition between Clay and the rest of the crowd. He went over to the window and jammed his fists into his pocket, watching the wind rip long clouds of snow across the yard.

Howland spoke across the room: "Find out anything, Jim?"

"Yes."

He had his back to them. He heard their boots scrape the floor as they swung. McGinnis said in a quick, rapping voice: "You ready yet?"

"I guess so," said Benbow, and then the stretching stillness pivoted him on his heels. Clay Rand's eyes burned against him with a pale, hot light; all the others were stone-grave. Price Peters suddenly shook his head.

"Don't let anybody pull you into this, Jim."

"For God's sake, Price!" snapped McGinnis. "What's eatin' you?"

"I'd sooner cut off my hand than see you lead a bunch against Gore," insisted Peters bitterly. "Let Nelson do it. Let anybody do it. But not you."

Benbow shrugged his shoulders. "This mysterious talk doesn't get anywhere. I'm already in it, Price. I found where Gore drives Hat's beef. I went down the trail and ran into the place. There were three men there."

He didn't add to that. It wasn't necessary. They knew the way the country was, and what that meeting had to be like. So he let the silence go on while they drew their own conclusions.

McGinnis slapped his hands together. "Gore'll know about that soon enough. We got no time to waste."

"Don't worry," said Benbow. "Gore won't run."

"Run?" echoed Price. "Of course not. Why should he run? He'll draw back into the Yellows and shoot hell out of anything that comes his way."

"He ain't that strong," contradicted Gordon Howland.

Izee, not a talkative man, broke in: "Wrong there, Gordon. You try to ride up Granite Canyon some night and see how far you get."

"As good a time as ever to have it done with," murmured McGinnis. "When you want us, Jim?"

"I'll let you know."

Price Peters said, "Jim," in an altered voice. Everybody looked at him, even Clay Rand. Price's educated and half-disillusioned face showed a greater gravity than before. "I'd like to get something straight. You're going to lead the boys into this business?"

"That's the way it has to be."

"Supposin'," said Peters, "you catch somebody in this roundup you didn't expect to find. What then?"

"More mystery," said Benbow irritably.

"Supposin' you do?" insisted Peters, that same determined care in his tone. "And supposin' it's somebody you considered a friend."

And then he understood they were all a part of that mystery. Price had expressed something all of them felt.

Benbow spoke slowly: "How could a man be my friend if he strung along with Cash? You're spooky, Price. But I'll tell you something. Jack Dale put Hat into my hands six years ago. Hat comes first," he said gently.

CONNIE descended the stairs, her hands hanging stiffly down. She reached the living room's level and looked around her, her cheeks whitened and strained. Clay Rand started across toward her and then she turned from him and saw Benbow near by and stepped against him. The moment he put his heavy arms around her waist he felt her let go in a silent, terrible way. Doc Payson came down and made only a gesture with his hands. That was all.

McGinnis drew out a handkerchief and blew his nose. Izee whirled suddenly from the room; and afterward the other men followed him.

Benbow remained wholly still, feeling the grief of this girl shake its way through her, even while his own thoughts went spinning down into farther blackness.

He heard Connie whispering against his chest: "Don't go, Jim. Not for a while."

He said quietly: "I'm right here, Connie."

She said: "I don't mean that. Don't leave Hat. It's half yours now."

He said: "Your dad was one of the few white men left in the world. I'll finish my job, which he expected me to do. Then I've got to pull out, Connie. You've got your man."

Her hands were on his shoulders, gripping him fast. She lifted her face to him and he saw its wetness. Fragrance rose from her hair. There was no reservation in her eyes and for one moment he looked far down and saw something there that made him forget the dull ache of his body. It was soon gone. She had

(Continued on page 56)

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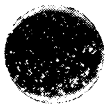

Soap Shampoo

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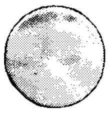

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(Continued from page 55)

remembered Clay Rand; and then there was nothing for Benbow to see. She stepped back, murmuring: "Nothing changes you, Jim."

"I can remember when we were just a couple of kids, having fun. But we've grown up—and nothing like that can come again."

He went out of the house quickly.

Connie walked into the office and found Clay standing by the window. He wheeled around, high and stiff-shaped and showing her the sultry edges of his strange temper. He had been smoking.

He said: "Connie, you've got little to hold you here now. Let's put the country behind us."

She drew a long, long breath. The way of her mind was strange; it wouldn't let her alone. She saw Clay so plainly. "Clay, I want to know something."

He lifted his head and a guarded expression tightened the lines of his ruddy face.

She said: "You and Jim and Izee and Price have always been so close together. I've noticed that Price and Izee don't say much to you any more. Only Jim sticks. What have you done?"

He said easily: "What would you figure?"

She murmured: "Men like Price and Izee don't come to snap judgments, Clay. I trust them. Why don't they trust you?"

He said, half in anger: "Ask them."

She said, "No," in a small voice. "I don't ask questions. My father taught me better manners. I trust you because Jim does. If the time ever comes when he—"

He stopped her brusquely, coming across the room. "You had better make up your mind whether it's Benbow you want or me." His ruddy cheek showed a deeper flush and a pale rage sparkled in his eyes. "Maybe it's me that has reason to figure whether I ought to trust Price and Izee. Or whether I ought to trust you and Benbow—"

She pulled up her chin and said, "You'd better go."

HE PUT his hands on her shoulders and there was a checked pressure in them that she could feel. He was that near to hurting her physically. But it was for only a moment, and then his unstable temper snapped and he was speaking in a rapid, groaning way: "Connie—Connie, what in God's name are we quarreling for?" He left it like that, rushing across the living room, slamming its door behind him.

Once, she thought, her heart would have gone crying after him. Tonight she let him go, and seemed not to care. She walked over to the big desk and put her hands on it; thinking of her father, whose heavy arms had worn grooves at the desk's edge; thinking of Benbow whose own big arms fitted into those grooves. He had held her and said nothing while she cried, and the rough surface of his coat, smelling of tobacco and leather and all the ingrained articles of a man's being, had cut the edge of her grief.

Benbow and the others were standing on the porch when Rand came out. Nelson McGinnis quit talking, obviously leaving his thought unfinished, and silence came upon them, uncomfortably. There was a little light shining out of the house, to show Benbow how swiftly his friends reacted to Clay's presence. Even Price looked away from Clay, and Izee went down to the foot of the steps and stood half turned. Wind raced around the edge of the house, throwing up the loose snow. Benbow put his long arm on Clay's shoulder and let it lie there so that McGinnis and the rest of them might see how he felt.

McGinnis went out to his horse, with Gordon Howland and Price at once following suit. McGinnis settled himself in the leather. He said: "I'll notify the valley, Jim. You'll bury him here?"

"Tomorrow."

They trotted out into the darkness, soon disappearing. Izee walked on toward the bunkhouse. Benbow pulled his arm away from Clay's shoulder, feeling his partner's restless stirring.

"Kid," said Benbow, "I've got to tell you something. Take it right."

Rand's head swung around until the outshining lamplight hit his eyes and showed their glitter. He stood very still, his long body lifted and held alert.

"You've had your fun foolin' along," said Benbow. "I'm not laying any blame against you. A man can't get around his nature. But you've had the fun and now's time to buckle on the harness. You're beginning to get a reputation for wasting your time. Hat's a big outfit and you'll be running Hat when I pull out."

Clay said suddenly: "When?"

"Soon as I clean up my chores."

Rand said: "Stay away from Gore, Jim. He's after your skin."

Benbow went gravely on: "You've been God's worst fool with women. Connie deserves better than that. You ought to know it. But it's your affair—and Connie's. Not mine. I wish you'd thresh that out with her, and do it soon. Spring will roll around quick enough and Hat waits for no man. You're through playin' poker at Faro Charley's and you're through with Eileen Gannon."

Rand spoke with a remote irony: "Layin' out my life for me, I see."

Benbow turned squarely on Rand and let his talk strike Clay without softness: "I'll let nobody neglect Hat, Clay. And I'll let nobody hurt Connie. Grow up—and grow up damned sudden."

"All right," grumbled Rand. "But listen. I wish you'd stay clear of the Yellows. Price is right. Let McGinnis go in there."

"It's Hat he's stealin' from." Then Benbow, weary to the bone and rubbed raw by his partner's strange indifference, let go: "Damn you, Clay. Wake up! Jack Dale never let any man do his dirty work, and neither will I. And if you're coming in here, neither should you. Hat comes first."

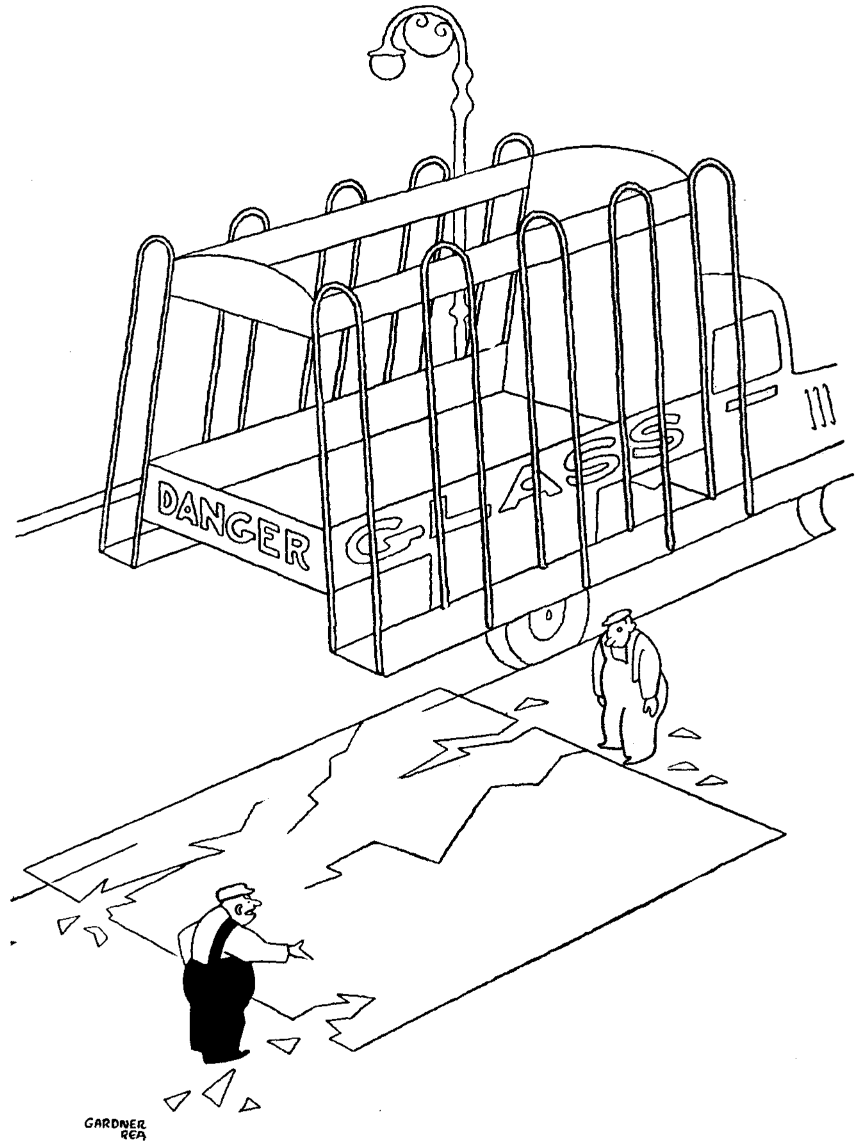
Rand said nothing. He whirled down the steps, got into his saddle and cantered out of the yard. Izee suddenly appeared around the corner of the house. He came forward, saying nothing. Benbow grunted: "What you been standin' there for?"

"Nothin'," answered Izee.

Benbow returned to the office. Connie had gone into another part of the house. He stoked up the stove and moved around the room, too tired to think and yet strung up to an odd restlessness. After a while he stretched out on Jack Dale's old leather couch in the corner. Sleep simply struck him across the forehead like a maul; and he lay there like that, sunken to exhausted slumber when Connie returned. She stood over him a while, watching the corners of his big lips slowly relax. One hand hung out from the couch, the square fingers limp. She brought up a chair beside the couch and sat down and held that hand in her lap.

A MILE from Hat, Price Peters stopped. McGinnis and Howland instantly followed suit, thinking he had spotted something in the heavy night. But he said, "I'm going back," and left them there. Coming again into Hat's yard, he saw Izee's short and solid body rise up from the porch of the main house. Izee said instantly: "Who's that?"

"All right," answered Price, and got



"All right! *Now* you can go ahead and chase that mosquito!" GARDNER REA down. Izee drifted forward, grumbling: "I'm just tuned a little high, I guess."

"Jim inside?"

"Sleepin' like a log."

"I think I'll bunk here tonight."

He led his horse to Hat's long horse barn, stabling it there. Izee followed him and the two of them stood beneath the lantern hung to the runway ceiling, its frosty cone of light slanting over them. Izee said: "Anything on your mind?"

"No."

Price sought his tobacco and rolled a smoke. Izee shoved his back against the inside wall of the stable and considered Price with a long, taciturn attention. It went this way while the time dragged on—two men thoroughly understanding each other's thoughts and hating to give voice to those thoughts.

"Clay," murmured Izee, "went home. What we goin' to do about him, Price?"

"Nothing."

"The hell." Izee pushed himself away from the wall. "Think of it, Price. There's the man who'll be boss of Hat. Why, my God—!"

"He'll never get that far."

"Why not? He's workin' with Cash Gore and no man ever gets free of Cash. Cash will tell him what to do. Right now, with Benbow ridin' for Cash, it's Clay that's here listenin' for what he can carry back. Think of that, Price!"

Price repeated gently: "He'll never get that far."

Izee grumbled: "You give a man the fidgets"

"There were four of us," mused Price. "You and Jim and me and Clay. Now it's just Jim and you and me. I have no other ties on this earth. As for Jim, I don't want him hurt. When he rides after Cash Gore he'll soon enough find out the truth about Clay. It's a thing that won't stay hidden. Then he'll have to make up his mind what to do. Whether to hunt Clay like the rest of the wild bunch. Or let Clay go. It'll tear his heart out, Izee. Because that's the way he feels about his friends. I don't want it to happen."

Izee said after a long silence: "It'll happen. When he starts for the Yellows, Price, he'll cut it clean and complete. I know that fellow."

"That," said Price, "is why I didn't want him heading up a posse. Well, never mind. It won't come to that. Find me a bunk."

HE SLEPT that night in Hat's bunkhouse; and was up before daylight, ready to go when Izee stumbled sleepy-eyed into the windy, snow-laced air. Izee said: "Where you travelin'?"

"I'll be back for the funeral," said Price.

"Better wait for some breakfast."

Price started off, and then seemed to think of something. He rode back to where Izee stood and held out his hand. Izee, displaying a sleepy puzzlement, took it and held it. He said: "What for, Price?"

Price showed Izee one of his rare, half-sad and half-insolent smiles. "So long, Izee," he drawled, and then put Hat's yard quickly behind him. Just before he turned around the barn Izee noticed that he had buckled his revolver outside his overcoat. Long afterward Izee kept thinking of that. Being a thoroughly still-tongued man, it never occurred to him to mention it to Benbow at the breakfast table. But, helping to dig old Jack's grave in the ranch cemetery that bitter morning, he kept recalling that gun strapped outside Price's coat; kept turning it over and over in his head.

Price bucked his way across the Two Dance and by eight o'clock had reached the Ramparts south of Gannon's ranch. He pushed his way up through the heavy drifts of snow caught in the trees, arrived at the main trail on the Ramparts rim and found an easier path here where earlier travelers had beaten a way. Gannon's chimney smoke twined the windy air below him, and down one alley of the pines he saw Eileen chopping wood in the yard. Later he dropped into Granite Canyon and climbed the far side, observing the road along the canyon's bottom to be well marked by traffic between Running M and Riley's settlement higher up. On top of the rim again he rode his steady way northward until, two miles from the canyon, he sighted Clay Rand's long low cabin to the fore, its barn and sheds leading back into timber, its front porch facing out upon the sweep of the prairie.

IT HAD been his intention to ride directly into the yard, but he didn't do it. For, while he was yet two hundred yards from the place, Clay swung around the house and advanced on him.

Stopped there, Price knew that Clay wasn't quite sure. The day was dull, with the trees casting heavy shadows across the trail, with the snow clouding the air. He watched Clay stiffen in the saddle and he watched Clay's right arm drop and swing loosely back and forth, brushing the gun butt at each passing. Fifty yards off, Clay suddenly sent his call on: "That you, Price?" And came ahead until only a yard separated the horses. Clay was smiling. Yet—and this detail Price's quick eyes instantly saw—the big blond man's muscles didn't loosen. Behind that smile lay a risen suspicion.

"Goin' to the funeral?" asked Clay.

"Yes."

"We'll go together."

"Hold it, Clay."

The smile went away and the intimation of trouble was between them even then. Clay's lips lengthened, that pressure streaking straight lines out from them. Price sat still and saw this one-time comrade change and become another man. A quick fire began to burn in Clay's unsteady eyes and in the space of a spoken word he had lifted his nerves to a readiness. Price felt the weight of an antagonism push against him, like the weight of a hand, and he knew that the story was half told before he opened his mouth.

Clay spoke out, violence having its irregular way with his words: "Well, what's up?"

"You've got no warning coming, but I'd be the last man to shut the door in your face. Get out of the country."

Rand eased his body in the saddle. "Kid," he said, turned stony-quiet, "what do you know?"

"You're a miserable dog, Rand. It's what I know—and too much for any man to know."

He kept his voice down. His feeling for Rand entirely dead; yet his recollections of their past fun held his anger low. The hearty color was ebbing from Rand's cheeks, leaving them yellow-pale; and his light-colored eyes were sprung wide. In that instant some of his hope and some of his assurance and some of his pride fell in ruin around him. It must have been that, Price thought distantly, for Clay grabbed the horn of his saddle with his gun arm and let a long, long breath fall out. He asked his question again with a kind of desperate anxiety:

"What do you know?"

"What did Gore tell you to do—in Two Dance the night he tried to get Jim?"

Rand shook his head, muttering: "That's too much for you to know, kid. I wish to God you didn't."

"You can turn and ride out. I'm not stopping you."

Rand said dully: "I can't do it, Price. I'd keep remembering you still knew that."

"I don't give a hoot about you!" snapped Price. "It's Jim I call to mind." He had his moment of cruelty, and used it. "How well does a man sleep, Clay, for knowin' he's leadin' his best friend into a trap!"

"Wait," said Rand. "I had nothing to do with that shooting. Neither did Gore. It was Kell's idea." But he kept staring at Price, the yellow tinge more and more distinct in his eyes. It turned them queer; it strained them with unreason. He asked hoarsely: "Who else saw that?"

Price thought of Izee, and then lied. "Nobody." And afterward the thought in Clay's head was as apparent as a shouted word, and all thought of a gentle ending left Price's mind. He knew what strange and abysmal and hopeless phantoms danced beyond those yellowing eyes. He knew, because his own life had been as twisted and as futile and he had been tortured with thoughts that ran like hot irons across his sanity. He had that insight, cruel and bitter-clear. And so he waited, noting the way Clay's arm fell down from the saddle horn and hung beside the gun. He could trace each added wave of despair that swept Clay's impulses to a higher and higher peak. Detached, without feeling and without much interest, he sat there watching a man head for murder. Like a scientist watching a test-tube's froth boil toward the spilling point.

"I think," he said coolly, "you're past turning. But turn and ride out of Two Dance."

Rand said: "All right, Price. Go on back and let me alone."

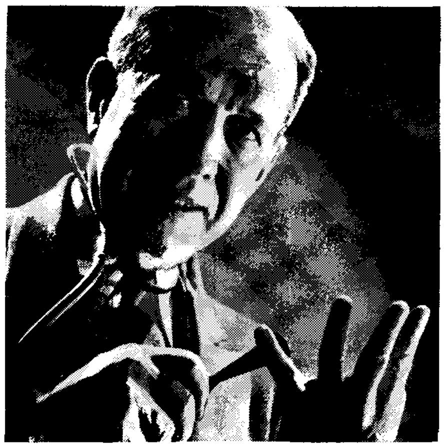
Price lifted the reins and turned his horse partly around. And stopped, making a broadside target. He was smiling gently at the thin and bloodless and suddenly cunning shape of Rand's face. He was smiling sadly and speaking sadly: "I gave you credit for having one thing left in you, kid. Guess I was wrong. You'd shoot a man in the back."

IT REACHED Clay. It broke him apart as no other thing could have done. He cried out in a long, wild voice: "You know what I've got to do!" And as he yelled, he ripped his gun from its holster and took a snap aim and fired. Price Peters had matched that sweep of Rand's gun; and then the hammer of the rising weapon caught in the folds of his coat which overlapped the belt. He never lifted it higher. Rand's bullet tore through his body. With the faint shadow of a smile still remaining, Price slowly fell from the horse, sprawled in the snow on his hands and knees, and turned over. He had a last spark of strength; his eyes rolled in Rand's direction and his lips framed a word that never came out. That was all.

Rand jerked his glance from the ground and opened the cylinder of the gun. He pulled out the exploded shell, threw it far into the brush and fed a fresh cartridge into the vacant cylinder. He had trouble doing this, his hands shaking terribly, and he had trouble returning the gun to its holster. For a short time he stared around him, the yellow gone from his face and a marble whiteness showing. He dismounted, pulled Price's body into the brush and mounted again. Afterward he sat there collecting his thoughts. Snow thickened around him and the light of the day got worse.

Presently he herded Price's pony down the trail the full two miles to the canyon and watched it go riderless along the road toward Running M. It was what he wanted. He descended into the canyon, rose to the far side and raced on along the Ramparts trail as fast as the footing would permit. Beyond Gannon's place he dropped into the open country and headed for Hat to attend Jack Dale's funeral.

(To be continued next week)



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GLOVER'S DOG MEDICINES

The Second Mrs. Brown

Continued from page 15

"No, you. You whistle much better'n I do, Abbie."

"Why, I do no such thing!"

Seldom ever has there been such sunshine in Normandy. In Colorado perhaps, or Sicily or the upper Alps. . . . And spring flowers blowing and spring birds singing in the autumn wind.

"What, Lem? I can't hear. What? In my *ear*, then."

"You won't go 'way, Abbie—you won't go 'way, you won't go 'way?"

They sat on the grass in almost exactly the same spot, but Abbie Gale was getting on for twenty-two and Lem was seven now, and where were nearly two years gone?

Lem had been deep in thought for some minutes. So had Abbie.

"I grow older faster than you do, don't I, Abbie?"

"Nobody grows older faster than I do. Or half so fast."

"Abbie, when will I be old enough to be married to you?"

"So *that's* the drift! Lem, dear, I dare not give you my promise now."

"Why not?"

"With my beauty, youth and charm—surrounded as I am by men of the world, all at me to be theirs—"

"What are you talking about? What men of what world?"

Abbie rolled over, prone on the turf, and ran museful fingers over the grass tops. "I suppose you're right. Men of the world, one can handle." Plucking a blade she flicked it away with disdain. "That for you and your orchids!" Another. "That for you and your serenades under my casement—I've heard better voices."

"*Abbie!*"

"But here, Lem, here's the party I may be going to have trouble with—if he keeps on pestering me long enough. Look him over."

LEM got down close and looked the grass blade all over.

"A strong man, a silent man, a man of the great outdoors, Lem, cheeks tanned by a thousand winds, neck sinewy and on the large side, and hair on his wrists, and—let me see—"

"And a ship, do you mean? Will I have a ship, Abbie? . . . Why—why—why, Abbie, what's the matter?"

The matter was that Abbie had suddenly put her face down in the grass and burst out weeping. And kicking. "What the heck—can't I cry when I want to?"

"What does heck mean?"

"Hell."

Walking homeward presently, Lem came out of another period of thought.

"Abbie."

"What?"

"Will I be Mr. Gale, or will you be Mrs. Brown?"

"That *is* a problem."

They would have been amazed to know how soon it was to be solved. Less than a fortnight later, Abbie was Mrs. Brown.

"I am going to die. I want Lem to have a mother."

Out of the fog of the following days, when strangers came and talked and went, a notary, a man of affairs, a man from the consulate—out of the fog Abbie remembered clearly only the painful, mechanical, astounding murmur that, at the outset, had struck her in a way defenseless. "I am going to die. I want Lem to have a mother."

There was to be added another memorable moment. When the rapid drone of the ceremony was at an end, Abbie Gale Brown saw that her husband wanted her ear bent down.

"They are taking me to Paris—to try a new thing—one chance in a hundred they say—but I know there is none—and I am glad—take Lem to America—nothing but the best—for you both—may I speak to him now—thanks and goodby."

There were still the people in the room. When Lem had listened with his ear down he went out to the hall and found Abbie standing. He took her hand.

"Papa says I'm to call you Mother now."

He tugged at the hand. Momentarily it came to life, squeezed.

"Yes, darling—yes, son."

M. DARACQ, under the eye of the consulate, saw to everything, the estate, the passport, the steamship passages; about the last-named he had had detailed instructions from J. H. Brown before he died. The complete and complicated business he carried in his brief case when he journeyed to Cherbourg with Mrs. Brown and son, to see them off on the S. S. Halcyon. The seven-thousand-ton freighter lay at light anchor in the roads, single funnel, abbreviated superstructure, here and there on her flanks a patch of red lead in the process of painting.

Abbie sat down where a sailor suggested she sit down, in the stern sheets of the motor-tender. She surveyed the boat's comparative emptiness and felt foolish.

"Are we all?"

"From here, yes, ma'am."

M. Daracq, striving for calmness, fiddled with the catch of his case. "This Halcyon is exclusive, madame; she takes but sixteen passengers at most." Then he blurted out: "And less expensive."

Abbie thought to herself: "Are we all going crazy together?"

M. Daracq had his case open. "And here I must say adieu, as the boat is not returning. In this envelope, madame, you will find tickets and passport; you will give them to the purser. You would do well to give this also, for safe keeping. We thought best to put it in American currency. Would you—er—count it—before signing?"

"No, no," Abbie spoke lightly. Bewilderment always affected her that way. "Eleven hundred and seventy dollars," she mused as she put her name to the receipt. "Expenses? That seems a lot."

"It is the sum and total of the estate, I regret to inform madame."

"What did you say?"

"We have all been astonished and grieved, Madame Brown." M. Daracq busied himself quickly; in his dry way he was moved. "Ah, and here is a letter from your man at the consulate. He has been at pains."

ABBIE still had the letter clamped in hand when she found herself on board the freighter, standing alone in the middle of a stateroom.

The man at the consulate had indeed been at pains; his letter was quite long; too long for anything but fragments of phrases to be caught at here and there. ". . . I am certain Mr. Brown himself had believed . . . natural in his condition . . . 'too many cooks,' too many accounts, everywhere negligence rather than any irregularity, and none certainly by Daracq. . . ."

There was an end if she could ever get to it. Things were against her, however. Not alone the motion; there was the ship smell. Then something came out of the sea's bottom and went right straight up through Abbie to the top of the sky—the S. S. Halcyon had a good big siren. And presently a bellow, at some distance beyond the open porthole, a presage of what was coming and they didn't know it: "Get that kid down off that stanchion, good God, are you helpless!" And another voice, nearer: "You hear the Old Man—climb down here, you little devil!"

". . . the bulk of the estate, the American funds, would seem to have existed only in your husband's dreams—perhaps his memory. . . ."

Again it was like the other time; somebody was rapping, rapping. It was only the stewardess. "Is there anything you would want, Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes!" Abbie looked around for it wildly. "I'm going to be sick."

Daylight.

"Who are you?"

"I am the second officer, ma'am."

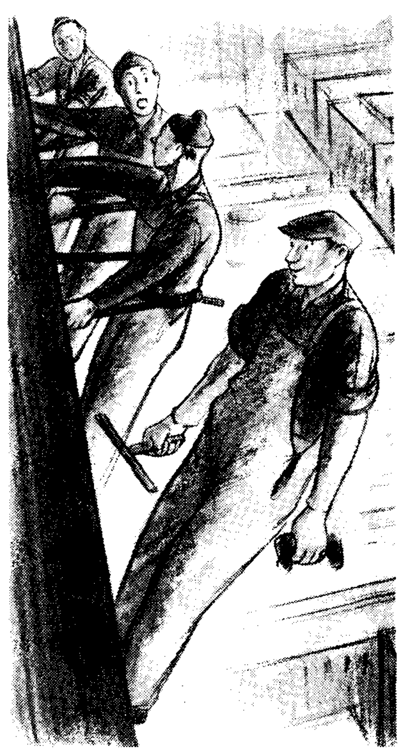
"What are you doing with Lem?"

"Bringing him in. Captain Bane's compliments, for the third time, ma'am—"

"Third?"

"But if something is not done about this young man he'll just have to be put in chains."

"Go on, put him in chains!"



"He says, 'It's just a matter of thought'"

WILLIAM VON RILGEN

Day. Bright and clear and little wind.

They had not, in fact, put Lem in chains. Beyond shouting and getting him from where he was and taking him somewhere else, none of these large men had done him any violence. Their barks, he concluded, were worse than their bites.

Although Lem knew by now that the ship was steered from the bridge, where he could not go on account of the captain's temper, yet memories lingering from his youth and the cupola on the pig barn lent at least a sentimental interest to the crow's-nest on the foremast, which had *not* been forbidden him, and which had an iron ladder for use in getting to it.

Halfway up, Lem put one knee through the rungs, wrapped his arms around the uprights, shut his eyes, and swallowed prayers until a Finnish quartermaster pried him loose and took him down.

Lest they think he might have been frightened, he said: "I wasn't afraid." He did lose a little ease, however, at sight of the captain coming down from the bridge to join. With some instinct about the best defense, Lem attacked immediately. "If anyone had *told* me I wasn't to go up—"

Captain Bane took him by the wrist, but otherwise ignored him. "This time," he said to the second officer, "*I'll* tell her."

There was a chance to object that shipmasters didn't ordinarily do that, but none took it. When a redheaded man sees red it's just as well to let him. Besides, Bartholomew Bane was no ordinary shipmaster; had he been, even at his comparatively modest age of thirty-seven, he might have commanded a liner; not the worst of the enemies he had made of recent years could have called him less than a splendid seaman.

The reason he was in freight was that he didn't like passengers.

On their way, nearly there, in the lounge around which the staterooms were banked, Lem said: "My mother isn't well." And not by way of plaint, but merely to put the odds on record, he added: "And I am a child."

Frankness held no terrors for the captain: "I don't like children." He made it even more sweeping: "And I don't like people by the name of Brown."

ABBIE was good and mad. She was sitting up in her berth with an old knit bed jacket on and felt much better, but she looked like the wrath of God and knew it.

"I have never found him anything but quiet, respectful, and quick to obey. It must be the way he's being treated."

"Well, of all the gall!" The captain, who had been standing with his cap off, clapped it on for grimness and sat down. "You may not realize, madam, but aboard this ship at sea I am the Lord Almighty. If I find it necessary to take disciplinary measures—"

"You lay a hand on him and see!"

He nearly did, next instant. Startled to feel alien fingers exploring up under his jacket cuff, he shouted, "What in thunder!" and made a grab. Lem had escaped, though, taking his fingers with him, to commune in undertones with Mother, who brimmed the cup of outrage by bursting into laughter.

"You must forgive us," she hastened to explain, drying the tears. "I once happened to say that the man I should marry would probably have a deep tan, a good-sized neck and hair on his wrists. And Lem is worried."

Bartholomew Bane rose, speechless for once, and prepared to leave. Abbie was sobered. Mainly by way of saying something, "When will we be in New York?" she asked.

He stopped as if he had been shot. He studied her, studied Lem, then her again. His expression was almost idiotic.

"When will we be in New *What?*"

"York." She refrained from adding, "Silly!"

Without further word and with the air of a man walking on eggs, yet trying to hurry, he took his departure. The stewardess appeared almost immediately. "The captain says to tell you: anywhere from four to five months from now, with any luck."

Of a sudden Abbie got her legs out over the berth side. "Where is this boat bound?"

"South Africa first—you know that, ma'am. Cape Town."

"Oh—yes—of course—stupid—it's just my head."

"Then Australia."

"*Naturally* Australia *then* . . Will you help me with my clothes? I think I'll feel better out in the air."

The solitary steward fixed Abbie a chair and tucked a nice rug around her.

Then she recollected. "Hurry, Lem, go in and bring me the letter you'll find in one of the drawers above the washstand."

Toward the end it read: " . . . I had some difficulty in hearing, Mr. Brown's voice had grown so weak. This is as near as I can give you his actual words: 'Tell her she is not to worry, however strange things may seem. She will meet (I took this to mean, be met by) the best friend *I ever had.*' "

That afternoon, on his third round, without warning and with some violence, as in the old-fashioned game of "Going to Jerusalem," Captain Bane plopped down in the chair beside her and frowned at the horizon.

"Oh, dear, what's he been up to this time, Captain?"

"Sherry," he said, "is the best thing for you when you look that way."

Since there was no apparent method by which he could have known what way she was looking, Abbie was startled, and could only murmur that she was not a heavy drinker. He had already, however, flagged the steward. "Bring Mrs. Brown a glass of my sherry."

"He looked absolutely petrified, did you notice? Does it affect your crew that way, Captain, when they see you being nice to someone?"

"I'm not. You bother me."

"My looks, do you still mean? Because, when I'm myself—"

"You and your son. You bother me, Mrs. Brown."

"Oh, I see. Lunatics aboard."

"Well, I didn't say lunatics—but you must admit—when—a case like this—a passenger not knowing—confound it—"

"I'm just as mixed up as you are, Captain. But now here's something has just occurred to me. It couldn't be *your* mistake, could it—couldn't be that the ship was supposed to go to New York and you'd forgotten?" Since he took this in silence, Abbie modified her tone. "The only thing I can pin to is that it must have been by my husband's instructions."

"Can he be reached by wireless?"

"I fear not. I was speaking of Lem's father, the late Mr. J. H. Brown."

A brief pause.

" 'J' for what?"

"We must be near land somewhere, aren't we? Or are those sea gulls birds—I mean, of course, are those birds sea gulls?"

"I beg your pardon, but 'J' for what?"

"I don't know, so there!" Abbie put her face in her hands. "All right, go on, laugh!" Eyes still covered, she went defiant. "How would I know? I was in the house two years, and there was no one there, or ever came there, who would have called him by his name. Paralytic, a stranger to me, hardly able to make words—" Her own words tumbling over each other, the fragmentary tale of marriage and death and aftermath came out. Lower and lower in hiding her face went. At the end she shook with an abrupt hysterical mirth. "There, it's your own fault. If you *will* be the kind that women flock to confide in, Captain Bane!"

THE solitary steward almost dropped his tray. Pulling himself together, he coughed slightly. "Your sherry, Mrs. Brown."

Abbie sat bolt up, eyes going all around. "Why, where's the captain gone?"

Tramp, tramp, ten paces to port, tramp, tramp, ten paces to starboard, back and forth and back and forth in the after-dinner dark of the bridge, the captain passed. A new hand, on watch in one wing, thought he would ask in the duty quartermaster's ear what could be ailing the Old Man. But the quartermaster thought otherwise and moved off quickly. There was a motto among the veterans in the Halcyon's crew: "Leave it lay."

Four decks below, in the purser's quarters, there was puzzlement mixed with uneasiness.

(*Continued on page 60*)

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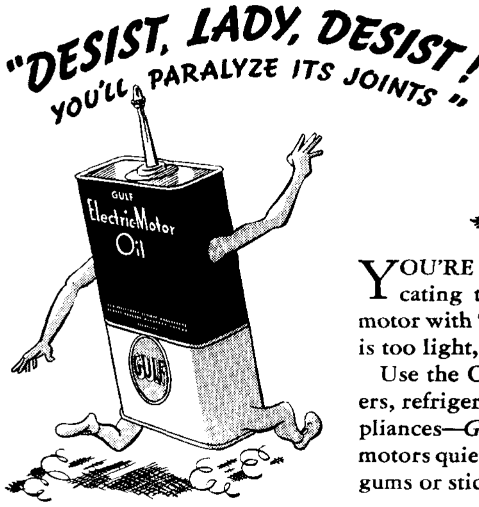

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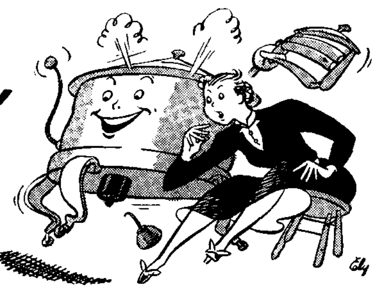

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(Continued from page 59)

"What does he want 'em for?" the purser asked peevishly, sorting the Brown passport and passage forms from the rest and snapping a band around them.

"Search me, but you better step on it."

The duty quartermaster was a bit startled when a hand fell on his shoulder in the dark. He was amazed when he saw whose it was.

"That boy of yours going to take to the sea, Vorensen?"

"You—you've seen my boy, sir?"

"That was your boy with your wife on board at Hoboken, wasn't it?"

"Well, for—aye, sir—yes, sir—he hasn't said, sir."

"Hope you'll turn him our way if he does, Vorensen. Stout-looking young fellow."

JUST as Captain Bane was entering the saloon at lunchtime he met Mrs. Brown coming out with a worried look.

"*You* don't know where my son is, do you, Captain?"

"Standing the wheel, Mrs. Brown."

"I've heard of rolling a hoop, but standing a wheel—what wheel?"

"The wheel. He wanted to steer the ship."

"But joking aside—"

"By himself. And doing very well, too, as you would see if you went out and looked at the wake."

"You don't mean seriously? Well, I suppose that's all very fine but how about his lunch?"

"Members of the crew have to fit their lunchtimes to their watches below. He'll doubtless pick up a snack in the fo'c'sle when he's relieved at two."

With a passenger list of but seven, the captain's table was the only table. Abbie found herself seated at his right, which was nice.

As a matter of fact he ate little now, and talked less. He did say aside to Abbie, on rising: "If you don't mind, I should like to have another talk with you some time this afternoon."

"Do I still bother you?"

"Well—" But then he went.

Abbie went too. She went out to the cross-deck, aft, and had a look at the wake, and felt a justifiable glow. Straight as a string it went back across the sea. It was not yet two, so Lem would still be steering.

But then a passenger joined her, a billowy man full of wisdom.

"I happened to overhear the captain saying that your boy was standing the wheel, Mrs. Brown. That's a good one."

"Well, he is, isn't he?"

"My dear lady! At sea, on a set course, that wheel is a free wheel; the vessel is actually being steered automatically by Iron Mike, which is sailor's slang for the gyrocompass. Remarkable, what?"

Abbie restrained a murderous impulse. But then she stopped looking at him and went away to her book and chair.

"I don't like them any more than you do," was her opening observation when the captain sought her out later.

"Them?"

"Passengers."

Pulling himself together, Bane rummaged a pocket, produced a passport.

"Mrs. Brown, have you ever examined this passport of yours and your boy's?"

No, she hadn't. She explained its passage through her hands to the purser's.

"Why?" she ended, holding out a hand for it. "Should I have?"

When, in place of letting her have it, he returned it unopened to his pocket, dismay held her dumb.

"Would J," he said, "be for Jasper?"

With that she remembered. "You see, I did hear it the one time, in the marriage ceremony. That was it, yes. Jasper."

"It struck me as possible. That's why I was curious yesterday. I used to know a Jasper Brown. This Jasper."

Abbie lay as still as anything, but her mind went like lightning.

"It couldn't be, could it," she asked, conquering a difficulty about breath, "you're the one he meant—the friend?"

Bane was looking away. When it seemed as if he hadn't heard, what had been shyness became a stone wall before her, a wall that Abbie had to get through, some way, right now.

"The best friend he ever had, Captain?"

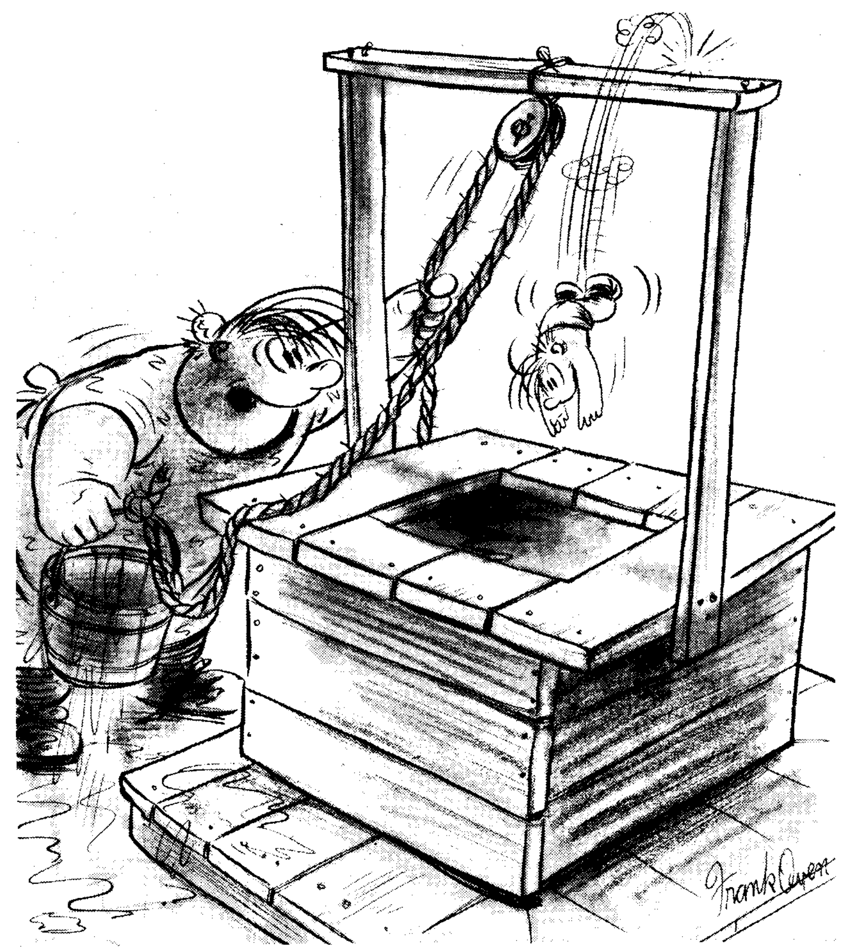
The half of his face she could see had gone a funny color. On the temple a vein was magnified. Deliberately, without turning, he spoke: "I hated his guts to hell."

He sprang to his feet, but still did not turn.

"Deeply I beg your pardon for using the words, Mrs. Brown." He walked away forward, toward the bridge.

Philbert **By FRANK OWEN**

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"This is your last high dive today. Mamma's tired hauling you up in the bucket!"

Lem found Abbie sitting, staring at nothing, a long way off.

"Mother."

She just sat, just stared.

"Mother, are you seasick again? Mother!"

"What, Lem?"

"Will you come up on the bridge and see things?"

"No, Lem."

"BUT you'd be very interested in the wheel and the binnacle and everything. He's quite sure you would."

"Who is quite sure I would?"

"The Old Man. That's why he sent me."

"You may go and tell the Old Man that if he wants me up there he can come and tell me so himself."

"But you see, Mother, he says you'd be more apt to come if I ask you than if *he* asks you."

"Please, dear, run along."

"Shall I tell him you're sick?"

"Yes." Then Abbie got up and started after Lem, saying: "Which way *is* the bridge?"

THEY leaned on the weather-cloth rail out in the port wing of the bridge, looking down at the everlasting, ever-changing whiteness that came combing back off the shoulders of the bow. Bane spoke with a lack of certainty.

"His wife—his former wife, I should say—the boy's mother—you say you were there?"

"It was the day I came."

"How was—what was it like?"

Abbie told him as briefly and simply as she could of the woman who sat in the gilt-and-tile salon of the rented villa, her eyes fixed without seeing on a picture on the wall.

After a moment of silence: "What kind of a picture?"

"A picture of a ship—" Abbie caught her breath, looked around her at this ship, this ocean—"on the ocean."

Nothing for a little while.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I guess I see now." On impulse, as she would have "done with a child," she laid a hand on his fist on the rail and gripped it hard. "You loved her. And she loved you."

He nodded slowly. "For a while." And still without bringing his eyes back out of distance: "She was my wife for a while."

"Oh!" It had no more breath than a whisper. Abbie's hand started to slide from his of its own weight, but he kept it from doing so. And he said a queer thing.

"Do you mind?" he said.

He couldn't know that Abbie was lost in a parenthesis of wonder: (Mind her having been his wife—or mind his holding my hand?) Her silence seemed to fill him with dismay.

"I know. Why should you? Why should you even like me? I'm thirty-seven—you're not yet twenty-three."

"H-h-how do you know?" (What Abbie had fully intended to say was: "What difference does a few little *years* make?")

"It's in your passport," he answered the spoken one. "So is your name. Abbie. Mine is Bartholomew. I want you to know it."

"I already—that is—it's on the back of the menu—Lem showed me—and—tell me, isn't Lem in the way up here?"

"Why?"

"But hasn't he bothered you?"

To make matters worse, he nodded. A sudden grin twitched his lips. "Lots. But you were the one that started it. You've bothered me from the very first sight. If you'll remember—"

Unless she did something quickly she was going to make an awful fool of herself, like breaking out crying, or singing. "Lem," she called, "let that brass thing alone or you'll break it."

"If you'll remember your description of the man you were probably to marry, the tan, the large neck, and so on." Hitching up a jacket cuff he surveyed a wrist.

"Lem, do you hear me!"

"*Bartholomew, mind your mother!*"

"Barth—" Abbie's echo of the astounding thing broke off in the middle. She didn't turn, didn't look at the speaker, but just stood there. Stood there for a long minute, stock-still. While the inside of her head went in circles, around and around.

When she did turn, it was quietly. "Where is my passport?"

"In my cabin. Come."

He remained outside in the chartroom, shutting the door after Abbie as she entered his cabin and saw the passport on the desk. She sat down in his chair before she took it and opened it.

"Abbie Gale Brown, female, white, widow, twenty-two. Accompanied by stepson Bartholomew Bane, Jr., seven."

By and by something started to come up in Abbie's throat. She put her hand over her mouth and bit the palm. That was that.

DUSK was deepening in the open. In the chartroom things were visible only in silhouette against the glazed opening forward. Bartholomew Bane, Sr., stood so quiet and so dark that Abbie didn't know till she was close to him whether he was facing her way or the other, toward the bridge.

He was facing her.

"He is your son." Her voice sounded flat. It sounded dead.

"Yes."

"I won't stand in the way."

"Of what? My happiness?"

"Yes."

"You promise me that, Abbie?"

The next he knew she was at him, beating his breast with her fists, sobbing, choking "No, you don't—you don't need to—I don't—I won't—you can have him, God knows, *without!*"

"I don't want him without!"

"You'll take him without!"

"Without you? Never!"

He had his arms around her, a simple matter of self-defense. Pinioned, she gave up, lay helpless. "Then what—" she wailed, and, putting her face into the stuff of his jacket, muffled the wail and made it sound even funnier. "Then what are we going to do about it?"

Rising, falling, swaying a little, the Halcyon's bow cut through the waters. Deep in a fireroom an iron door clanged. The solitary steward was polishing up his dinner gong. Hands behind him, eyes alert, mien grave, Lem paced the bridge. In the gloom of the chartroom there was a plaint:

"I have to breathe now and then, Bartholomew."

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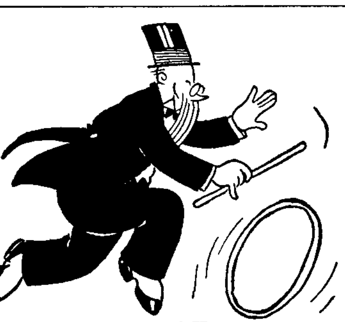


The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

I Love You Again

Continued from page 23

and that she had (and he could see it from this distance peeping under the edges of a tight-fitting hat) hair which was of the color and richness of honey, and eyes which were calm and yet eager.

He saw her raise her hands to arrange the pert little nose veil on the black turban; he saw the firm, slender lines of a young figure beneath the gray fur coat of baby lamb; he observed the eagerness—and the concern—with which her eyes quested along the crowded decks. In a second—oh, just the fractional part of a second—she would see him. He acted by instinct, and on a chance. He raised his right hand and waved, with a gay circling gesture . . . and he knew then that he was right: that this was the girl of the photograph. That it was Kay. That it was his wife.

He said to himself, "She's beautiful." He said, "I like her." And a voice intruded at his elbow: Jason Rountree's voice. It said, respectfully, "That's her. She's awful pretty."

Larry's progress down to the dock seemed interminable. He knew that his lips were pressed tight, that his muscles were taut, that his knees were unsteady. He knew that—frankly and unashamedly—he was frightened. And embarrassed.

She came forward to greet him, and they met in a little cleared space. Somebody called out, gaily: "So long, Larry. Be seein' yuh . . ." but he scarcely heard. He felt her hands in his and he was looking at her.

"Well?" she said.

It was said lightly. It was said seriously. And he knew what she meant.

He bent, awkwardly, and kissed her. He controlled a desire to laugh. He had almost said, "How do you do?"

KAY touched his forehead with a gloved finger.

"Hurt much?" she inquired.

He started to say "No," then checked himself. Instead, he nodded slowly and made much of his injury. "They bumped me rather hard."

"What does the doctor say?"

"He promises I'll survive." He made an obvious remark. "You're looking wonderful, Kay."

"*Merci, monsieur.*" Her eyes laughed into his. "And you are more blind than usual this morning."

"Am I?"

"You haven't mentioned the coat."

He sensed danger, and replied noncommittally, "Should I have mentioned it?"

"It certainly would seem so. I admire your taste—and so do all my friends. Even Ernestine envies me."

He wanted to inquire who Ernestine was. He desired to know the significance of her remarks concerning the coat. Fortunately, she shifted the conversation. She said, "I'm awfully glad you're back."

"Really?"

Her glance was intimate. "You guess."

"I'm glad to be back." He knew his words were inane, but he didn't dare to speak freely. "I only wish I felt better."

"You will. We'll stay at the hotel tonight and take the morning train south."

"So soon?" He dreaded the thought of Habersham.

She said, "Yes. I wish we could stay longer, but things down there are pretty hectic. I have strict orders to bring you back just as soon as you can travel."

"What's wrong?"

"It's Duncan."

"What about him?"

She shook her head. "I'd rather wait until we're alone. It's a long story, and I shouldn't tell it piecemeal. Right now I want to listen to you. You know, dear—I've missed you terribly. It's odd how this marriage habit grows on one."

"Just eighteen days . . ."

"Don't tell me you didn't miss my sunny smile and genial personality."

"Never more. Particularly when my head ached." He was becoming restless. He hailed a little man in a tan camel's-hair overcoat who had been standing near by gazing with some apprehension in his direction. Larry beckoned and Jason came forward eagerly.

"KAY," said Larry, "may I present my very good friend, Mr. Rountree. Jason: Mrs. Wilson."

A bright smile illuminated Jason's moonlike countenance. He said, "Mighty glad to meet you, Mrs. Wilson. I am, really. Larry's been telling me a lot about you, and I can see already that it's more than true." Mr. Rountree gestured apologetically. "I'm the man he saved."

"Oh, I see." She flashed him a delighted glance. "Tell me about it."

"It isn't much to be proud of," explained Jason, "at least from my angle, it isn't. But Larry ought to get a medal or something."

Larry growled, "Lay off, Jason."

Jason's blue eyes twinkled. "Larry is modest, Mrs. Wilson."

"Jason's been my trained nurse," explained Larry. "Sitting at my bedside; taking care of me—"

"He needed it, too, Mrs. Wilson." Jason seemed intent on driving that point home. "He's been right sick. He has, really. Two or three times he was delirious: saying funny things—"

"Tell him I've always been a trifle peculiar, Kay."

"I fancy he suspects that already."

"I'm not joking," said Jason, seriously. "Sometimes, Mrs. Wilson, he talked sanely—like you or I would do. Then it would seem he'd start to forget things—things that had happened right there on the ship . . ."

She asked apprehensively, "Is that true, Larry?"

Larry experienced a sensation of being shielded. He understood that Mr. Rountree was shrewdly welding a protective armor for him, that he was planting in Kay's mind an advance explanation of slips to come. He answered his wife's question: "In a way . . . yes."

"I see right now where we'll have Bob give you a thorough going-over the minute you get home." She studied his face intently. "Except for that strip of adhesive, you look well."

"I'm all right, I suppose. I *was* in fine shape—sunburned and hungry. I'm sorry I don't feel better right now, but the truth is—I don't. Of course, Jason here is inclined to exaggerate—"

"No, I'm not." Jason removed his glasses and extended them to the end of their black ribbon. "Look, Mrs. Wilson—isn't it logical for me to be worried when I know he got hurt saving my life?"

"I suppose so."

"Of course." Jason bobbed his head triumphantly. "So I warned Larry that I was going to stick with him until he was entirely well again. Entirely well."

Larry smiled. "You're stubborn, Jason. And now, would you mind seeing whether our baggage has come down yet?"

"Delighted." Mr. Rountree shouldered through the crowd with a circular gesture of farewell, and Larry found himself gazing into troubled gray eyes.

"Let's be honest, Larry: How badly were you injured?"

"Nothing to worry about. I suppose I've merely been a trifle more stupid than usual since the thing happened."

"Were you really delirious?"

"Probably. Anyway, Jason adopted me. He's been the hen, and I'm the one chick. He has announced that he's going to Habersham with us."

"Not really."

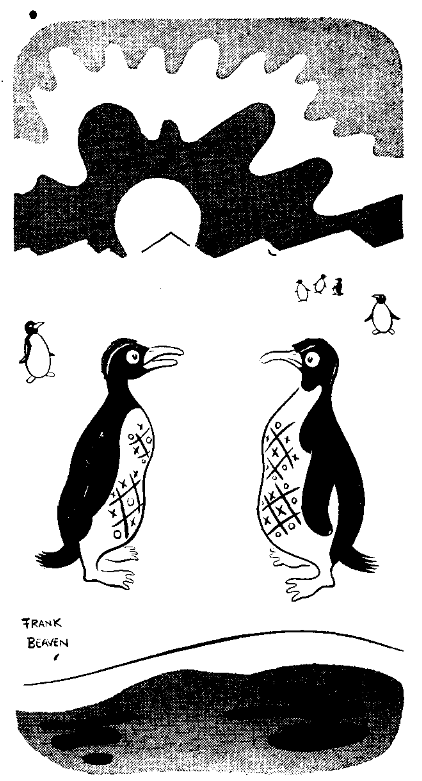
"Cross my heart. I thought it might be fun, at that. How else could I prove my heroism?"

"It seems to be all settled," she said. Then her eyes crinkled at the corners. "Your Jason Rountree is precious. What does he do?"

"Sssssh! He used to operate a speakeasy. He insists, however, that it was a class spot. Since repeal he's been devoting himself to the cultural life, with horses as a hobby. You'll like him."

"I'm sure I will." She spoke slowly. "There's a lot more to him than appears on the surface—and a good deal appears on the surface."

"Bright girl. Frankly, Jason has been a continual surprise to me. At first I figured him just another ex-speak-easy proprietor trying to raise himself by his own bootstraps. But he isn't that at all. He's got everything a gentleman needs except background. His instincts are a hundred per cent."



"I wonder if those explorers will be back this year!"

FRANK BEAVEN

"He's pretty fond of you—which seems to prove something."

"It goes two ways, Kay. I'm fond of him."

SHE was silent for a moment, and then: "You read my letters?"

"They were lovely."

"We were a couple of idiots, weren't we?"

"Just one of us."

"Please, Mister Wilson."

"Did I say which?"

"You think evil thoughts."

"I'm generous. I forgive you."

"And we'll never discuss it again?"

"I've forgotten it completely." He grimaced inwardly as the irony of his words struck home. "In fact, forgetting things is the best thing I've been doing for the past two days."

She said, "I'm worried about you."

"You flatter me."

"I'll flatter you still more. You know, I'm seriously inclined to adore you."

He said, with sudden tenseness, "You're very beautiful."

"Larry! Please! The very first compliment you've paid me since our honeymoon, and with everybody looking."

"I suppose you've been subsisting on sweet things I said then."

"And starving for more. Look—your friend Jason is making motions. Perhaps the luggage is ready for inspection."

THE customs inspector was cordial. "I read about that rescue, Mr. Wilson. It was in all the papers."

Larry flushed. "It just happened . . ."

"Feeling okay now?"

"Moderately."

The inspector glanced at the declaration. "This everything you bought?"

"Yes."

"No liquor?"

"Nothing but what's down there." Larry was choosing his words carefully.

"All right. I'm not the kind of guy to bother a sick man." He affixed the customs stamps and motioned them away. "There y'are. All clear."

"You see," smiled Kay, as the inspector walked away, "there are rewards for heroism." She was smiling. "I got a glimpse at the declaration. What was it this time?"

"What was what?"

"Lingerie. I saw it written down. From one of those Hindu shops in Colon?"

"You'll find out."

"And soon, I hope. Suppose we move along. I want to talk to you—alone."

Once again he was frightened.

He said, awkwardly, "Jason's going to the hotel with us."

A tiny frown appeared briefly on her forehead. He saw that she had repressed a desire to say something and he found himself talking. "I suppose it sounds silly, but Jason takes this whole thing seriously. He thought for a while that I was seriously hurt. . . ."

"Whatever you want is right, dear."

Jason was clear through the customs. Then the three were in a taxi, being whirled through the crowded streets of New York. At the hotel Jason registered, and Kay suggested that Larry do so. "It's an old Spanish custom," she explained, "even when you're married."

LARRY and Jason were left alone for a moment. Mr. Rountree said, "She's an awfully sweet girl, Larry."

"She certainly is."

"I wouldn't care to be in your shoes." Then Jason reconsidered. "Or maybe I would."

"Don't be an idiot."

"Can't help it. I was born that way."

"Stick close," begged Larry. "I need your moral support."

"The support's okay. The moral, not so hot."

Larry was tired. He said, "My head really does ache."

"You've been taking it on the chin. Maybe we'd better lunch together. What you need is a nurse."

They lunched together. They spent the afternoon in trio, and they ate dinner as a group of three. Kay looked a trifle startled, then resigned. She listened attentively to Mr. Rountree's passionate reiteration of Larry's exploit. She garnered much information anent the now-extinct speak-easy profession. But when, at ten o'clock that night, the door closed behind Jason Rountree she walked across the sitting room and said to her husband—

"He's a nice chap, Larry—but the world's champion leech."

"He means well."

"And does well." She sat on the arm of his chair. "Do you realize, Mr. Wilson, that this is the first time we've been alone in nineteen days?"

"Yes," said Larry fervently, "I do."

He was feeling embarrassed and uncomfortable. There were cold beads of perspiration on his forehead. He felt weak and frightened. He said, "I bet you're tired."

"Yes," she confessed, "I am. Very."

He passed his hand across his forehead. He said, "This studio couch looks very comfortable, Kay. And I'm still restless at night. Perhaps I'd better sleep in here."

Again that startled, questioning light was in her eyes. She held his gaze steadily for a moment.

"You'd rather?" she asked.

"I think so."

She hesitated briefly, and then said, "I hoped my letters would really straighten things out between us."

"It isn't that, Kay. It's just that I feel rather rocky."

He admired her poise. She bent over and kissed him lightly on the lips.

"Father knows best," she said with forced gaiety. "I do hope you sleep well, Larry."

He watched her trim, slender figure pass through the door and into the bedroom. The door closed. He walked to the window and stood looking down on the traffic of a crowded avenue. He removed his coat and vest and opened his suitcase.

"I wish," he said to himself, "that she were less beautiful."

LARRY looked through the window of the Pullman at freshly plowed fields which were soon to yield bumper crops of cotton and of corn. He saw vast, sandy wastes; patches of piny woods; log cabins studding tiny clearings and inhabited by indolent Negroes, more indolent hound dogs and thoroughly melancholy mules. He saw stretches of broad concrete highway, trim little towns where the old South had been tinctured by aggressive modernity. He saw plantation houses far back from the railroad, half-hidden by great oak trees, and made gay by flowers of early spring. He saw white splashes which were of dogwood.

For the first time within his memory he was seeing the South. And he had lived in the South for the past eight years.

The trip down from New York had not been as much of an ordeal as he had feared. Kay had greeted him in their hotel suite the previous morning, radiant and attractive. Her eyes had maintained their vaguely questioning light, but her manner had been as gay and bantering as the verbal armor he himself had donned. They had breakfasted alone, and then Jason Rountree had barged in on them, pudgy and bright and eager. Then they had boarded the train, and this morning they were in the South. Jason had been with them for a while and then had disappeared into the smoker. Larry and Kay were sitting shoulder to shoulder, and for a long time neither had spoken. Larry was on guard. There were things to be discussed, personal things—things affecting him and his future. He nerved himself for the crisis, and crystallized his plans: To say nothing, to seek refuge in lightness, to listen and absorb—and never to betray himself.

She said, gently but abruptly, "Just how badly were you hurt, Larry?"

"I don't know. My skull is pretty thick."

"Granted . . . But you haven't really been yourself since you landed."

"In what way have I been different?"

She bit her lips and tried to smile.

(Continued on page 64)

Very Fast Way to Ease Sore Throat

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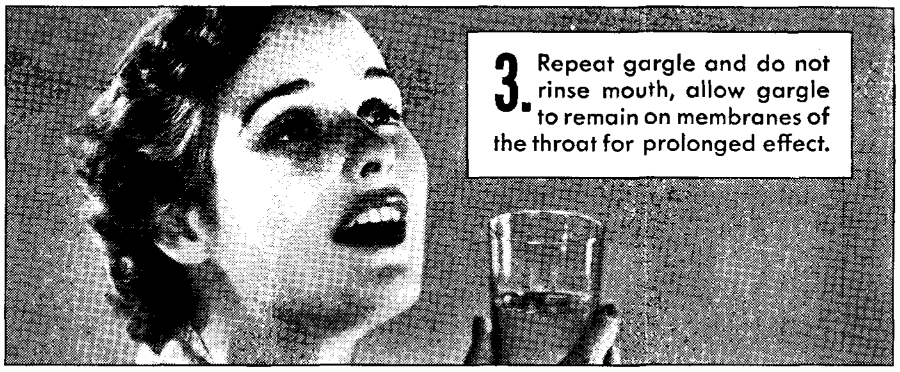
2. GARGLE thoroughly—throw your head way back, allowing a little to trickle down your throat.



3. Repeat gargle and do not rinse mouth, allow gargle to remain on membranes of the throat for prolonged effect.

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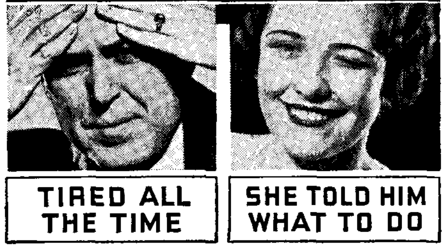
REAL LIFE STORY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SHE TOLD HIM WHAT TO DO

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(Continued from page 63)

"Several ways, I might say. I'm afraid . . ."

"Of what?"

"This—" She faced him. "Has our misunderstanding been forgotten, or are you still cherishing it?"

"Don't be silly."

"I'm *trying* not to be. You see, it's either that, or your injury was worse than I thought." She tried to laugh. "I don't know whether to be angry or sorry."

"Try being sympathetic."

"Have you a headache now?"

"Slightly."

"I'm sorry . . ."

"Why?"

"Because I've got to talk to you. We'll be in Habersham in two hours, and things have been happening. . . ."

"What sort of things?"

"Things you've got to know. Oh! I'd shield you if I could. You've been hurt and I don't want to worry you." She took his hand. "I know you'll straighten everything out."

"Surely. I'm an expert at that. Now, let's have it."

"All right . . ." Her fingers tightened, and he was acutely conscious of their warm pressure. "Would it surprise you very much to hear that Ted Courtney has been killed?"

LARRY'S guard was up. Ted Courtney! The name meant less than nothing—but obviously it belonged to somebody whom Larry Wilson knew. Was it a friend, a mere acquaintance, a member of some neighboring family? And why should the question be framed that way: As though he had some intimate knowledge of the circumstances surrounding Mr. Courtney's demise. He tried to answer as he imagined he would have answered had he known what she was talking about.

He said—hating the inanity of it—"*Killed?*"

She was more specific. She said, "Murdered."

His brain was whirling. He knew that he was on dangerous ground, that he must watch his step carefully. So he asked what seemed to be an obvious question:

"When?"

"The night you left Habersham."

"That's pretty bad. . . ."

"You don't seem surprised."

"Of course I am."

She said, "The town is pretty well torn up."

"I should imagine so."

"I didn't want to write you about it. There was *nothing* you could do—*not* then."

"You're right."

She was gazing at him intently. Then she said, almost sharply, "You haven't inquired about Duncan."

There was a name he had heard. She had wirelessed that Duncan needed him. Obviously there was some connection between Duncan and this man Ted Courtney, who had been murdered. Once again—fleetingly—his sense of humor came to his rescue. He recalled Jason Rountree's apprehension, that he might have a son named Duncan. He had speculated about that. But somehow, a man couldn't very well say to his wife, "By the way, have we a son named Duncan?" He asked, cautiously, "What has Duncan to do with it?"

"You're the only person who can answer that, dear."

He felt panicky, and hoped that his voice was steady.

"Why me?"

"Because Duncan says you were with him at the time we know it happened."

"When did it happen?"

"At exactly six-twenty the afternoon you left. William heard the shot and saw a man racing away in a car from in front of the house."

"Didn't he recognize the man?"

"No. That's the bad part of it. He can't say definitely that it was Duncan, but he also refuses to say that it was not."

"But why should Duncan . . . ?" He bit down on the words as an expression of amazement showed on her face.

"What *is* the matter with you, Larry? I don't understand you at all."

"I'm not very sure of myself, either, Kay." He pressed his right hand against the band of adhesive on his forehead. "It's all a bit hazy. I never was very smart, and the effort of thinking. . . ."

"But you've *got* to think, dear. Duncan is depending on you."

"For what?"

"You're his only alibi. Can't you understand?"

"No," he said, "I'm afraid I can't. You see, you know a lot of things that I don't know. And you're asking questions instead of giving facts. Suppose you tell me right from the beginning."

"Ted Courtney was shot at six-twenty the day you left. Naturally, everybody remembers the threats Duncan had made against him, and so they think . . ."

"Where do I come in?"

She faced him squarely. "Were you with Duncan at six-twenty that afternoon?"

"Did he say I was?"

"Yes."

"Then I *suppose* I was."

She made a gesture of annoyance. "I can't understand you, Larry. Has Duncan lied, and are you trying to shield him? Or what is it?"

"I'd like to know," he said slowly, "what it is that Duncan says."

"You're concealing something," she accused.

THE irony of it hit home. Of course he was concealing something. He was concealing eight years. Concealing it from himself.

She said, "You're acting strangely."

He dared to repossess the hand which she had taken from him in an unconscious gesture of disapproval. He said, "Listen, Kay—there are a lot of things you don't understand. You must believe that I'm trying to find out about things. . . ."

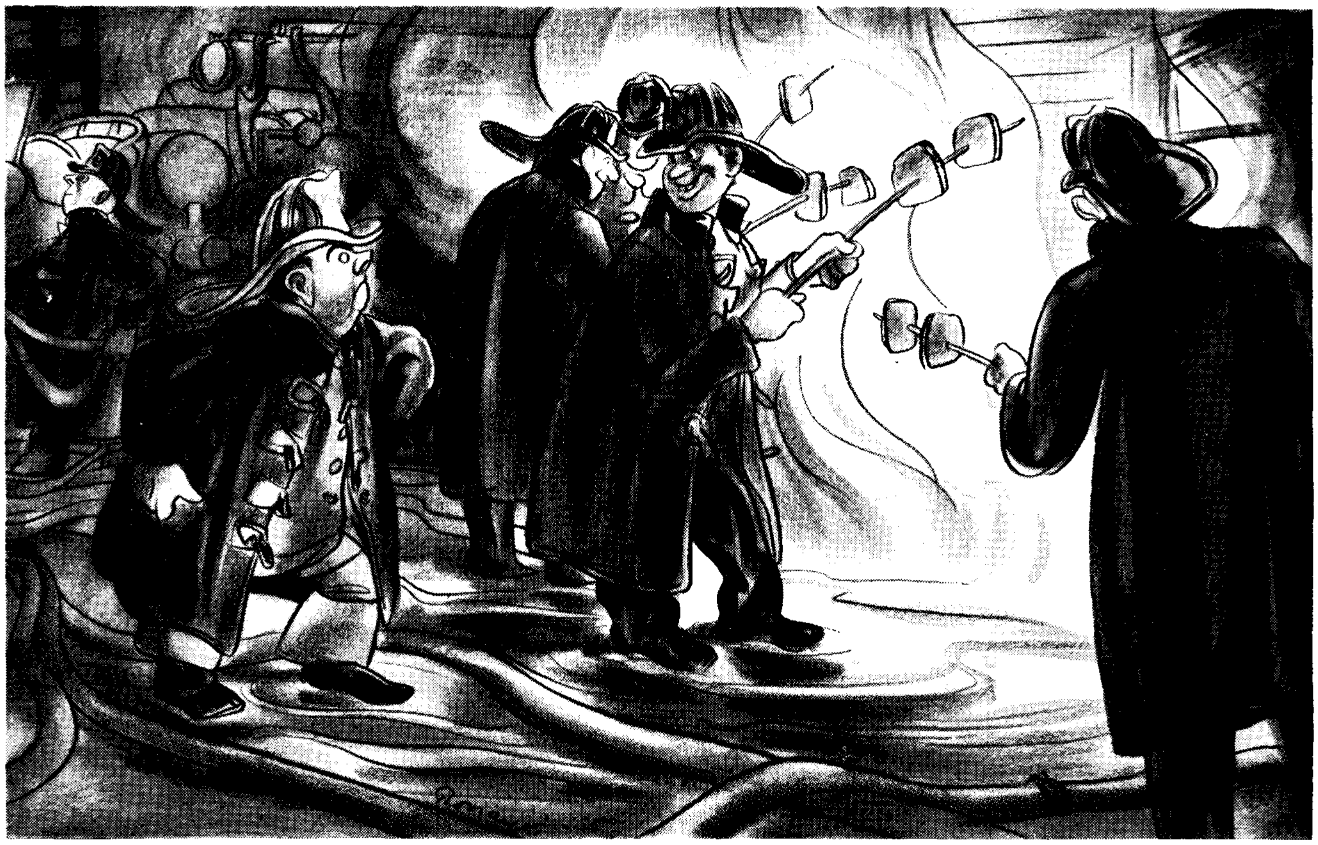
"But you're sparring with me. Why don't you trust me?"

"I do."

"Surely, your sense of obligation to Duncan is no greater than to me."

"That's true. . . . But there are circumstances. . . . Tell me, please: What *is* Duncan's story?"

"He says that he picked you up in his car at about five-fifteen. That he wanted to talk to you—to get your advice—on the affair between Ted and Rita. He claims that he drove with you into the country and that you and he sat in the car and talked over the affair until you almost missed your plane. If that's true, he obviously couldn't have killed Ted, no matter how much he might have wanted to. That's what the district at-



"Howsabout asking your wife to brew us some coffee, Chief?"

STEPHEN RONAY

torney wants to find out: They'll take your word for it. But if you act this way . . . if you refuse to clear Duncan . . ."

"But I haven't refused."

"There's something funny about it: something I don't understand and don't like." Her voice broke. "Oh! sweetheart—why don't you talk to me? If Duncan has been lying—isn't it wiser to talk it over with me . . . even if you intend to lie to save him?"

He groped for the right words. "Do you think that would be fair. . . ?"

"But if he wasn't with you, then he must have killed Ted." She made a helpless gesture. "That would be awful . . . because if that's the case, he has lied. He's been using you as a shield. The very jury that might have been lenient in the first place would resent the deception. And obviously, he wasn't with you or you'd say so."

"You mustn't jump at conclusions. Please. . . ."

"What else can I do? Ted was murdered. By a man who got away in a car."

"Suppose Duncan didn't do it? Suppose he *was* with me: Who else might have?"

"I don't know. It couldn't have been Rita."

"Why not?"

"Because she was at the Country Club—at a cocktail party—from five-thirty until after seven. We know that Ted was killed at twenty minutes past six. Besides, why should she kill Ted?"

"Somebody else could have."

"But did they? Can't you see what you're doing, Larry? You've got to make up your mind what you're going to say. Duncan swears he was with you. And if you are uncertain in your statements—even the slightest bit uncertain—they'll know that he was lying."

"He's got no other alibi?"

"How could he have? He says he got you to the airport just in time. It was dark. No one saw him. He says you just made the plane—and the district attorney has checked up on that. He knows that much of Duncan's story is true. But nobody at the airport remembers whether he drove you there or didn't. And besides, even if they could prove that he did—there's the old question: Where were you and he at six-twenty when Ted was shot?" She crumpled her infinitesimal handkerchief into a tiny ball. "After all, there was time enough. Your plane didn't leave until seven."

"I see. . . ."

"But you don't see. Or you won't. Oh! Larry—I wish I hadn't been so considerate. I wish I had written you all about it."

"I wish so too," he declared fervently.

"I DIDN'T want to spoil your cruise. And it seemed so simple: That you would come home, that you would back up Duncan's story—that would be that. Now you're here, and you're practically admitting that he's guilty."

"But I didn't say that."

"You've said it by implication. Why don't you tell me the whole truth? Maybe, between us, we can decide what's best to do."

He shook his head. "It just isn't going to work out that way, Kay."

"Why not?"

He did not answer directly. Instead he said, "You want to help me and Duncan, don't you?"

"You don't have to ask that."

"There's one way you can do it—and whether you understand or not, you'll have to take my word for it that you're really helping."

"You're talking in riddles."

"That's because I have to."

She sighed. "You're making the rules, Larry. There's apparently nothing for me to do but agree."

"Good girl! Now listen: There are a few things I've got to check up on before I can say a word to anybody: Things which I can't explain now—not even to you. And during that time I'll need protection—"

"Protection?" she echoed, startled.

"Sorry. I didn't mean to be dramatic. I mean I'll need protection from people—from questioning. You've got to tell everybody that I'm ill: that the blow on the head was really serious. Talk to the doctor yourself. Get him to tell our friends that I'm suffering from shock and that I've got to be let alone for a while. That'll give me time to work out the best method of really helping Duncan."

She said, "I suppose it's selfish for me to resent being an outsider."

"No, dear. It's natural. I understand, and you will, too. Very soon. What say?"

"There's nothing I can say except yes."

His voice was gentle. "Thanks, Kay. I knew you would."

She turned away, and they sat in silence for several minutes. Then he rose and said, "Mind if I drift into the smoker?"

"Certainly not."

"I just want to think things over . . ."

"That's quite all right, Larry."

AS HE walked down the aisle of the car he felt her eyes upon him; hurt gray eyes, reflecting an unhappiness which was deeply personal.

He found Jason alone in the smoking compartment. Mr. Rountree said, "What's the matter? You look like you had just seen a ghost."

"I did." Larry lighted a cigarette. His voice was brittle. "We've got to work fast, Jason."

"On what?"

"The thing that's hanging over George Carey. It's got to be straightened up—and in a hurry."

"What's the rush?"

"There's plenty of rush. Listen, Jason: If something isn't done quickly, I'll have to take my chances."

"You're talking in circles."

"Yes. But thinking straight. I've got to come clean with my wife."

"But I thought we agreed—"

"I know. But listen. . . ." Swiftly and graphically he outlined his conversation with Kay. Jason listened tensely.

"Gee!" he ejaculated when Larry had finished, "that's tough. But look: There's one thing we *can* do."

"What?"

"Keep stalling. And the minute we get to Habersham I'll start asking questions. Whoever this lad Courtney was—and Duncan—and Rita—the whole town must be discussing them. I'll circulate around, talk to everybody, and report the results to you."

"All right. . . ." Larry's face was stern, his eyes had a hard, strained look. He said, "This much is horribly clear. I am the only hope of a suspected murderer who obviously is my friend. And I can't remember—and never will remember—whether I was with him when he says I was."

"Pretty awkward," breathed Jason.

"I've got to do something. I *could* say I was with him."

"Hold it." Jason spoke tensely. "You sit tight and do nothing."

"Why?"

"Because you're dealing with murder. If you start inventing things, you'll find yourself in real trouble."

"I don't understand."

"All right. Think this over." Jason Rountree's face was no longer cherubic. Instead it was hard and stern. "Suppose you clear this chap Duncan? I'm asking you this: How do you know that you didn't kill Ted Courtney yourself?"

(To be continued next week)

When day is done
and phone rates fall,★
Give far-off friends
a welcome call

● Tonight, at dusk, when the lights wink on, some one far away will be wondering how you are and what you're doing. Maybe it's a girl at school, a boy with a birthday, a lonely mother, an invalid friend. Call while you're thinking of them—bring news and happiness both ways. Rates to most out-of-town places are much lower every evening after seven, and

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Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* **WILLIAM L. CHENERY**, *Editor* **CHARLES COLEBAUGH**, *Managing Editor*

Are We a Nation of Prudes?

TODAY we talk frankly enough about many intimate personal problems which would have shocked our grandparents. Although we are a sophisticated people, when it comes to a question like syphilis, we are still a nation of prudes.

If the whole truth were known, syphilis would appear as our greatest hazard to life and health. No less an authority than the great physician, Sir William Osler, once said that it was the first of our killing diseases. Although nobody really knows the total havoc it works, most reliable figures indicate that fully 100,000 American deaths can be traced annually to this source. At a minimum over half a million new cases occur every year and over six million persons in our population suffer from its ravages. It is often masked under other diseases. It is primarily responsible for a sizable proportion of cases of blindness and insanity and diseases of the heart, bones and other tissues. It causes three times as much destruction of life and limb as does the automobile, twice as much as tuberculosis and one hundred times as much as infantile paralysis.

The most encouraging factor in the situation is that medical knowledge is available to stamp out this disease just as effectively as we have already controlled typhoid fever, yellow fever and smallpox. We know the behavior of the germ that causes syphilis and how infection is spread from person to person. We also have a perfect blood test for diagnosing it and an almost infallible drug for treating it.

Why is it then that scientific treatment is not utilized by everyone who is so unfortunate as to contract this disease? Only about one in every ten victims is now receiving proper medical attention. Many who should be under treatment are quite ignorant that they are infected; others who do know are ashamed to admit it, and, therefore, receive care usually from quacks. This is the direct result of the widespread belief that *nice* people do not talk about syphilis, that *nice* people do not have it and that *nice* people should not have anything to do with those who do have syphilis. There exists the foolish notion that the disease is a mark of "guilt" and, therefore, that the victims deserve what they get. The sanctimonious still say: "The wages of sin is death."

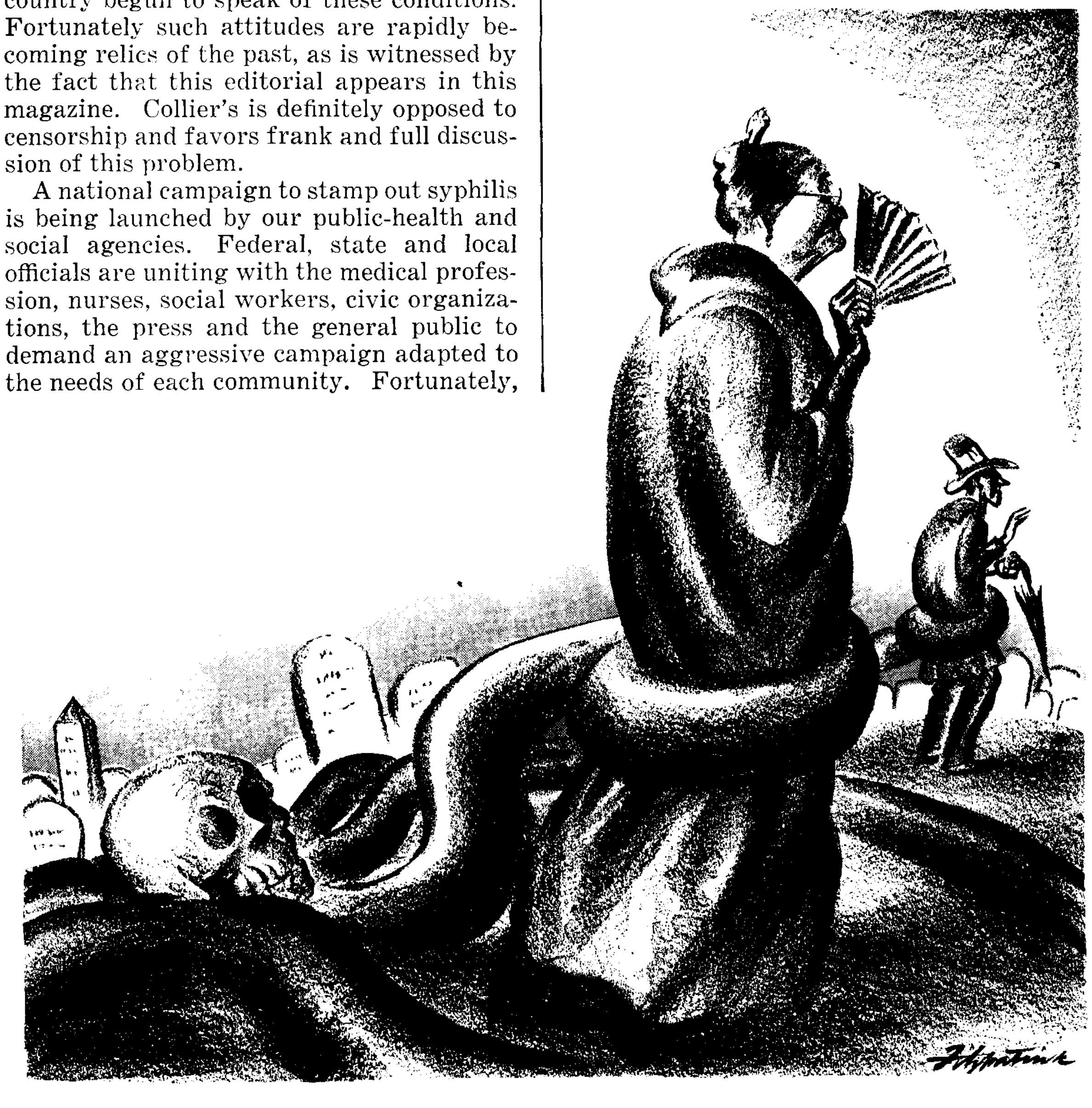
This destructive attitude is all the more uncharitable because it is so utterly false. Not every sufferer from syphilis is guilty of anything except misfortune. In some cases the infection results from using a freshly contaminated object or in other entirely innocent ways. Many babies are born with this disease, having been infected by their mothers. The infection percolates from one stratum of the population to another, respecting no class boundaries. The result is that syphilis is rampant and is involving us in enormous social losses. We are actually paying more for the care of neglected cases, for the blind, for the crippled and for inmates in our mental institutions than it would cost to make the disease as rare as typhoid.

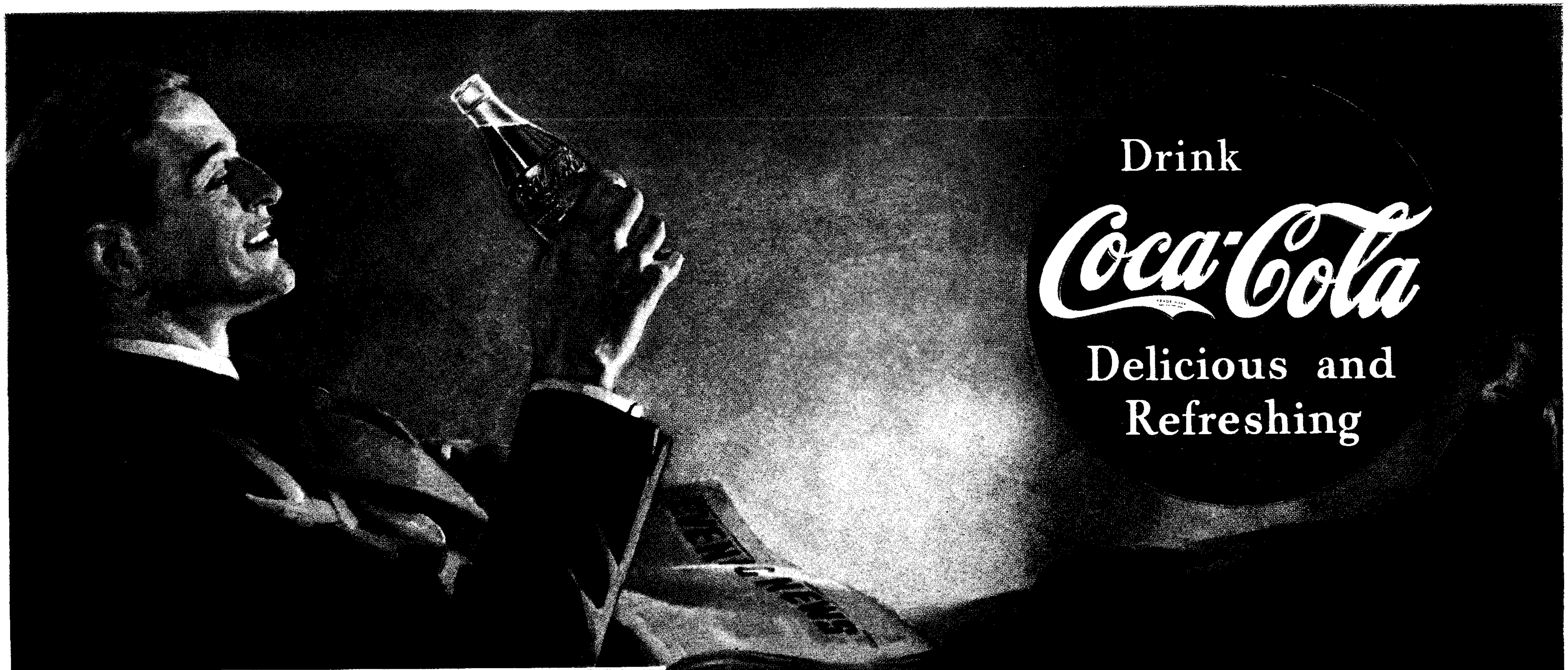
The best American authorities are agreed on a program, the value of which has been convincingly demonstrated in England and in the Scandinavian countries. Norway, Sweden and Denmark, with a total population of about twelve and a half million people, report less than 1,600 cases of syphilis each year. This remarkable result has been achieved because after many years' education the people have been taught to understand the nature of the disease and the necessity for thorough treatment.

What England and Sweden have accomplished is possible for us also. It will be necessary, however, that we approach the question from the scientific rather than from the moral point of view. Nothing is more ostrich-like than our present policy of silence. Only a few months ago one of the national broadcasting companies refused to permit a leading health authority to give a scheduled address because he mentioned in it the subject of venereal diseases. Only during the last few years have the newspapers of the country begun to speak of these conditions. Fortunately such attitudes are rapidly becoming relics of the past, as is witnessed by the fact that this editorial appears in this magazine. Collier's is definitely opposed to censorship and favors frank and full discussion of this problem.

A national campaign to stamp out syphilis is being launched by our public-health and social agencies. Federal, state and local officials are uniting with the medical profession, nurses, social workers, civic organizations, the press and the general public to demand an aggressive campaign adapted to the needs of each community. Fortunately, the Social Security Act has made money available to supplement state and local funds for the promotion of community health work and these appropriations can be used to eradicate syphilis. Now no state or city has the excuse that it cannot carry on this work because of lack of funds. The money can be secured if the local authorities will apply for it.

It is high time that all decent people rallied to the support of this campaign. We must now speak out in plain, unambiguous terms and strive to educate our people in ways and means of avoiding infection and of stamping out such infections as exist. We must make readily available facilities for treatment. Our clinics and dispensaries must have evening hours so that those who work during the day may come conveniently for treatment. Above all, we must give all pregnant women who are infected the treatment that will absolutely prevent them from transmitting the disease to their unborn children. Above all, we must speak out, teach and broadcast throughout the land the knowledge which we have to prevent the injury of countless people from a disease which modern science can control.

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